FARCES

THE DICTATOR
THE GALLOPER
MISS CIVILIZATION

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Harry C. Black.

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THE DICTATOR · THE GALLOPER

"MISS CIVILIZATION"

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MISS BARRYMORE, THE ORIGINAL "ALICE GARDNER"
IN "MISS CIVILIZATION."

FARCES

THE DICTATOR · THE GALLOPER
"MISS CIVILIZATION"

By

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Author of

"Soldiers of Fortune," "Ranson's Folly," "In the Fog,"
"Van Bibber," "Gallegher," &c.

Illustrated by PHOTOGRAPHS *of the*
ACTORS *and* SCENES *in the* PLAYS

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THE DICTATOR

The Cast *of* The Dictator *as presented* April 4, 1904, *by* Charles Frohman *at the* Criterion Theatre, New York.

THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Brooke Travers, alias "Steve" Hill.....William Collier
Simpson, his valet, alias "Jim" Dodd.....Edward Abeles
Charley Hyne.... { wireless telegraph operator for the Red C Line } ...John Barrymore
Colonel John T. Bowie.. { United States Consul at Porto Banos } ..George Nash
Duffy, a secret-service detective.....Thomas McGrath
Rev. Arthur Bostick.....Henry J. West
Lieutenant Perry, U. S. S. *Oregon*.....Thomas Meighan
Samuel Codman..... { Captain of the *Bolivar*, Red C Line } ....Emmett Whitney
General Santos Campos... { President of San Manana } ....Robert McWade, Jr.
Dr. Vasquez, health officer at Porto Banos.....Francis Sedgwick
Señor Jose Dravo, proprietor of the Hotel del Prado....Louis Eagan
Corporal Manuel.....Wallace McCutcheon
Colonel Garcia, aide to General Campos.....Harry Senton
Smoking-room Steward.....Augustus Goodson
Lucy Sheridan.....Nanette Comstock
Mrs. John T. Bowie.....Lucille Watson
Señora Juanita Arguilla.....Louise Allen

Soldiers, Sailors, Ship's Stewards, etc.

Act I

Deck of the Steamer *Bolivar*, Harbor of Porto Banos.

Act II

Three hours later. The Consulate of the United States, Porto Banos.

Act III

Two hours later. The same.

Time—The Present.

Place—Porto Banos, Republic of San Manana, Central America.

ACT I.

The scene shows the deck of the "Bolivar," a passenger steamer fitted for the tropics. The portion of the ship represented is as one looks across the deck from one rail to the other. Only the rail on the side of the ship farthest from the audience is seen. The back drop shows the harbor, and, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, the town of Porto Banos, with a line of cocoanut palms, wharves, white houses with red roofs, and yellow public buildings. Beyond the town is a high range of mountains. Running off the stage to the left is a superstructure in which are the passengers' cabins. In this, well on the stage, a cabin window and the door to the cabin face the audience. When this door is open one can see the interior of the cabin, with berths, a swinging lamp and a steamer trunk. On top of this superstructure is the office of the operator of the wireless telegraph. It looks like a chart room or covered companion way. Only a foot or two of it is in sight. The door in it is open toward the right, permitting the audience to see, issuing from inside the office, electric sparks and flashes, and to hear the sputtering of the instrument. An iron ladder runs down the side of the superstructure to the stage. Running off the stage to the right is a similar superstructure, which is the passengers' smoking room. Outside the smoking room are set two wooden armchairs, painted white. Under the cabin window a steamer chair stretches toward the audience. The light is that of sunrise in the

tropics. It is supposed that the ship is just coming to anchor.

At rise of the curtain CAPTAIN CODMAN, *with his back to the audience, is discovered leaning against the rail. From the open door of the wireless office come flashes of electric light and the buzzing of the wireless.*

CAPT. CODMAN.

(*Looking up, as though hailing some one above him and off right.*) Mr. McKensie!

VOICE.

(*Off right.*) Aye, aye, sir!

CAPT. CODMAN.

(*Calling.*) Hold her where she is now. Stop her!

VOICE.

Aye, aye, sir! (*One bell sounds.*)

CAPT. CODMAN.

Lower away your anchors.

VOICE.

Forward there! Leg'go your anchors! (*The sound of running anchor chains is heard and orders in a hoarse voice from the distance still farther to the right.* CODMAN *comes down. He is a bluff, red-faced, white-haired Cape Cod sea captain. He wears an officer's blue cap and a white-duck suit, around the sleeves of which are bands of tarnished gold braid.* HYNE *has entered from office of wireless. He is a young man of rather dissipated appearance. He wears soiled duck trousers supported by a belt, a striped linen shirt with pink garters around the sleeves, a handkerchief tucked inside his collar, and a duck yachting cap*

bearing the insignia of a ship's officer. His appearance is that of a man who has been up all night.)

CAPT. CODMAN.

Well—did you get my "wireless" through?

HYNE.

(*From upper deck descends ladder to stage.*) No; there's nobody at the other end.

CAPT. CODMAN.

Ain't you going to try any more?

HYNE.

What's the use of trying when there's nobody there? The only *sure* way to get a wireless telegram through—that I know—is to take it ashore in a rowboat.

CAPT. CODMAN.

Well, you *ought* to know how to do it. The company pays you to do it——

HYNE.

If the company paid me for *all* the work I did, I wouldn't have to work. I agreed to come down here and take charge of that wireless station (*points toward Porto Banos*), and you've made me do the work of three men.

CAPT. CODMAN.

Well, the chief steward's ill, and the doctor can't leave his berth.

HYNE.

Yes, and I've been purser, barkeeper, medical man.

"Bo'sun tight, an' the midshipmite,
And the crew of the Captain's gig."

Been mixing medicines, mixing drinks, and now I got the company's account mixed. (*Crosses right.*)

CAPT. CODMAN.

If you didn't mix so many drinks you wouldn't mix your accounts. Send the boy to my cabin with my coffee.

HYNE.

Yes, sir! (*Calling into smoking room.*) Steward!

CAPT. CODMAN.

And you better drink something yourself.

HYNE.

(*Turns with a smile of assent and anticipation.*) Yes, sir!

CAPT. CODMAN.

Coffee (HYNE'S *face drops*)—no more swizzles. (*Goes up stage and looks over bulwark rail.*)

HYNE.

No, sir. (STEWARD *appears at door of smoking room.*) Captain wants his coffee in his cabin.

STEWARD.

(*Crosses left.*) Yes, sir. Anything for you, sir?

HYNE.

(*Virtuously.*) No. (*In a whisper.*) A Manhattan.

STEWARD.

(*In a whisper.*) All right, sir! (*Goes off left.*)

CAPT. CODMAN.

(*Coming down and taking up thread of former conversation.*) There's been too much drinking this trip—and too much poker-playing. I'm glad some of these passengers are going ashore. Two of 'em is card sharps.

HYNE.

Really? Which two, sir?

CAPT. CODMAN.

You know 'em well enough. Those New York sports, that came over the side just as we sailed.

HYNE.

Mr. "Steve" and Mr. "Jim"?

CAPT. CODMAN.

(*Mysteriously.*) That's what they call each other in the smoking room, but one night in front of the wheel-house, when they didn't know I was inside, they called each other very different names——

HYNE.

Called each other names, did they?

CAPT. CODMAN.

Called each other Mr. This and Mr. That—very stiff and polite.

HYNE.

Well, any purser that sails for these ports has got to take any name the passenger chooses to give him.

CAPT. CODMAN.

Oh, I make allowances, but that Mr. Steve is a rascal! You might think this was *his* yacht, might think *I* was his sailing master. "Old Salt," he calls *me*. "Hello, Old Salt!" he says. I give him a good answer yesterday. When he says "Good morning, Old Salt," I says "Good morning, young Fresh," I says. (*Chuckles.*) My first officer, he laughed fit to choke when I says that.

HYNE.

(*Morosely.*) Yes—*he* would. Sort of a joke that first officer would laugh at—when the Captain makes it.

CAPT. CODMAN.

(*Turning on* HYNE.) See here! don't you be too familiar or you'll lose your job.

HYNE.

I wouldn't mind losing *two* of my jobs. I tell you, I'm doing the work of three men now.

CAPT. CODMAN.

You can't do the work of one man if you spend all your time in the smoking room with them—rascals. I see you, especially with the little one that looks like he seen a ghost.

HYNE.

I don't recognize him. Which is he?

CAPT. CODMAN.

Why, the one that (*points left*)—*that* one. (*Moves right.*) Hurry up that coffee! (*He goes off below the smoking room.*)

HYNE.

Yes, sir. (*Turns to go left, but stops when he sees* JIM SIMPSON, *or* "JIM," *enter lower left.* JIM *is a young Englishman, smooth-shaven, and with the deferential air of a servant. He has a nervous, frightened manner, and is neatly but plainly dressed in a single-breasted suit of blue serge, golf cap, and tan shoes.*)

JIM.

Good morning.

HYNE.

Good morning.

JIM.

Why have the engines stopped?

HYNE.

I guess that engineer forgot to wind them up last night. (*Turns and points at Porto Banos.*) Look where you are.

JIM.

(*Turning and looking toward the land.*) Why, we're *there!* From my side of the ship you can't see anything but water. (STEWARD *enters lower left, bearing tray with coffee cup and cocktail glass, crossing down right in front of* HYNE.)

HYNE.

(*To* STEWARD, *when he has passed him.*) Here, that's mine! (*To* JIM.) Have a drink?

JIM.

No, thanks.

HYNE.

You better.

JIM.

No, thanks, it's too early.

HYNE.

(*Taking the cocktail.*) It's never too *early* for a drink. It may be too *late.* (*Drinks.*) You're too late for that one. (*Returns glass;* STEWARD *goes off right.*)

JIM.

(*Coming down.*) And—and is that Porto Banos?

HYNE.

Yes—and it's the hottest and unhealthiest hole south of Yucatan. And that's where I got to live the rest of my life, unless I win out by dying of yellow fever.

JIM.

I thought your job was on the ship—to run the wireless and run errands, and——

HYNE.

No—I been promoted—to that fever swamp. We've got our wireless station in the consulate. Our operator moved in the day the last Consul died of yellow fever; the next day the operator died. I wonder which will be the *next* one to go. You—or I—or Mr. Steve.

JIM.

(*Looking about him timidly, and moving nearer to Hyne.*) Well, Mr. Steve—Steve and I were talking it over last night and we think we don't want to go to Porto Banos.

HYNE.

Don't want to go? But you're there! Why didn't you think of that before you left New York?

JIM.

Well, you see, in New York the doctor—the doctor ordered Mr. Steve to take a sea voyage—for his health; but we left so suddenly we—we hadn't time to choose.

HYNE.

Well, then, why don't you go on with the ship to Jamaica? That's a healthy place.

JIM.

I—I'm afraid it wouldn't be healthy for Mr. Steve. You see, there's a cable to Jamaica.

HYNE.

Yes, and there's a wireless to Porto Banos.

JIM.

(*Ingratiatingly.*) Ah! But if *you* got messages disturbing Mr. Steve, maybe you'd let him know?

HYNE.

What?

JIM.

(*Hurriedly.*) I mean that the doctor wants him to rest, he wants him to get away from cables and Wall Street reports, and——

HYNE.

Oh, we carry a lot of that trade!

JIM.

I beg your pardon?

HYNE.

I say, we carry a lot of passengers who leave New York for their *health.* (*Familiarly.*) Look here, why don't you two children put me next? I'm no correspondence school, but if I could meet you face to face I could help you two. (JIM *turns as though to confide in* HYNE, *and then shakes his head.*)

JIM.

(*Sadly.*) No. But don't think we don't appreciate your offer.

HYNE.

Oh, that's all right! I'm dead sorry for you two, you're so helpless. You're the original babes in the woods, that's what you are. You two could play *Little Eva* and *Lord Fauntleroy* without making up.

JIM.

(*Fearfully.*) Who's said anything about us to make you think that——

HYNE.

(*Laughs scornfully.*) Who? Why, you give yourselves away! You're such amateurs! Now, I'm a wise guy. I'm not like some folks. I can tell where the third rail is without walking on it. (*After a pause, encouragingly.*) Better take mother's advice.

JIM.

(*Uncertainly.*) Well—well—Mr. Steve told me if I was *sure* you suspected—(HYNE *laughs*)—I'll do this! I'll tell you what happened to two men I know in New York, and you can tell me what's likely to happen to them in Porto Banos.

HYNE.

(*Warningly.*) Don't say anything you'll be sorry for in the morning.

JIM.

No! I'll be careful.

HYNE.

I don't want your telephone number unless you want to give it, understand?

JIM.

Yes, I think I do. (*Glances about him, and then speaks in a nervous whisper.*) A week ago in New York, just after midnight, a gentleman with his valet left his house to go aboard his yacht at the New York Yacht Club's wharf at Twenty-third Street. They called up a cab in the street, put their trunks on it, and drove to the East River. The pier was dark, there was no one about, so the cabman soaked them ten dollars for the trip. The gentleman

refused to pay it, and the cabman soaked him. He struck back, and the cabman fell—hitting his head on the curb-stone. Did you ever meet one of those New York curb-stones?

HYNE.

(*Nods impatiently.*) Go on.

JIM.

Then you can imagine what happened to that cabman's head.

HYNE.

Gee!

JIM.

A crowd of roughs collected and accused the gentleman of trying to murder the cabman. Then the ambulance surgeon came, and he said the cabman could live only a very short time, and advised these men to leave the country in an *even shorter time.* They took his advice, and the cab with the trunks on it, and galloped to the wharf of the Red C Line—where this ship was bound for Central America. They didn't care *where* she was bound for, so long as she—bounded. Now they have arrived at Porto Banos, and this is where *you* could assist them. (*Earnestly*) Is there an extradition treaty between the United States and this Republic, and if these men go on shore can they be dragged back to New York?

HYNE.

I don't know about *this* Republic, but I'll bet you after you've been in Porto Banos a couple of hours you won't need an extradition treaty to get you to go home again.

JIM.

But is there a treaty?

HYNE.

I don't know.

JIM.

Well, who would know?

HYNE.

Why, Colonel Bowie.

JIM.

The Consul?

HYNE.

Well, he's going to be the Consul. He's never been here before, but he's lived in every other Republic in Central America, and he must know all about this one, or he wouldn't have pulled wires so hard to get this consular job. *He's* the man to ask.

(STEWARD *enters right, and salutes* HYNE.)

STEWARD.

Mr. Hyne, the Captain says to tell you the Health Officer is leaving the wharf.

HYNE.

All right. Ask the ship's doctor to have his health bill ready for me.

STEWARD.

Yes, sir. (*Goes off left.*)

HYNE.

There's more work to do! Come and have a drink with the Health Officer and me. (*Moves left.* COLONEL BOWIE *with* MRS. BOWIE *on his left arm enters from above cabin. They stand at the rail while he points out to her the features of Porto Banos. He is a tall, important-looking man, with a low-crowned Panama hat, black goatee, and*

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"The cabman fell—hitting his head on the curbstone!"

gray frock coat. At times his manner is that of a political demagogue and again that of a sharp rascal. MRS. BOWIE *is young, pretty, and silly. She is overdressed in what obviously is part of the trousseau of a bride.*)

JIM.

(*Peevishly.*) No, I just said I wouldn't drink. You drink more than a man should.

HYNE.

But not more than *three* men should. I'm the doctor now. It was the purser got that last drink. (*Turns and discovers* BOWIE.) There's the Consul. Now, my advice to your two friends is that you ask *him* about that extradition law.

JIM.

(*Frightened.*) No—not while his wife's with him—and I've got to call Mr. Steve at four bells.

HYNE.

You've plenty of time. Come with me, and I'll introduce you to the Health Officer. You can ask *him* about that extradition.

JIM.

(*Terrified.*) But we mustn't ask *everybody*. They'll wonder why we want to know.

HYNE.

Not in this country. It's the first question every American asks. (*Leads* JIM *off left.* CAPTAIN *enters below smoking room, looks after* JIM, *scowling.*)

BOWIE.

Ah, Captain.

CAPT. CODMAN.

Good morning, Mr. Consul. Good morning, Mrs. Bowie.

BOWIE.

(*Pompously.*) My dear, thank the Captain who brought us safely through the perils of the deep to our new home. I congratulate you, Captain. You carried a precious cargo.

CAPT. CODMAN.

No, this trip mostly hardware.

BOWIE.

The precious cargo to which I referred, Captain, was my young bride.

CAPT. CODMAN.

Oh, excuse me, marm! An' how do you think you'll like your new home, Mrs. Bowie? That's it! (*Points to Porto Banos.*) The consulate is part of that hotel.

MRS. BOWIE.

Well, I've made up my mind to like whatever my husband likes. Haven't I, John?

BOWIE.

Yes, dear.

CAPT. CODMAN.

That's right! I guess, Consul, it's no new home to you?

BOWIE.

Well, it is, and it isn't. I've never been *here* before——

CAPT. CODMAN.

No?

BOWIE.

No, but for the last ten years I've lived in every other Republic in Central America, and I feel at home in any of 'em.

CAPT. CODMAN.

Just so! But I should have thought you'd have got a consulship in a place where you were acquainted already—been more sociable for Mrs. Bowie.

BOWIE.

Yes, but between ourselves, Captain, a Consul must keep clear of local politics, and wherever *I've* been in Central America I've prominently identified myself with one or the other of the political parties. I was *against* the government in Guatemala, in Costa Rica I was *with* it. In Salvadore I *was* the government.

CAPT. CODMAN.

You don't say?

BOWIE.

Yes, I've been mixed up in the revolutions of every Republic in Central America.

MRS. BOWIE.

(*Quickly.*) Except this one, John

BOWIE.

Yes, of course, except this one. So when the State Department begged me to represent my country in a diplomatic post, I chose Porto Banos because there I have no interest—except to serve that flag. (*Raises his hat and looks up apparently at the mast head.*)

CAPT. CODMAN.

(*Thoughtfully*). Quite so! quite so! I guess you must

be the Colonel Bowie who—why, this very ship once carried a cargo of rifles for you to——

BOWIE.

(*Airily.*) Very likely! very likely!

CAPT. CODMAN.

I see! Well, Consul, I think you're quite right to come to a place where you start with a clean ticket, where you haven't plotted to upset their little government. (*To* MRS. BOWIE.) Excuse me, I'll see you before you leave the ship. (*He goes off. There is a pause, during which* MR. *and* MRS. BOWIE *look at each other, smiling.*)

MRS. BOWIE.

John, I'm glad—I'm glad you didn't "plot to upset their little government." (*They both laugh knowingly.*)

BOWIE.

Yes, that would have been mean of me, wouldn't it? (*Points at Porto Banos, speaking grandiloquently.*) Julia, there is my wedding gift to you. You are mistress of all you survey.

MRS. BOWIE.

Oh, John! And my friends thought I was doing so well to marry an American Consul.

BOWIE.

Hah! what's a Consul in San Manana compared to the Dictator of San Manana? Julia, you will be the first lady of the land!

MRS. BOWIE.

My, that sounds nice! Will my social position be higher than that of the wife of the President of San Manana?

BOWIE.

Than Rivas's wife? Who made Rivas President?

MRS. BOWIE.

You did, John.

BOWIE.

And who can unmake Rivas?

MRS. BOWIE.

(*Admiringly.*) I guess you can, John.

BOWIE.

Then his wife had better keep her place—or he'll lose his. I found Pedro Rivas in New York. Sent him back to his country—and made him President. My brains. My money. They (*nods toward the shore*) think I'm only the new American Consul, but when they go to Rivas for a concession, he'll say, "Have you seen Bowie?" I'm Dictator of that Republic and he knows it. I'm the king-maker, the Warwick, the man behind the throne. Pedro Rivas can be President, but Col. John T. Bowie is Boss.

MRS. BOWIE.

Oh, John, but you do talk elegant! I'm *glad* you're boss, and I'm glad we've come to boss a country where they don't know you.

BOWIE.

(*Dryly.*) So am I. But why are you glad?

MRS. BOWIE.

Oh, John, I'm just jealous of the people you knew down here before you met me. Those beautiful *señoritas*——

BOWIE.

(*Warningly.*) Now, Julia——

MRS. BOWIE.

(*Pouting.*) Well, I can't help it. I can't forget that Panama widow—Juanita something.

BOWIE.

Now, Julia, why should you be jealous of a woman I ran away from—in order to marry you?

MRS. BOWIE.

Well, I *am* jealous—and I don't like those you've met *since* you married me either. I don't like that missionary girl.

BOWIE.

(*Wearily.*) *Who* is it now? Miss Sheridan—the young lady that came down with us——?

MRS. BOWIE.

I just hate her. I don't think a nice girl would travel alone, even if she is going to marry a missionary.

BOWIE.

Why, she's under the Captain's care on board, and on shore she's——

MRS. BOWIE.

Under your care, yes.

BOWIE.

Well, the Board of Missionaries put her in charge of the Consul. I didn't. (*The bell of a launch sounds off at upper right.* BOWIE *goes up and looks over the rail.*)

MRS. BOWIE.

That girl has just spoiled my trip. If she wanted to save the heathen, why didn't she stay in New York. And

the way she's been carrying on with that Mr. Steve is shocking. (HYNE *and* JIM *enter and halt at corner of cabin.*)

BOWIE.

Well, she hasn't been carrying on with me. (*To* HYNE.) My, Hyne, who is that in the launch?

HYNE.

Health Officer. (*To* JIM.) Are you going to ask him now?

JIM.

No, I am going to wake Mr. Steve; maybe he'd rather ask Bowie himself.

HYNE.

All right, suit yourself. (*Goes off upper right.*)

MRS. BOWIE.

(*In a whisper. Looking over rail.*) Is that one of your men, John?

BOWIE.

I can't tell until he gives me the sign. Let's go find out.

MRS. BOWIE.

He doesn't know you're his boss, does he?

BOWIE.

Not yet. But if there's any graft in being a Health Officer, he soon will. (*They go off behind smoking room.* JIM *looks after them, glances cautiously about the deck, and then knocks on window of cabin.*)

JIM.

Mr. Travers! Mr. Travers! (STEVE *enters from door*

of cabin. He is an alert young man of twenty-five, wearing white-duck trousers and the coat and cap of the New York Yacht Club.)

STEVE.

(*Sharply.*) I told you *not* to say Mr. Travers, but to call me "Steve."

JIM.

Yes, Mr. Steve.

STEVE.

And I told you *not* to call me till we got to Porto Banos.

JIM.

But we're there, sir! This is Porto Banos.

STEVE.

(*Eagerly.*) Is it? What's it like? Is it—is it the sort of place I'd select to spend the rest of my life in?

JIM.

I can't say, sir.

STEVE.

Well, *don't* say "sir." I told you *not* to say "sir."

JIM.

No, sir.

STEVE.

Now listen! Do you want to be hanged?

JIM.

No, Mr. Travers.

STEVE.

(*Correcting him.*) No, "Steve."

JIM.

(*Respectfully.*) No—Steve.

STEVE.

Don't say it that way; say it as though you meant it. I ask you, "Do you want to get hanged?" And you say, "No, Steve." Say "No, Steve," cheerfully. Don't be afraid of it. "No, Steve," like that. (*Slaps him on the back.*) Like that! You *don't* want to be hanged, do you?

JIM.

No—Steve?

STEVE.

Cheerfully. Slap me on the back, go on! (JIM *timidly taps* STEVE *on the shoulder.*)

JIM.

No, Steve.

STEVE.

That's better. Now listen! I'm *sorry* you had to come here, but it was for your good as well as mine. If I'd left you behind you'd have gone to jail, and I—I'd have had to clean my own boots. And shave myself. I can't shave myself, can I?

JIM.

No, sir. No—Steve.

STEVE.

I can't sharpen razors, nor—nor do any of those things you're so clever at. I've *got* to have a valet. But people mustn't *know* you're a valet. That would identify both of us. "Wanted by the New York Police," that's the way it probably reads: "Mr. Brooke Travers and Valet." Why, Simpson——

JIM.

(*Correcting him.*) "Jim."

STEVE.

Thank you. (*Takes* JIM'S *arm and walks across to*

right.) Now please remember, Jim, that I'm your old college friend Stephen Hill. Steve! Good old Steve! And you're just as good as I am—and when anybody's about—you're better. (*Stops.*) Except when Miss Sheridan's about, and then, you're not to be about.

JIM.

(*Gloomily.*) Yes, Steve. (STEVE *turns*—JIM *corrects himself and in a jaunty manner takes* STEVE *by the arm.*) Yes, Steve.

STEVE.

That's right. Now then bring on your Porto Banos. (*Turns and looks toward the land.*) Is that it?

JIM.

Yes, sir. The purser says it looks much better at night.

STEVE.

I should think it might on a dark night. However, it's any port in a storm with us. Did you find out if what the man said about the extradition law was true?

JIM.

Not yet, sir, the purser told me to ask Colonel Bowie, the Consul.

STEVE.

(*Thoughtfully.*) Bowie. Yes, he'd know, but he'd suspect. He talks like a fool, but he's no fool. He's a rascal. Still, it's all the better for us that he is a rascal. Now the Consul will have more to say about extraditing us than anybody else and we've got to make it worth his while not to say it. We will be the geese that lay the golden eggs for the Consul, and he mustn't kill the geese.

JIM.

Yes, sir.

STEVE.

(*Turning on him.*) "Yes, sir," and you don't know what I mean at all.

JIM.

No, sir.

STEVE.

I mean that every week that we remain free he gets his gold, but that if he lets them take us back to the United States—he loses his gold. Now you go tell Bowie—tell him everything, he's the only one can help us. Do you understand?

JIM.

Yes, sir.

(TWO STEWARDS *cross from upper left to upper right carrying between them a cabin trunk.* LUCY SHERIDAN *enters upper left, adjusting a marine binocular. She raises it to her eyes and stands at the rail looking off. She is an attractive girl, in a white skirt, shirt waist, and stock, and with a puggaree around a man's gray sombrero.*)

JIM.

(*Sees* LUCY.) Be careful, sir.

STEVE.

Who is it?

JIM.

(*In a whisper.*) Miss Sheridan.

STEVE.

Look out. (*Aloud.*) No, Jim, old man, let *me* pack the trunks this time, let me pack the trunks. (LUCY, *hearing voices, turns and comes down.*) Go on.

JIM.

(*With hysterical gayety.*) No—Steve, I couldn't think

of it. No, no, old—old chappie. (*Gives him pokes in ribs.*)

STEVE.

(*Aside.*) That's good, that's all right. (*Aloud.*) No, I insist, I'll toss you for it. (*Takes out a half a dollar.*) What? Miss Sheridan? (*Turns to her.*) Oh, good morning, Miss Sheridan.

LUCY.

Good morning. (*She nods to* JIM, *he bows.*)

STEVE.

We were just quarreling over who would pack the trunks. Jim is *so* unselfish. He always wants to pack the trunks. But I'm unselfish too, so we're going to toss for it. (*To* JIM.) Heads or tails.

JIM.

Heads.

STEVE.

Tails, it is. You lose. You pack the trunks. Isn't it funny how you always lose? (*Aside.*) Go tell Bowie. Tell him everything. He's the only man who can save us.

JIM.

Yes, sir. (*He exits upper right.* LUCY *and* STEVE, *appreciating that they soon are to separate, approach each other with mutual embarrassment.*)

STEVE.

Well?

LUCY.

Well?

STEVE.

(*Mournfully.*) Well, here we are. I'm glad.

LUCY.

(*Sadly.*) So am I.

STEVE.

(*Trying to appear at ease.*) I've never seen Porto Banos. I've seen every other foreign port in the world, Naples and—Naples, but I've never seen Porto Banos. Of course it's different with you. I travel for pleasure. That's why I came to Porto Banos. But you must go where duty calls you. How many little heathen are there in Porto Banos?

LUCY.

(*Wearily turning away.*) Oh, please don't joke about it! I don't—I don't feel very gay this morning. I'm afraid I'm a little homesick.

STEVE.

Oh, I'm sorry! But you'll soon get over that. (*Resentfully.*) You'll soon make this place your home. And in a few minutes Mr. ——, I never can remember the name of that young man you are going to marry.

LUCY.

Mr. Bostick.

STEVE.

Bostick, of course. He'll be coming out in a few minutes now, and that will be one friendly face to greet you. No one's coming out to meet me. (*He turns hastily, and gazes with alarm toward the wharf.*) At least, I hope not. (STEWARD *enters.*)

STEWARD.

(*Saluting* LUCY.) Beg pardon, Miss, Health Officer says passengers can go ashore, now. The boat's waiting.

LUCY.

Thanks.

STEWARD.

(*To* STEVE.) Your cabin pieces ready, sir?

STEVE.

I don't know. Ask my—ask Mr. Jim.

STEWARD.

Yes, sir. Have you seen the Boots, sir?

STEVE.

No, I haven't seen any boots. Has somebody lost his boots?

STEWARD.

I'm the "Boots," sir; I'm the man that cleans the boots.

STEVE.

(*Gives him money.*) You mean you're the man that doesn't clean the boots. Now, go tell the Captain to come here. I want to tip him, too. (STEWARD *exits.*) I've tipped every other man on board this boat, and if I didn't tip him, it would hurt his feelings. (*Turning to* LUCY.) What sort of a chap is Bostick—I mean, of course, he's a bully fine fellow or you wouldn't marry him. But I mean is he a sort of a sport, or is he a serious chap—some of those missionaries, you know, rather go in for being serious.

LUCY.

Yes, he's serious, and Mr. Bostick is very *good.*

STEVE.

(*Encouragingly.*) Yes, and——?

LUCY.

And very *earnest.*

STEVE.

Oh, that's where I'm weak. I'm terribly shy on earnestness. And—and—what else—about Bostick?

LUCY.

That's all. I don't know Mr. Bostick very well.

STEVE.

You don't know him very well!

LUCY.

He wrote to the Board of Missions that he thought his influence with the Carib Indians would be greater if he were a married man.

STEVE.

Well?

LUCY.

So when he came North they called for volunteers among the young girls who wished to be missionaries, and Mr. Bostick and I met, and talked it over, and found we were in sympathy, and so I have come down to marry him. (*There is a pause.*)

STEVE.

See here, my dear young lady, don't you think you are taking pretty big chances? Of course, it's none of my business——

LUCY.

(*Severely.*) As you say, it is none of your business.

STEVE.

That's what I said, I said it was none of my business, but if you're looking for a heathen to save, you needn't marry a man you don't know, nor climb those mountains

to find him. Look at me! Look at the good you've done me. Just on this trip! I'm a better man for it. My dear Miss Sheridan, I don't want to interfere with your matrimonial engagements, but I hate to see a nice girl bury herself for life in a Central American banana patch. Nice girls are very few, and they're getting married to some *other* fellow every day. A nice girl could do wonders with me. She could save me.

LUCY.

(*Turning and smiling at him.*) I ought to be angry with you, but I'm not—because you are not serious—you never are serious.

STEVE.

But I am serious. Don't you think I'm worth saving? (DUFFY *enters from left. Through* LUCY'S *next speech he tries to attract the attention of* LUCY *and* STEVE *by hissing at them. He is a stupid, fatuous, self-important person, with an air of mystery. He is heavily built, and his mustache is black. He wears a suit of ready-made imitation tweed, a gray alpine hat with a black band and the rim pulled down in front.*)

LUCY.

What is there to save you from—except yourself? You have everything. What is there to save you from?

DUFFY.

Hist! Hist! (STEVE *and* LUCY *turn and discover* DUFFY.)

STEVE.

(*Points at* DUFFY.) Well, you might save me from that!

DUFFY.

Hush! Don't tell anybody. (*In a very loud voice.*) I am a secret-service detective.

STEVE.

(*Terrified.*) You're a what? What does he say he is?

DUFFY.

I'm a secret-service detective. I was in Porto Rico on government business. They cabled me from New York to come here. Do you doubt it? (*Reaches inside the armhole of his waistcoat.*) Do you want to see my badge?

STEVE.

(*Violently.*) No, I don't want to see your badge. Take your badge away. Do you want to frighten the lady? (*To* LUCY, *who is amused by* DUFFY'S *manner.*) What are you frightened about? What's the use of being frightened? If you have a clear conscience, you needn't— (*To* DUFFY.) What do you want?

DUFFY.

I want you to assist me—in the name of the law. I'm looking for two men.

STEVE.

(*Falling back.*) Two men! Well, we're not two men, man and woman. (*Pointing to* LUCY.) Woman! (*To himself.*) Man! (*To* LUCY.) The idea of a secret circus—secret circus! (*Slowly.*) Not secret circus—secret-service detective not being able to tell two men from a man and a woman. It's absurd!

DUFFY.

Don't delay me! Where is the Captain of this ship?

STEVE.

(*With delight.*) The Captain. Oh, the Captain! (*Taking* DUFFY *by arm and leading him right.*) I'll assist you to find the Captain. (*Points to lower right.*) He is right down there, right along that alley way.

DUFFY.

(*Moving right.*) Thank you—don't tell anybody I'm a secret-service detective.

STEVE.

Not for worlds. See that open hatch, the Captain's down that hatch. Jump down three decks—and turn to the right. (*Exit* DUFFY.) (STEVE *turns excitedly to* LUCY.) Excuse me, but I've got to see Colonel Bowie. (*She moves up stage left, he following.*) This is very serious. Somebody is going to be arrested. A fellow-passenger, perhaps a fellow-mortal. You, *you*, go save the heathen, but I will save my fellow-passengers. Excuse me, won't you? (*Shakes her hand absent-mindedly.*)

LUCY.

Then this is good-by, or— (*Wistfully.*) Will I see you on shore?

STEVE.

(*Violently.*) You *bet* you'll see me on shore. I'll be on shore before you are, if I have to swim. (*Runs down to lower right.*)

LUCY.

Au revoir, then.

STEVE.

Don't mention it. (LUCY *exits behind cabin, as* JIM *comes on from behind smoking room.*) Did you tell Bowie?

JIM.

Yes, sir; everything.

STEVE.

What did he say?

JIM.

Said accidents would happen.

STEVE.

Did he try to blackmail you?

JIM.

No, sir!

STEVE.

He didn't! Then he must know *I'm* the one that's got the money. Go pack the trunks, I'll fix him. (JIM *exits into the cabin as* COLONEL BOWIE *enters lower right*)

BOWIE.

Well! What can I do for you? Your servant tells me——

STEVE.

Has he told you about those two young men?

BOWIE.

Yes; they're in a pretty bad fix.

STEVE.

But he hasn't told you the *worst.* (BOWIE *turns to sit.* STEVE *prevents him from doing so.*) You haven't time to sit down. There is a secret-service detective here from Porto Banos. He is trying to *arrest* those two young men.

BOWIE.

Indeed, that is *unfortunate*!

STEVE.

I know that. You don't have to tell me that. What I want to know is this—is there any extradition treaty with this country, and if so, are you going to allow these innocent young men to be dragged back to New York on a charge of murder—and hanged?

BOWIE.

(*Judicially.*) Well, in the first place——

STEVE.

Wait! Before you commit yourself, you ought to know that on the day these two young men fled, one of them had been to the races and had taken from the bookmakers twenty-five thousand dollars in cash—no credit—cash! And he has it with him now. (*He shows a bank-note case filled with notes.* BOWIE *regards it greedily.*) I thought that might have an international bearing on the subject.

BOWIE.

You're right, it *has!* Well, there *is* an extradition treaty with San Manana.

STEVE.

There is?

BOWIE.

But——

STEVE.

(*Delightedly.*) But!

BOWIE.

But let us suppose that the Consul—before which this case must come—had met your friends on the way down—had taken a fancy to them—had lost some five hundred dollars to them at poker, for which they held his I. O. U.'s.

STEVE.

Oh, don't mention it.

BOWIE.

And that he has inclined to be their friend.

STEVE.

Good, old Bowie!

BOWIE.

In that case he might fail to recognize his friends as the men described in the extradition papers——

STEVE.

He might, he could. (*Takes bundle of papers from his inside pocket, and gives it to* BOWIE.) Allow me. Some I. O. U.'s of yours——

BOWIE.

(*Taking papers.*) Thank you. Now listen. I am told that the consulate is situated in a wing of the Hotel del Prado. I will furnish you with rooms in the hotel, so that you will be near me in case I have to warn you. You will pay the rent of the rooms to *me.*

STEVE.

(*Winking.*) I see.

BOWIE.

Five hundred dollars a week.

STEVE.

Five—five hundred dollars! Did you ever think that it takes a long time to earn five hundred dollars?

BOWIE.

Did you ever think that it takes a long time to serve a life sentence?

STEVE.

You're right. Five hundred dollars it is. (*Counts on his fingers.*) Five hundred into twenty-five thousand goes fifty— Well, Jim and I are safe for fifty weeks, anyway.

BOWIE.

(*Pompously.*) You will be safe as long as the American flag waves over the consulate.

STEVE.

And you get the rent.

BOWIE.

(*Looking cautiously about.*) Listen! I have more power in this country than you suppose. What I can't do for you as Consul, I'll do for you—as Dictator. Do you know Pedro Rivas, "El Muerto"?

STEVE.

(*Putting his hand inside his coat.*) Yes, but let me give you one of *my* cigars.

BOWIE.

He's not a cigar—he's a revolutionist. (*Impressively.*) He is known as "El Muerto, a killer, a slayer of men."

STEVE.

(*Offering cigar.*) That's what this is—try it.

BOWIE.

Listen! I am the man back of General Rivas—he is only a uniform, a man of straw. He is my cat's-paw.

STEVE.

Oh!

BOWIE.

Two weeks ago I made him President. From New York I furnished the plans, money, and men. Now I am here to take my reward. In this Republic *I* am the government. My word is law, and you—are under my protection. So, get your things together and join me on shore. And if that detective troubles you again, refer him to the American Consul—and he will face the Dictator of San Manana!

STEVE.

Hurrah! (*He runs to cabin door. Calling into cabin.*) Jim! Jim!

JIM.

(*Appearing at cabin window.*) Yes, sir.

STEVE.

Are my things packed?

JIM.

Yes, sir. Are we going ashore?

STEVE.

I should say we *were* going ashore. (*Impressively.*) I've bought the protection of the Dictator of San Manana.

JIM.

(*Whispering.*) Really, sir. What's a Dictator, sir?

STEVE.

(*In a whisper.*) I don't know, but—(*points at* BOWIE *who is at the rail tearing up the "I. O. U.'s" and throwing them into the water*)—he's one of them and I've bought him. In New York—I think he'd be—a police captain. (*Exits into cabin.* VASQUEZ, *the Health Officer, enters upper left. He is small, excitable, dark-skinned, and with mustache and goatee. He wears a blue drill uniform, with much gold lace, and a Panama hat turned up at one side by a cockade.*)

VASQUEZ.

Hist! Hist! (BOWIE *turns.* VASQUEZ *with one hand makes a sign in the air.*)

BOWIE.

At last! (*He makes the same sign with his right hand.* VASQUEZ *repeats.*) *Viva, Rivas!*

VASQUEZ.

Viva, Rivas!

BOWIE.

Good!

VASQUEZ.

You are Colonel Bowie, the American Consul?

BOWIE.

Yes.

VASQUEZ.

(*In a cautious whisper.*) I am Vasquez, the Health Officer—General Rivas sent me to meet you.

BOWIE.

(*Loudly and angrily.*) Well, you go back to General Rivas and tell him to send three generals of the army to meet *me*, not a two-spot Health Officer. (*With increasing anger.*) Tell General Rivas to come here himself.

VASQUEZ.

(*In amazement.*) To come himself? Ah! they have not told you of the revolution.

BOWIE.

(*Scornfully.*) Told me of the revolution? Why, I made the revolution.

VASQUEZ.

Yes, *two weeks* ago, but not *last Tuesday!*

BOWIE.

Last Tuesday!

VASQUEZ.

Last Tuesday General Campos, with five thousand dollars, defeated Rivas in a great battle. Five privates were wounded and twenty-three generals.

BOWIE.

Defeated! And where is Rivas now?

VASQUEZ.

(*Pointing over the rail.*) There!

BOWIE.

Drowned?

VASQUEZ.

No, in the fortress, in the dungeon below the sea wall. The water drips upon him through the stones. And the cell next to his is being kept wet—for you.

BOWIE.

For me?

VASQUEZ.

For you. Campos knows you are the man who sent Rivas against him——

BOWIE.

Well, then, he also knows that I am the American Consul—and he doesn't dare touch me.

VASQUEZ.

Ah! but you are not yet—the American Consul.

BOWIE.

(*Producing official looking envelope.*) There are my credentials to prove it.

VASQUEZ.

But President Campos will not receive them. If you put your foot on that wharf, you are only a private citizen and he will shoot you against the wall. He has promised it—to the people. (BOWIE *seizes* VASQUEZ *by the throat and shakes him.*)

BOWIE.

You little devil! I don't believe you! I don't believe you!

VASQUEZ.

You don't believe me! And I have risked my life to tell you! Ah! (*Turns and points toward the city of Porto Banos.*) Look! Do you see in any place the blue flag of Rivas? No, not one! On the palace, on the fortress, on every house in Porto Banos, you see the *yellow* flag of Campos, the yellow flag of *Campos.* (BOWIE *turns and looks at the town, then throws up his arms with a gesture of despair.*)

BOWIE.

The game's up! They've robbed me! They've ruined me! (BOWIE *comes down left. The cabin door opens and* STEVE *backs upon the stage, holding one end of a steamer trunk, while the other end is held by* JIM. *At sight of* VASQUEZ *he drops his end of the trunk. He addresses* BOWIE, *pointing at* VASQUEZ.) Who's he, Steve? Is he all right?

BOWIE.

(*Roughly.*) Yes—he's all right! (*Aside to* VASQUEZ.) Not a word to him.

VASQUEZ.

No, señor. (STEVE *advances, leaving* JIM *in front of cabin.*)

STEVE.

(*Going up to* BOWIE, *cheerfully.*) Well, Colonel, when do we go ashore?

BOWIE.

(*Pacing angrily up and down.*) Never!

STEVE.

(*Keeping step with him.*) Never!

BOWIE.

I've changed my mind.

STEVE.

Changed your mind?

BOWIE.

I'm going to Jamaica.

STEVE.

(*Furiously.*) See here, *you* can't change your mind. You can't go to Jamaica. You're not Consul to Jamaica. Who's going to protect *me?* *I* can't go to Jamaica.

BOWIE.

I'm not Consul anywhere until I present these papers, and I don't mean to present them. (*Holds envelope forward.*) I don't want to *die!*

STEVE.

Die!

BOWIE.

(*Slowly, as he formulates his excuse.*) Yes, die! (*Glances warningly at* VASQUEZ.) *I'm* willing to die for my country at my post of duty, but my young bride shall not be sacrificed. This is the Health Officer of the port. He has come out to warn the passengers not to go on shore. He tells us that the town is rotten with yellow fever.

STEVE.

Yellow fever! (*To* VASQUEZ.) Is that true?

BOWIE.

True! Look for yourself! (*Points.*) Every house in Porto Banos has a yellow-fever flag.

STEVE.

Well, what's yellow fever? I'd rather take my chance with yellow fever than be hanged. You can't desert your post. You can't desert me. If it's a question of a few thousand dollars——

BOWIE.

(*Wildly.*) Thousand dollars! It's a question of life and death.

STEVE.

Well, it's a question of life and death with me. *You* can go to Jamaica. But the only place where I'm safe is in that consulate, and the only man who can save me is the American Consul. (BOWIE *gives a sudden start, and turns with great impressiveness to* VASQUEZ.)

BOWIE.

Doctor, my wife is afraid of your yellow fever!

VASQUEZ.

Yes, señor.

BOWIE.

We have been married only a week.

VASQUEZ.

(*Sympathetically.*) Yes, señor.

BOWIE.

But that young man has no wife, and he isn't afraid of yellow fever. Have you ever seen him in Porto Banos?

VASQUEZ.

No, señor.

BOWIE.

Have you ever seen *me* in Porto Banos?

VASQUEZ.

No, señor.

BOWIE.

Does anybody know me in Porto Banos? (*He scowls threateningly at* VASQUEZ.)

VASQUEZ.

(*Faintly.*) No—o—señor.

BOWIE.

(*Turns to* STEVE *and gives him the Consul's credentials.*) Go to the consulate, where you are safe, and serve your country as Colonel John T. Bowie, American Consul——

STEVE.

(*With delight.*) Do you mean it?

BOWIE.

I do! (*Grandiloquently.*) I give you my high honors—to save a dear friend's life.

STEVE.

(*In brisk, business-like tones, producing bank-note case.*) How much do you charge to save a dear friend's life?

BOWIE.

(*With equal briskness.*) The salary for four years, and fees, would be five thousand dollars.

STEVE.

(*Pointing at* VASQUEZ.) But this man knows.

BOWIE.

He can be fixed.

STEVE.

(*To* VASQUEZ.) *Can* you be fixed?

VASQUEZ.

(*Eagerly.*) Yes, señor.

STEVE.

But there is General Rivas.

BOWIE.

Why, I made Rivas. When I met Pedro Rivas he was a waiter in a Mexican restaurant on Twenty-eighth Street. *I* made him President of San Manana.

STEVE.

Good! I guess I'd better see General Rivas as soon as I'm landed.

BOWIE.

(*Impressively.*) I can promise you as soon as you're landed—you will see General Rivas.

STEVE.

Good again! (*Counts money.*) Bless the bookmakers! (*To* BOWIE, *handing money.*) There's your graft. (*To* VASQUEZ, *giving him money.*) And there's yours. That leaves me nineteen thousand dollars to start a new life under a new flag, and a new name, as Colonel John T. Bowie, American Consul to Porto Banos. Jim, I appoint you Vice-Consul.

JIM.

Thank you, Steve.

STEVE.

Not Steve, now—Colonel.

JIM.

Yes, Colonel. What are the duties of a Vice-Consul?

STEVE.

I don't know the duties of a Consul yet. We'll go ashore

and find out. (HYNE *enters briskly upper right.* VASQUEZ *is down to right of* BOWIE. HYNE *offers letter to* BOWIE.)

HYNE.

Here's a letter for you, Consul. (BOWIE *hesitates and points to* STEVE. HYNE *turns inquiringly to* STEVE.)

STEVE.

(*Embarrassed.*) Hyne, the Consul has resigned his position as Consul. He's going to Jamaica and I'm—I'm Acting Consul now.

HYNE.

Oh!

STEVE.

Hyne, this steamship line's been using the consulate as an office for its wireless——

HYNE.

Yes, but I'm going to move it right out.

STEVE.

No, don't! Just keep it where it is, and if anything comes over the water—that you think I'd like to know—you might just mention it. My name is Colonel John T. Bowie now, and *your* salary is a hundred dollars a week. (*About to offer bank notes.*)

HYNE.

That's all right! (*Waves away the money.*) I'll call you anything you like. (*Hands letter to* STEVE *and moves up right.*) Our agent brought that on board. It's from a lady at the hotel, Colonel Bowie. (*Goes off behind smoking room.*)

STEVE.

(*Looking at address on envelope.*) At the hotel? (*To*

BOWIE.) You robber. You rascal! You told me *no one* knew you in Porto Banos.

BOWIE.

No one does, I swear to Heaven! I've never been there. I don't know what this means. (*Takes letter and looks at address; starts back in terror.*) Juanita!

STEVE.

Who's he?

BOWIE.

He isn't a he, he's a she. It's a widow from Panama. We were engaged to be married. (*Glances about fearfully, sees* VASQUEZ, *and moves* STEVE *to centre.*) Don't let my wife know this. (*Sadly.*) It's all up. We can't fix Juanita. (*Reluctantly offers to return the money to* STEVE.)

STEVE.

(*Hopelessly.*) No?

BOWIE.

(*Firmly.*) Not—Juanita! Give me back those papers.

STEVE.

(*After consideration.*) I'll take my chances with Juanita.

BOWIE.

You'd better not take any more chances with Juanita than you have to. (*Offers letter.*)

STEVE.

What's she like—Juanita?

BOWIE.

They call her the Star of Panama! (*Fervently.*) She's the most beautiful woman under the Southern Cross!

STEVE.

Give me that letter. (STEVE *takes letter and reads it aloud.*) "Dearest Jack"— (*To* BOWIE.) She calls me Jack, does she? "I have heard of your appointment as Consul to Porto Banos, and I have crossed the Isthmus to join you. If you do not keep your engagement to marry me——"

BOWIE.

Be careful! Don't let Mrs. Bowie hear you.

STEVE.

What's Mrs. Bowie got to do with this? *She* hasn't promised to marry the girl—*I* have. I'm the one that's got to be careful— (*Reads.*) "If you do not keep your engagement to marry me, I will not sue you for breach of promise, as my sisters of the cold North do." (*Smiles.*) Juanita is rather poetical—"but"— (STEVE, *while in his left hand he holds* JUANITA'S *letter—at which he gazes in horror, with his right hand offers to return the credentials to* BOWIE.)

BOWIE.

What is it?

STEVE.

(*Reads.*) "But I shall plant my dagger in your heart." (*Explosively.*) I don't care if Juanita is the most beautiful woman under all the stars! (*He tries to force the credentials upon* BOWIE.)

BOWIE.

(*Backing from* STEVE *and refusing the papers.*) Nonsense! Nonsense! She'll *see* you're not the man who promised to marry her, and you can tell her that you are the real John T. Bowie, and that the first one was an impostor, that I am an impostor—a rascal.

STEVE.

Yes, I can tell her that. Come on, Jim, who's afraid? (*Turns to go up centre.* VASQUEZ *rushes toward him.*)

VASQUEZ.

No, I cannot permit this! (*Offers bank notes.*) Take back your money. Go to Jamaica. If you go on shore there—(*points to Porto Banos*)—you will surely *die.*

BOWIE.

(*Pushing him back.*) Silence, you idiot!

STEVE.

(*Lightly.*) Oh, thanks! but I'm not afraid of yellow fever. I rather like this excitement. I'm just beginning to enjoy myself. (STEVE *turns to upper right as* DUFFY *rushes on from upper left.* STEVE *recoils in terror upon* JIM *over trunk and against ladder.*)

DUFFY.

(*Shouting.*) I'm a secret-service detective. (*To* STEVE.) Would you like to see my badge?

STEVE.

(*Crowding back upon* JIM; *trying to get up ladder, over* JIM.) No, I don't want to see your badge; I *told* you I didn't want to see your badge.

DUFFY.

(*To all.*) The Captain informs me that Colonel Bowie, the American Consul, is on this ship. Which of you is he?

STEVE.

What do you want with the American Consul?

DUFFY.

(*Turning to* STEVE.) What business is that of yours?

STEVE.

(*Hysterically.*) What business is that of mine? What business? That's funny! Why— Well, why don't you tell him? why don't somebody tell him?

BOWIE.

(*Pointing to* STEVE.) *That* gentleman is the American Consul.

DUFFY.

(*Subserviently.*) Oh, I beg your pardon! I beg your pardon!

STEVE.

That's all right! That's all right! (*Anxiously.*) But don't mistake me for anybody else, though.

DUFFY.

No, sir. I was cabled to come here from Porto Banos to find two men—from New York. Mr. Brooke Travers and valet. (STEVE *and* JIM *collapse against each other.*)

STEVE.

(*Aside to* JIM.) Stand up—stand up—remember you're a Vice-Consul. Act like one.

DUFFY.

They are believed to have sailed for Porto Banos. Now, there are only six Americans in Porto Banos, and one of them I believe to be Brooke Travers, and I have arrested him on suspicion.

STEVE.

(*Eagerly.*) You have arrested him *already*.

DUFFY.

I have him safe in jail! And all I need now, Mr.

Consul, to take him to New York, is your official permission.

STEVE.

(*Wildly.*) My permission? You want *my* permission! You can have my permission, you can have the Vice-Consul's permission, too. You are a great detective, you shall be promoted for this. Next summer you'll be guarding the lawn at Oyster Bay. Come on, Jim! (STEVE *and* JIM *pick up the steamer trunk, and start happily up stage.*)

DUFFY.

(*Saluting.*) Thank you, Colonel. Your good wife— (STEVE *stops suddenly.*) Mrs. Bowie told me you would be sure to help me.

STEVE.

(*Astonished.*) My good wife—Mrs. Bowie? (*Nervously.*) Oh, yes, you've seen her?

DUFFY.

It was she told me I'd find you here.

STEVE.

Well, we won't wait for her now, she can come later. We'll go on shore—we'll go quick (*turns to* BOWIE) and find Rivas—(BOWIE *and* VASQUEZ *exchange glances*)—and start this criminal back to New York. (MRS. BOWIE *enters briskly.*)

DUFFY.

(*Pointing to* STEVE.) Ah, Mrs. Bowie, I've found your husband.

MRS. BOWIE.

(*Staring at* STEVE.) That's not my— (STEVE *clasps her in his arms, and to drown her voice shouts excitedly.*)

From a photograph by Alfred Ellis & Walery, London.

"Good bye, Julia! Back in just a minute. Good bye." (*Sees Lucy*) "Good Heavens!"

STEVE.

Good-by, Julia, I'm going ashore! Back in just a minute!

MRS. BOWIE.

(*Struggling, calls to her husband.*) John! John! Help me! (LUCY *enters upper left, carrying travelling bags; at sight of* MRS. BOWIE *in the arms of* STEVE *she drops the travelling bags.*)

STEVE.

(*To* MRS. BOWIE.) Don't call me John, call me Jack! Good-by. Good-by! (*He kisses her, and sees* LUCY.) Good heavens! (*Followed by* JIM *he rushes off right as* MRS. BOWIE *falls, shrieking hysterically, into the arms of* BOWIE.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

This scene represents the interior of the United States Consulate at Porto Banos. The consulate is situated in a square room built for a hot climate with high ceiling and thick adobe walls, the ceiling resting on cross beams which apparently allow the air to circulate between it and the top of the walls. For five feet from the floor the walls are tinted with a light cobalt blue; above that they are whitewashed. In the centre of the back wall is a high doorway with a curved top. On each side of the doorway is an iron-barred window. In the left wall of the room is a door, which is supposed to open in the ante-room of the consulate, which leads to the street. From the stage this door is reached by two wooden steps, the sill of the door making a third step. On the wall below the door hangs a large, much-stained school map of the United States. In the right wall, far up, is a door opening into what is supposed to be the Consul's bedroom. Below the door is the Consul's flat desk. Below that against the wall a bent-wood rocking chair. In front of the desk is a swivel or office chair and a Mexican waste-paper basket. On the desk are official-looking papers, State Department reports in red-linen covers, and a stamp for sealing papers, such as are used by notaries public. Under the left window on a table are the Leyden jars

and apparatus of the wireless telegraph. It has the appearance of an ordinary Morse receiver. From it wires run out of the left window. This room is supposed to be in one wing of the Hotel del Prado, which is built around a garden, or patio, and it is situated on a cliff overlooking the harbor. The fourth side of the garden, the side which is not surrounded by the hotel, is open upon the cliff where there is a narrow street. Looking through the windows and door in the back wall the audience sees on the back drop the hotel garden, and directly across it the other wing of the hotel. Through the right window they see the main building of the hotel. Through the left window is visible the ocean over the edge of the cliff and the ships at anchor in the harbor. In front of the back drop is a practical flagpole, with its top disappearing above the centre door. When the flag is hoisted on this pole its folds hang just in view. An American flag tied in a roll hangs from the halyards, which are tied to a cleat. In front of the flagpole, and running from left to right, is a row of tropical plants in green wooden tubs. Between these and the centre wall of the consulate a path is supposed to run toward the right to the main part of the hotel.

At rise of Curtain HYNE *is discovered at the wireless table receiving and sending messages. There is much ticking of the instrument, and flashes and sputterings from the electric lights.* JOSÉ, *the landlord, a bejewelled and excitable Spanish-American, enters through the centre door. He is followed by a* SERVANT *carrying two framed portraits, one of George Washington and one of General Jackson. Another servant follows, balancing on his head a tin bath tub in which is set a tin water pitcher. Over his left arm are a number of bath towels.*

HYNE.

Hello, José! Is the Consul over at your hotel?

JOSÉ.

(*Bustles up to* HYNE.) Ah, my good friend, I am glad! No, the Consul has not arrived. I prepare for him. I am ver'—busy—ver'—busy. He comes now—ver'—soon. (*To* SERVANT.) *Pronto! Pronto!* (*He takes a portrait from the servant and waves the other servant impatiently to the door of the bedroom.*) *Por aqui, por aqui.* (*With bath tub the* SERVANT *exits right.* JOSÉ *steps upon the chair and then to the desk, and hangs picture on a nail in the wall, bustling actively.*)

HYNE.

Look out! don't break your neck! You've plenty of time! The Consul was still on the ship when I left. I've just sent a wireless to our second mate to find out where he is. (JOSÉ *takes second picture from* SERVANT *and hangs it next to the other.* SERVANT *reënters from room, and exits with other servant.*)

JOSÉ.

(*On desk.*) What do you want with the Consul, hey?

HYNE.

Oh! Campos, this new President of yours, he's held up our ship till the Consul signs her papers.

JOSÉ.

Ah, I suspect the new President wants—a little fee. (*Coming down from desk.*)

HYNE.

Your presidents would starve if they couldn't rob our steamship line. (*Key of wireless sounds.*)

JOSÉ.

Your talking machine, it talks all right, now, hey? (HYNE, *apparently listening to message, nods.*) Who you talk to now? (*He passes into the garden at centre and unwinds flag from flagpole.*)

HYNE.

Talking to the ship. Second officer says (*listens*) "The old man's howling for his papers." (*Takes bundle of papers from his pocket and crossing to desk places them upon it.*)

JOSÉ.

(*Having hoisted the flag.*) That is good. It is six—seven months since a Consul put up that flag.

HYNE.

Yes, and then he put it at half mast for the last Consul that died— (*Looks at portraits over desk.*) Are those yours?

JOSÉ.

(*Coming down to left.*) No, not mine. What good are they in the consulate when there is no Consul? So I have hang them in my barroom. It makes the Americans in Puerto Banos feel just like home.

HYNE.

Which—the pictures or the barroom? I guess I'll go over and see if I can't feel at home. Tell Colonel Bowie to be careful *whose name* he signs to those papers.

JOSÉ.

What is that?

HYNE.

(*Takes up papers and then at centre door turns back.*) Never mind, I'll do it myself. Oh, José, tell me something.

Tell me the truth. But break it to me gently. *Is* the ice machine out of order this morning?

JOSÉ.

No, señor.

HYNE.

Saved! Saved! (*Exit.*)

(*The voice of* DUFFY *is heard off left.*) 'Tention! Right face! March! (*A native policeman enters left.*) Halt! (DUFFY *enters with the* REV. MR. BOSTICK, *followed by another policeman.* DUFFY *and* BOSTICK *are handcuffed together.* BOSTICK *has a ball and chain attached to his left ankle. He is a well-built, serious-looking young man, in a much-soiled white flannel shirt and trousers, black alpaca coat, and black straw hat. Wisps of straw stick in his flannels, and he wears a knotted handkerchief instead of a collar. At ordinary times he would be smooth-shaven, but now he has a week's growth of beard, which gives him a disreputable appearance. He speaks in a peevish, angry manner.*)

JOSÉ.

(*Coming down quickly.*) That man must not come in here. (*Points to* BOSTICK.)

DUFFY.

Why not? You know me—Duffy—secret-service detective.

JOSÉ.

(*Impatiently.*) Yes, I know you, I know you! What you want?

DUFFY.

I want the Consul.

BOSTICK.

(*Defiantly.*) Yes, and *I* want the Consul. Where is the American Consul?

DUFFY.

Don't you worry, young man; you've been howling to see the Consul, and now you're going to see him. (*To* JOSÉ.) Where's Colonel Bowie?

JOSÉ.

(*Crossing right toward door to anteroom.*) I go look out for him now.

DUFFY.

We'll wait here.

JOSÉ.

(*Jeeringly.*) You got prisoner at last, hey? I'm glad. I'm afraid you take me. That man he can't stop here. Put him into the patio. (*Goes out left.*)

DUFFY.

(*Calling after him.*) Tell the Consul we'll wait for him in the hotel. (*He starts toward the centre door. By means of the handcuff* BOSTICK *drags* DUFFY *back.*)

BOSTICK.

I demand that these irons be taken off my wrist.

DUFFY.

There you go again—always thinking of yourself. Can't you see I have to wear 'em too?

BOSTICK.

You wait till the Board of Missions learns of this.

DUFFY.

Oh, cut out the Board of Missions! You're a nice looking missionary!

BOSTICK.

I admit that after a week in a dungeon my appearance is

against me. But I *am* a missionary—the Rev. Arthur Bostick.

DUFFY.

Well, if you're the Rev. Arthur Bostick, why did you tell me your name was Jim Robinson?

BOSTICK.

(*In distress.*) I don't know. I did it when I was frightened. The disgrace, the indignity of being arrested, I, a clergyman, arrested as a criminal! And I was expecting a friend on this steamer. I didn't want her to know. I don't want her to know now. I admit it was wrong of me. It was a lie.

DUFFY.

(*Cheerfully.*) I know it was a lie. Your name is Brooke Travers.

BOSTICK.

I tell you my name is Arthur Bostick.

DUFFY.

Well, prove it.

BOSTICK.

How can I prove it here; no one knows me here. I tell you, I came in from the Pacific side. But back there in the mountains everybody knows me. (*Appealingly.*) It's *only* a six days' ride.

DUFFY.

Yes, I see myself riding into these mountains alone with you. You'd lead me into an ambush and escape. I've caught you in one plot to escape.

BOSTICK.

I—tried to escape? Now, see here, you, if you dare—

DUFFY.

(*Pulling* BOSTICK's *hand down by means of the handcuff.*) Don't you raise your hand to me. You did plot to escape last night, and (*touching pocket*) I have a warrant here for your—accomplice.

BOSTICK.

Bah! I have no accomplice.

DUFFY.

Who's been bringing food to the jail for you this last week?

BOSTICK.

Well, *you* haven't.

DUFFY.

Well, who has?

BOSTICK.

A very honorable, charitable lady.

DUFFY.

Yes, your accomplice.

BOSTICK.

You idiot! Why, I never saw the lady until I was in jail. She came there with the Governor out of curiosity, and when she found a clergyman locked in with brigands and murderers, and starving, yes, starving—her heart was touched——

DUFFY.

It was! I read her letters.

BOSTICK.

You read her letters—to me?

DUFFY.

There was one in each basket of food, and they were the *love* letters of an accomplice.

BOSTICK.

They were letters of sympathy from a noble-hearted woman. I—I admit Juanita's style is rather tropical, even passionate——

DUFFY.

I know all about Juanita, and I'll tell you what else I know. Yesterday you didn't get anything to eat.

BOSTICK.

(*Savagely.*) I know that just as well as you do!

DUFFY.

(*Triumphantly.*) And why? Because I captured yesterday's basket of food, and the letter in it—and I stopped your plot to escape.

BOSTICK.

There was no plot to escape.

DUFFY.

Oh, no! She only plotted to "fly with her beloved to this mountain home."

BOSTICK.

(*Excitedly.*) Fly with me—"her beloved"?—Juanita proposed— (*Feeling the stubble on his chin.*) Look here, Duffy—before I see Juan—before I see the Consul, can't I make myself a little cleaner? If he sees me like this, he'll never believe I'm a missionary.

DUFFY.

You certainly are a shine-looking missionary.

BOSTICK.

Just a shave and a bath—or—or, just a collar, even?

DUFFY.

Yes, that's fair! Well, you'll have to hurry. We got to take that steamer inside of one hour, soon as the Consul signs your extradition paper. You'll have time for a shave and a collar—but— (*Looks at handcuffs.*) I don't see how you can take a bath without my taking one too, and I won't do that. I won't do it! (*He calls off left to* JOSÉ.) Hello there, José!

JOSÉ.

(*Speaking from the anteroom.*) Well.

DUFFY.

We're going to the hotel—to find the barber. The moment the Consul gets here—let me know. (JOSÉ *appears in doorway.*)

JOSÉ.

Yes, I'll tell him.

DUFFY.

Don't forget! (*They exit at centre.* JOSÉ *walks to centre and stands looking after them. A porter enters left, carrying a steamer trunk.*)

JOSÉ.

Que esta?

PORTER.

El consolato Americano!

JOSÉ.

(*Joyfully.*) Ah, the Consul! (*Waves* PORTER *to room, left.*) *Por aqui, por qui!* (PORTER *carries trunk to door of bedroom and exits.* JOSÉ *runs to door left and speaks off, bowing low.*) Good morning, Excellency. I make you welcome, Excellency! (STEVE *and* JIM *enter from the anteroom.*)

STEVE.

Good morning! How do you do? Who are *you?* (PORTER *returning from room right, after placing trunk, and disappears centre.*)

JOSÉ.

I am José, the landlord! This is my hotel. It is yours.

STEVE.

Thank you very much. We're looking for the consulate.

JOSÉ.

This is the consulate. It is yours.

STEVE.

Thank you, again.

JOSÉ.

(*Pointing.*) And this is the sleeping room of the Consul —and there is my hotel, where you come for *la comida*— the food—to eat. And there is the telegraph—the wireless.

STEVE.

Wireless? (*Points to door, left.*) And in there—is that mine, too?

JOSÉ.

Yes, Excellency, the room on the street is for the Vice-Consul.

STEVE.

(*To* JIM.) You have a room on the street. What's the name of that street?

JOSÉ.

It is called Bogran, in memory of the great President Bogran. He was President long, long time—eight months.

STEVE.

You mean years?

JOSÉ.

No! Eight months is long time to be President in San Manana. Bogran was *good* President. He was assassinated.

STEVE.

Assassinated? (*To* JIM, *right.*) I wonder what they do to a *bad* President? Then all this wing of the hotel is the consulate?

JOSÉ.

Si, señor, for ten years. Since I keep the hotel I know three, four, five Consuls!

STEVE.

Indeed!

JOSÉ.

(*Sadly.*) All die.

STEVE.

All what?

JOSÉ.

All die.

JIM.

(*Timidly.*) What—what did they die of?

JOSÉ.

Just the fever.

JIM.

Fever!

STEVE.

And are *we* likely to die of fever, too?

JOSÉ.

No, no! I take good care of you. Fever not touch you if you come my hotel and I give you big glass brandy.

STEVE.

Why didn't the other Consuls take "big glass brandy"?

JOSÉ.

(*Indignantly.*) They take too many glass brandy.

STEVE.

(*To* JIM.) We lose both ways. (*He sinks despondently into the swivel chair.*) And I was so anxious to get this job that I paid five thousand dollars for it. Jolly place this to spend the rest of your life in. Only comfort I can see is that it will be short life. (*Picks up stamp on desk.*) Is this the consular seal?

JOSÉ.

Yes, Excellency. I—myself—prepared everything for you as soon as I received your letter.

STEVE.

(*Startled.*) My letter? (JIM *nudges him.*) Oh, yes, so I wrote you I was coming, did I?

JOSÉ.

Yes, Consul, but you wrote me also that madame, your wife, was coming.

STEVE.

(*Rises.*) My wife! (*Turns to* JIM.)

JOSÉ.

She is not coming, no?

STEVE.

My wife, no, no, she's not coming! No! You see the Health Officer told us about the fever, so I sent her on to Jamaica. (*Fiercely.*) And she'll stay in Jamaica until I send for her.

JOSÉ.

Ah, I am sorry!

STEVE.

Yes, I'm sorry too. I'll miss—I'll miss— (*Aside to* JIM.) What's the name of my wife?

JIM.

Julia.

STEVE.

Julia. (*To* JOSÉ.) Yes, I'll miss Julia very much, dear little Julia, bless her!

JOSÉ.

(*Mysteriously.*) Perhaps, Excellency, it is just so good that she did not come.

STEVE.

What's that?

JOSÉ.

Pardon, Excellency, but perhaps it is just as good as she did not come until the *other* lady has gone away.

STEVE.

Other lady? What other lady?

JOSÉ.

The lady in my hotel—who is waiting to marry you.

STEVE.

Waiting to marry me! (*To* JIM.) Juanita! (*To* JOSÉ.) Is *she* in this hotel? I mean, is there a woman in this hotel who says *I'm* going to marry her? She must be mad! What nonsense! Why, I *am* married—married to Edna!

JIM.

(*In a quick whisper.*) Julia!

STEVE.

Yes, Julia, dear little Julia—down in Jamaica!

JOSÉ.

I am sorry, Excellency! The *señora* tells my wife you come here to marry her, but when I read the Excellency's letter and he says his wife comes with him—I tell my wife to say nothing.

STEVE.

That's quite right! Don't let that woman know I'm here.

JOSÉ.

But she saw the ship come in.

STEVE.

Well, she can see the ship, but she mustn't see me. Before I see anybody I must pay my respects to the President. I haven't presented my credentials yet. (*He takes credentials from pocket and shows a loose page.*) And there's my speech. I don't know a word of it. I hope the President will like my speech. Bowie wrote it. Jim, old man, would you mind opening my trunk and laying out my frock coat and high hat?

JIM.

High hat, sir?

STEVE.

Yes—in the tropics I have noticed that diplomats and American dentists always wear silk hats.

JIM.

Certainly! (*Exit left.*)

STEVE.

Now listen, landlord! There is a secret-service detective——

JOSÉ.

Señor Duffy?

STEVE.

Oh, you know him?

JOSÉ.

(*Indignantly.*) We *all* know him! He has tried to arrest everybody!

STEVE.

That's the man. Well, he has arrested some one at last, and I'm going to ship him and his prisoner on that steamer (*points off upper left*) to New York by way of Jamaica. He's gone to the jail——

JOSÉ.

No, Excellency, he is at my hotel.

STEVE.

(*Eagerly.*) Has he got a prisoner with him?

JOSÉ.

Yes, Excellency!

STEVE.

(*Delightedly.*) Good! Tell him I want to see him. (JOSÉ *turns up and looks off left.*)

JOSÉ.

Si, señor. Ah! a lady, Excellency.

STEVE.

(*Terrified.*) A lady! I'm not at home! I'm out! Is it *that* lady?

JOSÉ.

No, *señor.* (LUCY *appears in door left.*)

STEVE.

Ah, Miss Sheridan! Ah, do come in! (LUCY *coldly turns her head from him and addresses* JOSÉ.)

LUCY.

Is this the United States Consulate?

JOSÉ.

Si, señorita.

LUCY.

Colonel Bowie, the Consul, has he arrived?

JOSÉ.

Si, señorita. This gentleman——

STEVE.

(*Waving him off left.*) That'll do, landlord; that'll do. (*Crosses to* JOSÉ, *and pushes him up steps.*) The lady knows who I am perfectly well. You don't have to tell her who *I* am. Just wait in there please, and when I'm ready for the detective, I'll ask you to bring him here.

JOSÉ.

Si, señor. (*Exit left.*)

STEVE.

(*Cordially turning to* LUCY.) My! It is good to see you again. I was afraid——

LUCY.

Pardon me, but I am here to see the Consul——

STEVE.

The Consul—yes—but while he—eh—while we're waiting for the Consul have you any objections to my company?

LUCY.

I have—very strong objections.

STEVE.

I beg your pardon.

LUCY.

As any woman would—after your conduct.

STEVE.

My—conduct? When?

LUCY.

You know when.

STEVE.

(*After a pause.*) Oh!

LUCY.

Yes.

STEVE.

You mean when I left the ship—Mrs. Bowie— (*With disgust.*) Julia!

LUCY.

(*Indignantly.*) Julia!

STEVE.

Yes, wasn't that perfectly outrageous?

LUCY.

It *was*!

STEVE.

I was never so embarrassed in my life—to be suddenly embraced—by a married woman——

LUCY.

(*Coldly.*) I didn't see that.

STEVE.

Didn't you see that? Oh, it was awful! Oh! you ought to have seen that. If you didn't—*see* it, you wouldn't believe it.

LUCY.

I *don't* believe it? I saw—*you*—force your attentions upon a lady against her protest, in spite of her struggles.

STEVE.

(*In a tone of indignation.*) Well, well, well! Now, that shows you no one is safe, no one is safe. If *you* could turn things against me that way, no innocent man is safe.

LUCY.

But I saw you—and the passengers saw you—and her husband saw you.

STEVE.

(*Triumphantly.*) Ah! You admit her husband saw me—and yet—and yet—you never guessed!

LUCY.

(*Turning away from him.*) I never guessed you cared for Mrs. Bowie!

STEVE.

I—care for Mrs. Bowie! You—say that to—me! I merely—it was this way—I will explain how it happened—(*She moves away impatiently.*) No, I insist—you have doubted me, and I will explain. And I'm going to tell the truth, too.

LUCY.

Of course you are.

STEVE.

Of course I am. Mrs. Bowie was er—er—thanking me.

LUCY.

Thanking you?

STEVE.

That was all. Thanking me. She was grateful. I had rendered her husband a slight service. You know there's yellow fever here?

LUCY.

Well?

STEVE.

Well, it's very bad, and they wanted to go to Jamaica and wait there until the fever here was stamped out, but they couldn't go to Jamaica because he had no money.

LUCY.

Why not?

STEVE.

Because he lost it all to me on his way down—betting on the run. I gave him a run for his money. He got the run, I got the money.

LUCY.

That—was gambling.

STEVE.

Yes, but wait! When I learned I was forcing that young couple to spend their honeymoon in this—fever swamp, I gave him back his money and she, in a burst of gratitude, in her innocent girlish way—threw her arms around my neck, and you—came out at that exact moment and imagined that I—that I— (*His voice breaks with emotion.*) Oh, how could you——

LUCY.

I am very sorry. I didn't know. Won't you—forgive me? (*She comes toward him.*)

STEVE.

(*Magnanimously.*) Of course I will forgive you. But

how could you doubt me, I—I who have never looked into a woman's eyes until I looked into yours——

LUCY.

(*Moving away.*) Oh! You know you must not speak so to me. I told you not to do it.

STEVE.

Then you mustn't let me see you. For when I see you, I——

LUCY.

Oh!

STEVE.

"Oh" what?

LUCY.

If Mrs. Bowie has gone to Jamaica, what am *I* to do? Who's to chaperone me? The Board of Missions put me in charge of the Consul—and his wife?

STEVE.

By Jove! that's so. But there's Bostick, confound him! By the way, where *is* Bostick?

LUCY.

I—I don't know.

STEVE.

Don't know! Didn't he meet you?

LUCY.

No.

STEVE.

He didn't! Hurrah! Perhaps he's dead! But he sent some one to meet you.

LUCY.

No.

STEVE.

(*Indignantly.*) He didn't?

LUCY.

(*Apologetically.*) He lives very far back in the mountains, six days' ride from the coast, and they tell me the rivers are swollen and the trail is impassable——

STEVE.

(*Fiercely.*) I'd like to see the swollen river that could keep *me* back if you were coming to marry me! Why, he should have been camping out at the end of that wharf a month ago, with a telescope stuck in each eye! I'd like to be on the bank of a swollen river while Bostick was trying to climb the bank. (*He kicks violently in front of him.*)

LUCY.

You forget yourself! You are speaking of the man I am going to marry.

STEVE.

I can't help it, if you are going to marry him. I wish I *could* help it. Why are you going to marry him, anyway? Because you love him?

LUCY.

Because I have promised to marry him. I have promised all of them.

STEVE.

(*Violently.*) *All* of them! How many more are there?

LUCY.

All of the Board of Missions. I promised them I would help him in his work.

STEVE.

How can you help him when he isn't here? Now listen! Bostick has lost his chance. Why don't you give me a chance now? I wish the Board of Missions had put you in charge of me, instead of Bowie.

LUCY.

Yes, but you see Colonel Bowie is our—Consul, and he—has a wife, and you are not the Consul! And you are not married, are you?

STEVE.

(*Thoughtfully.*) No, I suppose not. No, in a way I'm not.

LUCY.

(*Sharply.*) *Are* you married?

STEVE.

How dare you ask me that? I—I who have never looked into a woman's eyes until I looked into yours.

LUCY.

I told you not to say that to me.

STEVE.

Well, then, don't bring your eyes where I am. (José *appears excitedly at door left.*)

JOSÉ.

Excellency! Excellency! (José *signals in pantomime that there is some one in the room behind him.*)

STEVE.

Who! What!

JOSÉ.

The lady! The widow lady!

STEVE.

Juanita?

JOSÉ.

Si, señor.

STEVE.

(*Running to* LUCY.) Don't desert me! Don't leave me! There's an awful woman coming here, old friend of Bowie's. Bowie, no, I guess you'll have to go. It's a private affair—of Bowie's—Bowie wouldn't like it known.

LUCY.

Of course I'll go. (*Sadly.*) But where?

STEVE.

Where? To the hotel. There's no other place. José, your wife will take care of Miss Sheridan, won't she?

JOSÉ.

(*To* LUCY.) Ah! *si, señorita.* (*Exits into room left.*)

STEVE.

His wife will take care of you. (*He calls.*) Jim! Jim! go with Miss Sheridan to the hotel. (JIM *enters,* JIM *bows, and with* LUCY *moves to door centre.*)

STEVE.

(*Taking* LUCY'S *hand and speaking hysterically.*) Good-by, good-by, and if we should never meet again——

LUCY.

Aren't you coming to lunch?

STEVE.

(*Wildly.*) Lunch! In this country you can't look as far into the future as lunch. What with assassinations,

revolutions, yellow fever—and— and — Juanita — you're lucky to live till after breakfast. Farewell— (*Taking her hand.*) Remember, I—never looked into a woman's eyes——

LUCY.

(*Indignantly, withdrawing her hand.*) Good morning. (*Exits centre, with* JIM.)

STEVE.

(*Reproachfully.*) Not good morning, good-by, perhaps forever! (JOSÉ *appears at door left.*)

JOSÉ.

Excellency! she will not wait. She is coming. (STEVE *comes down to* JOSÉ.)

STEVE.

(*Desperately.*) Let her come! José, we who are about to die, salute thee. (*He crosses and stands by swivel chair.*)

JOSÉ.

(*Sympathetically.*) Ah, *señor*! (*Speaks into door left.*) Enter Señora. (JUANITA, *a dark, Spanish-looking woman, enters. She wears a black-lace walking dress, open at the throat; in her hair is a high comb on which is draped a mantilla; she carries a fan. She rushes down steps; on seeing* STEVE *halts, looks at him, and then turns upon* JOSÉ.)

JUANITA.

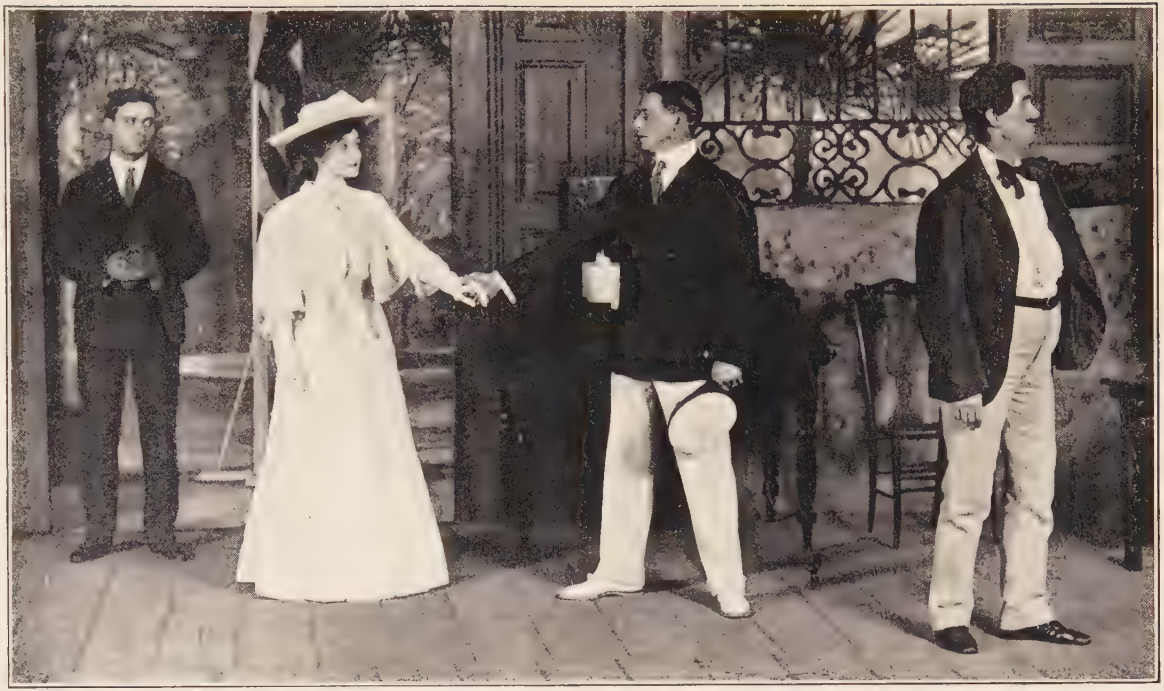
(*Looking from* STEVE *to* JOSÉ.) I told you to bring me to Colonel John T. Bowie.

JOSÉ.

Si, señora. (*Points at* STEVE.)

STEVE.

(*Hurriedly.*) That'll do, José. You can—go!



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"Lunch? In this country, you can't look as far into the future as lunch."

JOSÉ.

I—go, *señor.* (*Exit eagerly left.*)

JUANITA.

(*Calling after him.*) José! José! (*Turns to* STEVE.) How dare *you* give commands? That man deceived me. He told me I would find here Colonel John T. Bowie. (*As she speaks the name, she stabs the air with her fan as though it were a dagger.* STEVE *observes this with horrified interest and moves down nearer to table.*)

STEVE.

(*Hesitatingly.*) *I* am Colonel John T. Bowie!

JUANITA.

You! (*Turns away in anger.*) You are crazy!

STEVE.

Yes, I'm nearly crazy; but it is also true, madam, that I am the Consul.

JUANITA.

Bah! Is this a joke?

STEVE.

(*Hysterically.*) A joke! Hah, hah, I like that! (*Laughs.*)

JUANITA.

(*Fiercely.*) You laugh! (*Moves toward him.*)

STEVE.

(*Retreats to desk.*) I assure you that being Colonel Bowie—is no joke. (*Takes credentials from table.*) If you doubt my word, madam, here are my credentials from the State Department.

JUANITA.

And do you think you are man enough to carry that off?

STEVE.

(*Smiling ingratiatingly and weighing envelope in his hand.*) That's not heavy!

JUANITA.

Bah! Don't trifle with me! What are you trying to do here? What's your little game, eh?

STEVE.

(*With attempt at dignity.*) My—"game"—madam! I beg you to remember that you are addressing the American Consul—John Bowie! (*He strikes an attitude, and attempts to lean upon the back of the swivel chair, which sinks beneath his weight. He recovers and, folding his arms, scowls fiercely.*)

JUANITA.

You cannot persuade *me* that you are Colonel Bowie. I—who for three years have loved John Bowie; I—who for three years have hated John Bowie!

STEVE.

How are you feeling toward John this morning?

JUANITA.

I hate him so that if I thought you *were* he (*draws dagger from left sleeve*) I would plant this in your treacherous heart.

STEVE.

(*Drawing chair between them.*) But you don't think I'm he. You just said so. I heard you. (*Points.*) You were standing right over there. The man you want to stab is an impostor.

JUANITA.

You are the impostor! I have known John Bowie in

Panama for eleven years. I would have married him, but my husband objected. When my husband died, Bowie married a Northern woman. Two weeks ago he sailed for this place in that steamer; but to-day, when he read the letter I sent on board, he was afraid to come on shore; and now you—aha! I see—I see—how much did Bowie pay you for this?

STEVE.

Pay me? Oh, yes! I'm making my fortune at this. The Bank of England couldn't pay me for what I'm going through.

JUANITA.

Ah! he did *not* pay you. Then, why do you pretend—unless— (*Triumphantly.*) Ah! I see, I see! (*Eagerly.*) There is a detective here, searching for two Americans from New York. He has arrested a good and noble gentleman, who has lived here for months. If Duffy were not the fool he is, he would know that the only steamer on which these men could have escaped from New York arrived here this morning, and that one passenger, with his friend, came ashore under a name—that is not his. (*She approaches* STEVE, *smiling mockingly, and leans on the chair.*) Tell me, which are you—the valet or Mr. Brooke Travers?

STEVE.

Tell *you*! Madam, compared to you Sherlock Holmes is in the same class with Duffy.

JUANITA.

Don't interrupt me! I'm thinking! You are not the valet. You are the sort of person who would *need* a valet. So *you* are Brooke Travers.

STEVE.

(*With an attempt at gayety.*) Oh! so I'm Travers, am I?

JUANITA.

You know you are. Now, if I tell Duffy that you're the man he really wants, he will release his prisoner and take *you* back to New York. (*Pause.*) No, I've nothing against you. No, I will not send you back to New York.

STEVE.

Oh, well! just arrange this to suit yourself.

JUANITA.

I mean to. In a few minutes the detective will be here with his prisoner. He will ask you to sign the extradition paper. You will refuse to do so and you will set the prisoner free.

STEVE.

Now see here, madam, here is where the worm turns. *I* am running this consulate, and I will *not* set that prisoner free, but I am going to ship him and that damned detective out of this town as fast as that steamer can carry them.

JUANITA.

You are mad! The prisoner—is the man—I love! And if you, as the American Consul, do not set him free I will tell Duffy who you are! Now, if you wish to remain here in peace and safety as John Bowie, the Consul, you will tear up that extradition paper. If you refuse, Mr. Brooke Travers, you will go back to New York—a prisoner yourself. Choose!

STEVE.

Choose? You haven't left me any "choose." I've *got* to let him go free.

JUANITA.

Ah! I thank you, Consul.

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"Which are you—the valet, or Mr. Brooke Travers?"

STEVE.

Don't thank me. You drive a hard bargain, madam.

JUANITA.

It is for the man I love. But I can be generous, too. I will help you. Do you believe me? (*She holds out her hand, in the palm of which is the dagger with the blade pointed up her arm.* STEVE *starts to take her hand, sees the dagger, and jumps back.*)

STEVE.

(*Anxiously.*) Aren't you afraid you'll cut yourself?

JUANITA.

Ah, no! I am used to that dagger. And I have used it, too.

STEVE.

Yes, you told me you were a widow. (*A bugle sound off left.* JOSÉ *enters excitedly.*)

JOSÉ.

Excellency! *El Presidente*! The President. He come to call upon your Excellency.

STEVE.

The President? I say, that's very polite of him, isn't it? How do I look? I ought to have a high hat, José—has he got on a high hat? (*From off left comes the sound of muskets brought to a "ground arms," and a bugle sounds.* JUANITA *starts left.*)

STEVE.

Don't go! I can't speak a word of Spanish; stay here and interpret for me. (JUANITA *returns and stands below table.*) José, run to the hotel and get some champagne, quick! (JOSÉ *runs off centre.* STEVE *addresses por-*

traits on the wall.) O General Washington and General Jackson, don't look so ashamed of this American Consul; he's doing the best he can. Wait till you hear my speech. (*He runs into bedroom. Bugle and drum sound, and shouts of "Viva el Presidente!"* COLONEL GARCIA *enters and stands at foot of steps.*)

GARCIA.

El Presidente! (*Voices cry, outside, "Viva el Presidente! Viva, viva!" The flare of bugles is repeated.* CAMPOS *enters, accompanied by* CORPORAL, *and soldiers who fall to right and left of steps.* CAMPOS *is a large, fierce-looking man, of dark complexion, in the uniform of a general.*)

CAMPOS.

Where is this Colonel John T. Bowie? (*He sees* JUANITA.) Ah, *señora*! (*He bows.*)

JUANITA.

(*Making a deep courtesy.*) *El Presidente!* (STEVE *enters from bedroom. He has changed into a frock coat and carries a high hat.*)

CAMPOS.

You are Colonel John T. Bowie——

STEVE.

Yes, your Excellency, I have that honor. (*Reaches behind him for the written copy of his speech, which is lying open on the table, and moves the paper where he can see it. Reading.*) I welcome your Excellency. (*Glances again at speech on desk.*) I mean, "Thank you for *your* welcome, and allow me the honor of presenting my credentials—(*picking up credentials*)—and also to present you with assurances of my distinguished consideration, and the hope that those cordial relations——"

CAMPOS.

Silence!

STEVE.

I—I beg your pardon!

CAMPOS.

Silence! I will not receive your papers. I will not receive—you! You are under arrest!

STEVE.

Under arrest! (*To* JUANITA.) What's the matter? Doesn't he like my speech?

CAMPOS.

You are under arrest for plotting against me.

STEVE.

(*Indignantly.*) I—plot against you? Why—I made you! I—oh! I see. (*Crosses and takes* CAMPOS *familiarly by the arm.*) Look here, General, can I speak to you alone? Why, I am the last man—my dear General Rivas——

CAMPOS.

(*Savagely withdrawing his arm.*) Rivas!

JUANITA.

(*In a whisper to* STEVE.) *That*—is not Rivas.

STEVE.

(*Lightly.*) Not Rivas? Oh, I beg your pardon! I thought you were the President. (*Laughs.*)

CAMPOS.

I am the President—by the voice of the people:

STEVE.

Well, then, by the voice of the people, if you are President, where is Rivas?

CAMPOS.

In jail, waiting to be shotted! (*He turns his back, and whispers with* COLONEL GARCIA.)

STEVE.

(*To* JUANITA.) Rivas—in jail?

JUANITA.

This is Campos—there has been a revolution.

STEVE.

When?

JUANITA.

Last Tuesday.

STEVE.

Last Tuesday! When we were at sea! Oh! John Bowie! (*To* JUANITA.) *He* knew of this—this is why he wouldn't come on shore. He wasn't afraid of yellow fever. He wasn't even afraid of *you*. It was this he was afraid of. (*Raises his clenched fists in the air.*) O John Bowie, if we ever meet again.

CAMPOS.

Listen to me! I sent my soldiers to the wharf to arrest you, but they did not recognize you by the description. If any of my men had caught you in the street, they would have shotted you against a wall. But here, in the consulate—I cannot touch you.

STEVE.

I'm sorry you're disappointed.

CAMPOS.

But I will keep you here a prisoner as long as you live.

STEVE.

Keep me a prisoner! My government will send a warship down here, and——

CAMPOS.

That! (*Snaps his fingers.*) That—for your government. Before a warship comes to Puerto Banos, you will be dead. You are my prisoner in this room. You will never leave it again. (STEVE *runs to centre door.*) Halt! (*To the soldiers.*) Guard those doors. Do not let that man escape. (*Two soldiers mount guard on either side of the steps. Two others go up centre and stand at either side of the doorway. To* STEVE.) If you walk into the patio, you will be shotted. If you go into the street, you will be shotted. Do I speak the English—very plain?

STEVE.

I understand every word you say. But you don't understand me. (*To* JUANITA.) I think this has gone quite far enough. (*To* CAMPOS.) General, you must know that you are the victim of a mistake——

CAMPOS.

Bah! (*He turns to* GARCIA.)

JUANITA.

(*Angrily.*) What are you going to do?

STEVE.

Going to tell him I'm not Colonel Bowie. I don't intend to get "shotted."

JUANITA.

You cannot do that—I *forbid* it!

STEVE.

Why can't I do it?

JUANITA.

Because—if you are not John Bowie, the Consul, you cannot free the man I love.

STEVE.

Oh, the man you love be hanged! I'm a prisoner myself, now. I've got to get *myself* free.

JUANITA.

No! First free the man I love, and then when we have escaped to the mountains—then let them know that you are not John Bowie.

STEVE.

We! Are—*you* going with him?

JUANITA.

Of course I am.

STEVE.

Hurrah! I'll set him free. (*He turns to* CAMPOS. JOSÉ *enters centre bearing a tray on which are champagne bottles, and glasses filled with champagne.* JIM *and* HYNE, *much excited, follow* JOSÉ.) Now, then, General; sorry to lose you, but if you are quite ready to go— (*To* JOSÉ, *who is approaching* CAMPOS *with champagne.*) No, no! Not for that man—that's the wrong President. (JOSÉ *places champagne on desk.*)

JOSÉ.

(*As he passes* STEVE.) Pardon, Excellency, the detective and the prisoner insist on coming in.

"Now, General, this is *my* consulate, and this is my busy day."

STEVE.

Bring them here at once. (José *exits centre.*) Now, General, this is *my* consulate, and this is my busy day.

CAMPOS.

Bah! (*To* Juanita.) *A dios, señora.*

JUANITA.

A dios, el Presidente.

CAMPOS.

Good morning, Colonel Bowie.

STEVE.

Drop in whenever you're passing. (*Glancing at soldiers.*) I'm sure to be at home. (Campos *exits with officer left.* Duffy *and* Bostick *enter centre, followed by two policemen.*)

DUFFY.

Ah, Mr. Consul, glad you've arrived. I'm in a great hurry to catch the steamer. Put your seal on this, please. (*Gives extradition paper to* Steve.) Extradition paper for the prisoner. (Juanita *draws near to* Steve *and shows him the dagger.*)

JUANITA.

Remember!

STEVE.

Don't do that! Do you think I'm likely to forget? (*To* Duffy.) Now, Duffy, you're—you're quite sure this is all right?

DUFFY.

Perfectly sure.

STEVE.

(*Appealingly to* Juanita.) He says—he thinks, it's all right.

JUANITA.

(*Brandishing knife.*) *Dios mio!*

STEVE.

Duffy, are you *sure* this is the man?

DUFFY.

There's no mistake about—him. That is Brooke Travers.

BOSTICK.

I am *not* Brooke Travers!

JUANITA.

(*Close at* STEVE's *elbow.*) Well?

STEVE.

(*To* BOSTICK.) You're right—you're not Brooke Travers. I'm sorry you're not, sir, but you're not.

DUFFY.

What's that?

STEVE.

I can't help it, I feel just as bad as you do. That man is not Brooke Travers. That man is free! (*To* JUANITA.) Are you satisfied now?

JUANITA.

Yes, my friend.

DUFFY.

This is an outrage. (LUCY *runs on from anteroom left. As his back is turned to her she does not recognize* BOSTICK.)

LUCY.

(*To* STEVE, *in great distress.*) They told me the President had ordered you to be shot. (BOSTICK *turns toward her. She recoils.*) Arthur!

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"Put them in the hold of the ship—and yourself with them, and—sink the ship!"

STEVE.

Arthur? Do you *know* this man?

LUCY.

This is the man I am going to marry, Arthur Bostick.

STEVE.

(*With wild delight—to* JIM.) He's mine! He's mine! (*To* LUCY.) That isn't Arthur Bostick! That's Brooke Travers. Why every man in New York knows Brooke Travers. Ask any New Yorker you like. (*Points to* JIM.) Ask that man. (*Points at* BOSTICK.) Isn't He Brooke Travers?

JIM.

Of course he is! (STEVE *runs to desk and violently stamps the extradition paper with the consular seal.*)

STEVE.

Of course he is! (*Shoves paper at* DUFFY.) Officer, there is your prisoner. Take him to New York.

JUANITA.

You dare to defy me? (STEVE *in fear springs from her, which shows her to* DUFFY.)

DUFFY.

The accomplice! I have a warrant for you, too!

STEVE.

(*Leaping back with delight.*) You have a warrant for her? Then take her, too. Take them both to New York. (DUFFY *seizes her wrist and with the assistance of two policemen pulls* BOSTICK *and* JUANITA *to the steps.*) Put them in the hold of the ship—and yourself with them, and—sink the ship!

BOSTICK.

This is an outrage, an outrage!

JUANITA.

I will have revenge—revenge! (DUFFY *and the police rush up steps and go off, dragging with them* JUANITA *and* BOSTICK. LUCY *is at the foot of steps looking after them.* STEVE *dances across the stage to table.*)

LUCY.

(*Indignantly.*) Why did you send that man to New York?

STEVE.

So that you couldn't marry him! (LUCY, *with a gesture of anger, runs off left.* STEVE *attempts to rush after her; the sentinels lock their bayonets in front of him. To soldiers.*) How dare you stop me! I am the American Consul!

CORPORAL.

El Presidente commands it.

STEVE.

The President! I made him President. Jim, bring these gentlemen some of that champagne. José, help those gentlemen. (*To* CORPORAL.) How much does the President give you to guard me?

CORPORAL.

Eighteen cents a day, but he doesn't give it.

STEVE.

Eighteen cents for a brave soldier. Why, I will give you twenty cents a day. Are there many more like you?

"I will be Dictator of San Manana!"

CORPORAL.

There are two thousand more, just as brave as I am.

STEVE.

Will they be my guard of honor, too, for twenty cents a day?

CORPORAL.

Yes, Excellency.

STEVE.

(*Shouting.*) I'll do it! I'll do it!

JIM.

What—what are you going to do?

STEVE.

(*Leaping upon table, and waving a bottle of champagne.*) I am going to start a revolution against Campos. I am going to make myself President. I will be Dictator of San Manana! (HYNE, JIM, JOSÉ, *and the soldiers raise the glasses of champagne toward* STEVE, *and cheer him wildly, waving their muskets, as the curtain falls.*)

ACT III.

Same as in Act II, except that there is now in the centre of the stage a round table. About it are set three short wooden benches. On these are seated STEVE, *the* CORPORAL, *and three other soldiers engaged most amicably in playing poker. On the table are the bottles of champagne and glasses of the Second Act. At the desk* JOSÉ *is busily writing. Everyone is smoking a huge cigar.*

STEVE.

I'll take two cards, please. (*Soldier on his left deals him two cards.*)

CORPORAL.

I'll take two cards, also.

STEVE.

You want *two* cards? Now, are you sure you understand this game?

CORPORAL.

Si, señor.

STEVE.

You're sure you want *two* cards?

CORPORAL.

Si, señor.

STEVE.

All right. Give him two cards. You can have more if you want.

CORPORAL.

No, *gracias.* (*He is dealt two cards.*)

STEVE.

Is that all, now? You took two cards, hey? Well, I'll bet five cents.

CORPORAL.

I—I raise you one peseta.

STEVE.

You raise *me*!

CORPORAL.

Una peseta.

STEVE.

Humph! Well, I'll raise you.

CORPORAL.

Well, I raise you one more time.

STEVE.

Raise me again. (*He counts the money in the pot.*) There's forty cents in that pot. I'll have to see you for the percentage. I call you.

CORPORAL.

You call me?

STEVE.

Yes. What you got?

CORPORAL.

I got three kings.

STEVE.

You *are* learning the game! You got three kings, hey? That's odd, for I have three kings too. What's your next highest card?

CORPORAL.

My next highest card is—another king!

STEVE.

Oh, that's no good! Mine's an ace! (*As he throws down his cards the key of the wireless telegraph sounds;* STEVE *holds up his hand for silence.*) Hush! Listen! (*Calling.*) Is that you, Jim?

JIM.

(*From the bedroom.*) Yes, sir. (JIM *appears at door.*) Is it working?

STEVE.

Yes, working fine. Do it again. (JIM *exits right, and key again sounds.*) Keep it up, it sounds great. (HYNE *enters left, and with surprise halts, listening to the wireless.*)

HYNE.

Hello, who's that calling me?

STEVE.

That's Jim! (*Calling.*) Come out, Jim! (JIM *appears at door.*)

HYNE.

Jim?

STEVE.

Yes, we've tapped your machine and run a private wire into my bedroom.

HYNE.

A wire in your bedroom! What for?

STEVE.

Well, you see, some one might question the fact that I *am*

the American Consul, and it occurred to me it would be very convenient if we could call up the State Department and the State Department would answer that I am all right——

HYNE.

(*Laughing.*) Oh, I see!

STEVE.

No one could tell whether the answer came from the White House or my bedroom. With the Marconi you've got to take any answer they give you, but from my bedroom you get the exact answer you want. (*In an eager whisper.*) Well, how did you succeed? Have you bribed everybody?

HYNE.

I've bought up all the friends Campos ever had. Every officeholder in this town is now out for *you.*

STEVE.

Good!

HYNE.

But you came near losing me.

STEVE.

How?

HYNE.

The shock I got giving away thousand-dollar bills. I haven't quite woke up yet.

STEVE.

But the town's awake.

HYNE.

I wish you fellows were not prisoners, you could go out and see for yourselves.

STEVE.

I'm not a prisoner. I'm a patriot.

HYNE.

Patriot! Why, this isn't *your* country.

STEVE.

No, but I find that anyone down here who is against the government is a patriot. (*He crosses to* José *and reads what he is writing.*) Another proclamation?

JOSÉ.

Si, señor.

STEVE.

That's good! Put it up in the Plaza. (José *goes out left. To* Hyne.) We give them proclamations fresh every hour. Did you read the one in the Plaza? No? Oh, I wish you had! I wrote that one. I said if their warships tried to enter this harbor—my warships would sink them.

HYNE.

But *you* haven't got any warships.

STEVE.

Neither have they. And I said, "Campos has insulted a distinguished diplomat"—that's me—"for which reason the Liberal Party will tolerate Campos no longer."

HYNE.

The Liberal Party?

STEVE.

Yes, I'm the Liberal Party. I'll bet I'm the most liberal party this town ever saw. The Governor alone cost me two thousand dollars. I offered him fifteen hundred to

betray the President, but he held out for two thousand. Said Campos was his dearest friend—and he couldn't do it for less. The army—that goes by contract; you pay the commanding general and he rents it out by the week. I've got it for this week. They cost me four hundred and fifty dollars. That's not dear for an army, is it? Still, even with a cheap army, I don't see what can prevent my being Dictator by lunch time. My revolution breaks loose at eleven. Now the only thing that's worrying me is that that ship hasn't sailed, and until Duffy and Juanita have started for New York I'm likely to be arrested in earnest—and to be stabbed, too.

HYNE.

Well, if you want to get rid of the ship, why don't you sign those papers?

STEVE.

No! that ship can't leave with John T. Bowie on board. Before she sails I want *him* on shore.

HYNE.

What are you going to do with Bowie?

STEVE.

I'm undecided yet. (*Takes slip of paper from his pocket.*) Here's a copy of the message I sent him by José to lure him on shore.

HYNE.

(*Looking at paper.*) It's signed Rivas.

STEVE.

Yes; José copied Rivas's handwriting and signed Rivas's name.

HYNE.

(*Reads.*) "To-day I will be released from jail. To-

night I will again be President. Come on shore at once and receive your reward."

STEVE.

And he'll get it, too.

HYNE.

"Wait at the consulate. Rivas." That ought to fetch him, but he won't come to the consulate.

STEVE.

Yes, he will. José will tell him I'm in jail or shot—as he planned I'd be. (HYNE *goes up to wireless.*) What are you going to do?

HYNE.

I'll just telegraph the ship and find out if Bowie has left it. (*He works the key of wireless, receiving answer during following speech.*)

STEVE.

Good! Everything is coming my way now. I've got rid of Duffy and Juanita and Bostick—my hated rival. Now, if Bowie will walk only into my parlor.

HYNE.

(*Having received message.*) It's all right. Second officer says Bowie and his wife left the ship ten minutes ago.

STEVE.

(*Down at desk.*) Fine! Now, then, I'll seal the ship's papers (*picks up ship's papers from desk and begins to stamp them with consular seal*), and you send the Captain a wireless and tell him he can weigh anchor in ten minutes. (HYNE *works the wireless.* STEVE *stamps the papers violently.*) Good-by, Mr. Duffy, good-by!

SOLDIER.

(*Off left.*) *Halto!*

DUFFY.

(*Off left in a tone of terror.*) Don't stop me! I'm a secret service detective.

STEVE.

Duffy! (DUFFY *rushes on left with clothes muddy and torn and eyes blackened. He throws himself in front of* STEVE *and clasps him around the knees. The two soldiers follow him from left, and* CORPORAL *and the other soldier come down from centre.*)

DUFFY.

Save me! Protect me! I claim the protection of the American Consul!

STEVE.

(*Shaking him off.*) Save *you*! Where are your prisoners?

DUFFY.

They're not my prisoners. I was *their* prisoner.

STEVE.

What have you done with Brooke Travers?

DUFFY.

That wasn't Brooke Travers. He was the man he said he was—a missionary from the mountains——

STEVE.

Nonsense!

DUFFY.

I'm convinced of it! (*He rises.*)

JIM.

Who convinced you?

DUFFY.

About a hundred of his parishioners—each with a machete *that* long.

HYNE.

Where?

DUFFY.

At the Market Place. About a hundred mountaineers shouted out "*El Padre!*" and he yelled, "To the rescue my children!" They chased me all the way to the hotel with that Juanita woman in front with a knife—that long. She swears she'll have my heart's blood. Hide me, please hide me——

STEVE.

(*With disgust.*) Bah! Are you afraid of a woman?

DUFFY.

I *am*! And she swears she'll have *your* heart's blood, too!

STEVE.

My heart's blood.

DUFFY.

She's coming now to get it.

STEVE.

(*To soldiers.*) Here! What do you mean hanging around doing nothing? Guard those doors! (*Soldiers run off left and centre.*) Don't let anybody get in! Heavens! here am I paying for a whole army and I'm not safe from that woman yet.

DUFFY.

Well, I'm not safe either. Can't you hide me some place?

STEVE.

No! Yes, I have it. Go hide yourself on the steamer. She sails in ten minutes. Go back to New York. You will be safe there. (*Pushes him left.*) I shall be so sorry

to part with you, Duffy, but it's your only chance to escape.

DUFFY

No!

STEVE.

Your life is in danger. If Juanita catches you——

DUFFY.

I won't leave this place until I have arrested Brooke Travers.

STEVE.

(*Crosses and whispers to* HYNE.) Hyne, I wonder if we could persuade him that Bowie is Brooke Travers.

HYNE.

I guess so.

STEVE.

You'll help me, won't you.

HYNE.

Sure, I will.

STEVE.

Jim——

JIM.

Colonel.

STEVE.

Go back to the hotel and bring that criminal here with Mrs. Bowie, and tell Mrs. Bowie I'm in jail.

JIM.

Yes, sir. (*Exit centre.*)

DUFFY.

Why do you want your wife to think you're in jail?

STEVE.

(*Startled.*) My wife!

DUFFY.

I don't see why——

STEVE.

(*He glances meaningly at* HYNE.) That's it, Duffy, *you* don't see why. (*To* HYNE.) He—he—wouldn't see why—would he?

HYNE.

(*Mysteriously.*) Ah, no!

STEVE.

But *we—we* see why!

HYNE.

Yes—we see why!

STEVE.

Duffy, *you* are *happily* married.

DUFFY.

Yes, sir.

STEVE.

Your wife *loves* you, Duffy.

DUFFY.

Yes, sir.

STEVE.

(*To* DUFFY.) But suppose she did *not*, Duffy. Suppose she loved a villain—a—viper. Suppose she refused to come on shore and share your home, and planned to fly with the viper to Jamaica on that very steamer, Duffy, would you not hide your sorrow from such a wife—even in a jail?

DUFFY.

No, I don't think I would. I'd *make* her come home.

STEVE.

But she has ceased to love me, Duffy. And what is home without love? She has loved that viper ever since we left New York, when he rushed up the gangplank, pale and trembling, and begged me to conceal him in my cabin. "Hide me!" he cried, "the police are on my track."

DUFFY.

(*Excitedly.*) The police?

STEVE.

Ah! I should not have told you that. I promised him I would not betray him.

HYNE.

Oh, go on and tell him! Why should *you* shield *him*?

STEVE.

I *promised* him. I even tried to sacrifice that young missionary in order that *he* might escape.

DUFFY.

Look here, gentlemen, you're keeping something back from me. I demand the name of that man.

STEVE.

No. Cruelly as he has wronged me, I will not tell you his name.

DUFFY.

That's enough! You don't have to! I know his name!

STEVE AND HYNE.

(*Admiringly.*) You do?

DUFFY.

I worked it out by deductions.

HYNE.

Isn't he wonderful!

STEVE.

What folly for us to try and hide anything from that man. He frightens me. He reads my very soul.

DUFFY.

(*Producing handcuffs.*) There'll be no mistake this time.

STEVE.

Ah, spare him, Duffy! I cannot forget that my wife loves him. Let those poor guilty souls go free. What's ten thousand dollars to you?

DUFFY.

Ten thousand dollars!

STEVE.

(*Impatiently.*) Yes, the reward the New York police offered for him—dead or alive. (HYNE *to conceal his smile turns up stage.*)

DUFFY.

Have the New York police offered ten thousand dollars for that fellow?

STEVE.

Dead or alive.

DUFFY.

(*Explosively.*) I don't care who he is! He goes back to New York!

HYNE.

(*At centre looking off right.*) Look out! He's coming!

DUFFY.

(*Excitedly.*) I call on you two to help me arrest this man.

STEVE.

Not that, Duffy, not that!

DUFFY.

Yes, in the name of the law. (STEVE *and* DUFFY *hide on right of centre door,* HYNE *on left.* BOWIE *enters centre, following* JIM *coming from right.*)

JIM.

(*Speaking as he enters.*) No, sir, Campos put him in jail an hour ago.

DUFFY.

Now then! (*From behind him* DUFFY, STEVE, *and* HYNE *each seize* BOWIE'S *arms and* DUFFY *handcuffs his hands behind his back.*) Run, get me a cab! (JIM *runs off left.*) You are my prisoner, Mr. Brooke Travers. (MRS. BOWIE *enters centre.*)

BOWIE.

(*Struggling violently with handcuffs.*) Brooke Travers! What does this mean? Take those things off me! (*Turns and sees* STEVE.) You! Oh, so you did this!

DUFFY.

(*Eagerly.*) No, *he* didn't—I did it all myself. I get all the reward.

MRS. BOWIE.

(*Clinging to* BOWIE. *Hysterically.*) John! John! what does this mean?

BOWIE.

(*To* DUFFY.) Take these things off me. I am the American Consul.

STEVE.

Pardon me, *I* am the American Consul.

DUFFY.

(*To* BOWIE.) Of course he is; you told me so yourself.

BOWIE.

(DUFFY *and* HYNE *drag* BOWIE *to the steps.*) I will appeal to the President.

STEVE.

Who made him President? I did. Officer, take him to New York.

BOWIE.

(*Struggling.*) I'll be hanged if I go to New York.

STEVE.

So will I. (BOWIE *is now on steps.*)

MRS. BOWIE.

John! they will have to arrest me, too. I will never desert you. (DUFFY *endeavors to separate them.*)

DUFFY.

Now, madam, now—madam!

MRS. BOWIE.

Don't touch me, you monster!

DUFFY.

Madam, I am not speaking to you officially, but as a family man, married eight years. Before it is too late, go back to the husband you promised to honor and obey. (*Points at* STEVE.)

MRS. BOWIE.

To *that* man! That brute!

DUFFY.

(*Beseechingly.*) Now, do, Mrs. Bowie.

STEVE.

No, it's too late, Duffy, old friend, let her go. She has chosen that man, let her go with him. (*To* MRS. BOWIE.) You never loved me, Kittie—Julia.

MRS. BOWIE.

No, I certainly never did.

STEVE.

Oh, you hear that, Duffy?

DUFFY.

(*Horrified.*) She admits it! (JIM *appears at door left.*)

JIM.

The cab's ready, sir.

DUFFY.

Good! Come on, now! (*Pushes* BOWIE *up steps.*)

BOWIE.

(*To* STEVE.) You think you're mighty smart, don't you, but I took five thousand dollars from you.

STEVE.

You took my wife from me. That's worth five thousand. (MRS. BOWIE *turns suddenly and screams at him.*) It's worth fifty thousand. (DUFFY *rushes off with* BOWIE *and* MRS. BOWIE, *assisted by* JIM. *Eagerly to* HYNE.) Do you think Duffy can get him to New York?

HYNE.

Didn't you tell Duffy if he got him there he'd have ten thousand dollars?

STEVE.

Yes.

HYNE.

He'll get him there.

STEVE.

But Bostick got away from Duffy.

HYNE.

Yes, but he had Juanita to fight for *him*.

STEVE.

Juanita! Heavens! I'd forgotten her. And she's coming here for my heart's blood. I'll never get my revolution started if they don't leave me alone. (*Looks at watch.*) It's to break out at eleven, and it's twenty minutes to that now.

CORPORAL.

(*At centre, looking off right.*) Excellency, here comes a woman. Do I shoot?

STEVE.

Yes, shoot her.

HYNE.

(*Looking off right to* CORPORAL.) No, stop! (*To* STEVE.) It's Miss Sheridan.

STEVE.

Miss Sheridan! (*Enter* LUCY *and* JOSÉ.)

LUCY.

I saw Mrs. Bowie come in here. Could I speak to her? (HYNE *indicates* STEVE—*she turns.*)

STEVE.

Can I do anything for you?

LUCY.

Señor José says that at the hotel I'm in danger.

STEVE.

In danger?

JIM.

Colonel—Colonel!

STEVE.

Well!

JIM.

Juanita! I've just seen her at the hotel.

JOSÉ.

Si! She is coming with a knife so long. (*Holds his hands far apart.*)

STEVE.

That knife of hers grows longer every minute. No one is safe from that woman. But don't be frightened, my guard of honor will protect you. Hyne, have you got a gun?

HYNE.

(*Touching his hip pocket.*) Yes.

STEVE.

Then go in there, please. (*Points left.*) And see she doesn't get in that way. And José, you go with him. (HYNE *and* JOSÉ *exit left.* *To* JIM.) Is your gun loaded?

JIM.

(*Picks up shotgun and looks down barrel.*) I think so.

STEVE.

Well, go in my bedroom and find out. Put it at your head—and pull the trigger. If it goes off—it's loaded.

JIM.

(*Crossing to door right.*) Yes, sir. (*Slaps his chest.*) If that woman comes, you'll find *me*——

STEVE.

Under the bed; yes, I know. (JIM *exits into bedroom. To soldiers at centre door.*) Now, don't let her slip by you, boys.

LUCY.

(*Admiringly.*) You are very resourceful. Somehow I feel I am safer with you than I would be with Colonel Bowie. I don't trust *him.*

STEVE.

Do you trust me? (*From the bedroom there comes a puff of smoke and the report of a gun.* JIM *appears at door.*)

JIM.

It *was* loaded, sir!

STEVE.

You're a bad shot. Try the other barrel. (*Exit* JIM. *To* LUCY.) Do you trust *me?*

LUCY.

I'd like to, but I can't after the way you treated poor Mr. Bostick. Oh, *why* did you say he was Brooke Travers?

STEVE.

Well, somebody had to be Brooke Travers.

JIM.

(*At door.*) Look out! Juanita's coming!

LUCY.

What shall I do?

Miss Doro, who played "Lucy" in England.

Miss Comstock who played "Lucy" in the United States.

Miss Taliaferro who played "Lucy" in Australia.

STEVE.

(*Pushing* LUCY *behind the desk.*) Get behind me, get behind me. (JUANITA *enters from upper right leading the* CORPORAL *by the ear. At centre she pushes him from her and enters.*)

JUANITA.

Don't try to stop me! Where is the traitor? (JUANITA *discovers* STEVE *and* LUCY.) Ah, ha! and the girl too!

STEVE.

(*To* LUCY.) Look out! she's got a knife!

JUANITA.

Señorita, I want a word with you.

STEVE.

(*Timidly.*) How do you do? You didn't go to New York, did you?

JUANITA.

Traitor! I will have my revenge on *you* later. *You* can wait.

STEVE.

Oh, yes! I can wait. I'm in no hurry.

JUANITA.

Señorita, you wish to marry the man I love. Well, I have come to ask you *why*?

LUCY.

Why what?

JUANITA.

Why should you marry the man I love. What have you done for him, that *you* should be his wife? Have you ever saved him from a jail; have you brought him food

when he starved; have you, with your knife in hand, fought for him in the public street?

LUCY.

I certainly have not!

JUANITA.

(*Scornfully.*) No, not *you*! not *you*!

STEVE.

You see, where she comes from young ladies who fight in the streets find it difficult to get anybody to marry them.

JUANITA.

You are a child, you are afraid, *you* should marry a man (*points contemptuously at* STEVE) like *that*——

STEVE.

Yes, just like me. That's what I've been telling her.

LUCY.

Madam, what right have you to question me about Mr. Bostick?

JUANITA.

What right? Because I love him. I would go with him to the end of the world.

STEVE.

Well, there's a steamer leaving in just ten minutes——

JUANITA.

And if you want Arthur Bostick for your husband you will have to fight for him.

STEVE.

Oh, well, that settles it! If we have to fight for him, we don't want him, do we? We'll let him go.

LUCY.

Pardon me, madam, but I cannot discuss my engagement with you.

JUANITA.

Very well. (*Goes up centre.*) Then you shall discuss it with Mr. Bostick in my presence. He is at the hotel. I will bring him here, and he shall choose between us. (*Exits centre.*)

LUCY.

Oh! this is intolerable! How dare she bring him here to choose between us? I won't bear it! It is humiliating, insulting. I have come all the way down here to marry Mr. Bostick because my conscience told me to, and now he can't make up his mind whether he wants to marry me or somebody else. If he doesn't make up his mind soon, *I* will.

STEVE.

That's the way to talk! That's splendid! You're a girl after my own heart. That is, I wish you were. I've suspected several young ladies of being after my own money but no one has ever cared for my heart, and it's all yours—and you don't want it. (*Sadly.*) Oh, how different things might have been, if they'd only been different!

LUCY.

(*Gently.*) In what way different?

STEVE.

Oh, if you could only have cared for me—and if Campos wasn't going to shoot me on sight, and if I could go back home without going to jail.

LUCY.

(*Incredulously.*) To jail? You?

STEVE.

Miss Sheridan, I have deceived you outrageously. If you knew the truth you would despise me.

LUCY.

No, Mr. Steve——

STEVE.

My name's not Steve. I'm Brooke Travers myself!

LUCY.

Brooke Travers!

STEVE.

(*Alarmed.*) Hush! Don't let anybody know it. Down here they think I'm Colonel Bowie.

LUCY.

Why do they think you are Colonel Bowie?

STEVE.

I guess I must have told them. I bribed Bowie to let me take his name. You despise me. You're right. But I swear to you, Miss Sheridan, that the only thing of which I have been certain since I left New York was that I love you more than any other woman I ever knew.

LUCY.

Don't, please don't, Mr. Steve! I'm *sorry*.

STEVE.

Only sorry?

LUCY.

Don't think it's easy for *me*. I promised—and I've kept my promise. I'm here! Two thousand miles from my home, and Mr. Bostick is ashamed to show his face.

STEVE.

No he isn't, here he comes now. (*Enter* BOSTICK *and* JUANITA.) Now, Mr. Bostick, this is a great crisis in your life and I want to advise you.

BOSTICK.

I can't see that you have any interest in this.

STEVE.

I haven't. That's the reason my advice is so valuable. If you want a wife who never will bore you, I advise you to choose Juanita.

BOSTICK.

Thank you, but I promised Miss Sheridan. My conscience——

STEVE.

Never mind your conscience. Think of your heart—remember, Juanita saved you from jail.

BOSTICK.

You're right.

JUANITA.

Arthur, I'm waiting.

BOSTICK.

Juanita, will you be my wife?

LUCY.

(*With delight.*) I'm free! Free!

STEVE.

I congratulate you, Bostick.

BOSTICK.

Thank you. Juanita will make an ideal wife for a mis-

sionary. She will persuade many of the natives to enter my church.

STEVE.

If she persuades them the way she persuaded me, I bet they enter your church on the run.

JUANITA.

(*Grimly.*) I'd like to see anyone stay out of my Arthur's church.

STEVE.

(*To* BOSTICK.) I can't see how I ever mistook you for Brooke Travers. He never could have shown the courage that you are exhibiting now. (*To* JUANITA.) My best wishes, *señora.* (BOSTICK *crosses to* LUCY, *who shakes hands with him.*)

JUANITA.

The same to you— Have you told her who you are?

STEVE.

Yes.

JUANITA.

And you have asked her to marry you?

STEVE.

No.

JUANITA.

It would be a brave girl who would marry an escaped criminal.

STEVE.

Well, the man who is to be your next husband is no coward.

BOSTICK.

We would be happy, Consul, if you would add the joy of your countenance to our wedding breakfast.

STEVE.

I'm sorry, but if I go outside of the consulate I will be shotted.

BOSTICK.

I'm sorry! Good-by! (BOSTICK *exit centre.*)

JUANITA.

Wait for me, Arthur! *Señorita*, let me advise you the next time not to wait too long to get married, as the *señoritas* here are very attractive.

LUCY.

I thank you, but I prefer to remain free.

JUANITA.

If you marry that man (*points at* STEVE), you will be free in a week.

LUCY.

Free in a week?

JUANITA.

Yes, you will be his widow.

STEVE.

I've got as good a chance to live as Bostick. (*Exit* JUANITA. HYNE *rushes on left followed by four soldiers.* JIM *appears left.*)

HYNE.

Colonel, Campos is returning for you.

STEVE.

Campos!

HYNE.

With a hundred soldiers.

STEVE.

I'm paying for those soldiers.

HYNE.

Yes, but he has them.

STEVE.

(*To* LUCY.) You must go back to the hotel. Quick!

LUCY.

No, I won't leave you when you are in trouble.

STEVE.

Then you'll never leave me, for I'm always in trouble. But now, please go.

LUCY.

(*Moving to chair below desk.*) No, I will not.

STEVE.

Very well, then give me moral support. I need it. (*To soldiers.*) Here! You're not a guard of honor now. No, I'm your prisoner. You're keeping me prisoner. Take away that barricade, Jim; hide that shotgun. Look innocent everybody, look innocent. Look as though you never heard of a revolution. (*Outside left are heard cries of "Viva el Presidente! Viva! Viva!"* CAMPOS *enters left accompanied by officer and two soldiers who remain on top step. After his entrance orders of command are heard from outside, suggesting the presence of a large number of troops. The* CORPORAL *and the three other soldiers raise*

their rifles to CAMPOS *in salute.* CAMPOS *looks with some surprise at* LUCY, *and bows stiffly. Then to* STEVE.)

CAMPOS.

Well, Colonel Bowie, I have found you out.

STEVE.

No, you find me in. Naturally, with soldiers at each door——

CAMPOS.

I have read your proclamation in the Plaza. I come myself to take you to El Morro prison.

STEVE.

Oh, I think not! Not this American Consul. When my President hears of this——

CAMPOS.

Your President—he will never hear of it.

STEVE.

(*Points off to harbor.*) Won't he? I'll send him a report by the *Bolivar.*

CAMPOS.

The *Bolivar* has sailed for Jamaica with Sergeant Duffy and his prisoner. (*Slowly and impressively.*) No, you will not send a report by that ship. No one will ever hear from you again. My post office will not receive your letters, no steamers will be permitted to carry one. And at Puerto Banos we have no cable. You may cry out for help, but the four walls of a dungeon carry no sounds. (STEVE, *overwhelmed by the solemnity of this sentence, for a short time stands stupefied. His eyes turn helplessly from* LUCY *to* HYNE, *until finally they rest upon the wireless. He smiles exultingly.* HYNE, *following the direction of his eyes,*

comprehends, and they approach and silently shake hands. LUCY *is puzzled.* JIM *remains unmoved.*)

STEVE.

(*To* CAMPOS.) Yes, you're right about a dungeon cell being a poor transmitter. But my government is an up-to-date government and every Consul's office nowadays is fitted up with one of those! (*Points at wireless.*)

CAMPOS.

The wireless! You can talk—with him!

STEVE.

I can talk with him or her or anybody I want to. What do you suppose I keep it for? Why—I've had that working overtime ever since you put me under arrest. I've had New York on the wire since——

CAMPOS.

New York! Oh no! oh no! You cannot, how you say? —pull the blind over my eyes. New York is two thousand miles away.

STEVE.

Pardon me, I said *the New York*——

CAMPOS.

Yes, I know, the City of New York—two thousand miles——

STEVE.

No, no, the battleship *New York*—ten thousand tons.

CAMPOS.

You talk—with that—to a battleship.

STEVE.

I've been talking all morning to the whole Caribbean squadron. There are four battleships, six cruisers, and a dozen torpedo boats. (*To* HYNE.) Hyne, where was that squadron when we called it up last?

HYNE.

I think—it was about——

STEVE.

About twenty miles off shore, wasn't it?

HYNE.

Yes, about twenty, or possibly twenty-one.

STEVE.

Yes, perhaps twenty-one, and they were coming this way at fifteen knots an hour, weren't they? At full speed, I think you said.

HYNE.

Full speed, and cleared for action.

STEVE.

(*Looking off at door centre toward harbor.*) Why, I believe the torpedo boats are coming in now.

CAMPOS.

(*Running to window upper left.*) No, no, you do not. *I* do not see them.

STEVE.

Of course you can't *see* them. They are submarines. (*To* HYNE.) You might just call them up again to convince the President that they really are coming. (*To* JIM *impressively.*) Jim, go into my bedroom—and—bring me my cigar case.

JIM.

Yes, sir. (*Exit door right.*)

STEVE.

(*In a whisper to* LUCY.) I have a private wire into that room. Jim sends the answers. (*To* CAMPOS.) Will you have a cigar, General?

CAMPOS.

(*Nervously, with his eyes turned toward the wireless.*) No, *gracias*, I have not the appetite.

STEVE.

Hyne, just call up the Admiral. (HYNE *solemnly works the key of the wireless.*)

CAMPOS.

The Admiral! Which Admiral is that?

STEVE.

There is only one "the" Admiral—sit down and you will hear him talk to me. (CAMPOS *and his officer sit on bench left, while* HYNE *works the key. There is a pause.* HYNE *stops, and* STEVE *listens complacently for the reply.*) Now, you'll hear how it works. (*After a longer pause,* STEVE *glances uneasily toward the door right, and coughs.* HYNE *looks off right and coughs more violently.*)

CAMPOS.

(*To his officer.*) The Admiral—I think he is asleep! (*He laughs jeeringly.*)

OFFICER.

Si, Excellency, *si*. (*They both laugh.*)

HYNE.

(*Nervously.*) Now, General, there's quite a little fog

out there; in a fog the electric waves don't vibrate as quickly——

STEVE.

And icebergs—several icebergs, they're always in the way when you——

CAMPOS.

(*To the officer.*) Icebergs! In the tropics! Yes, ha! ha! (*They laugh.*)

STEVE.

(*Sternly.*) You might just repeat that message, Hyne. Hurry him up a bit; speak sharply to him. I don't care if he is the Admiral, he's no right to keep a Consul waiting.

HYNE.

No, certainly not. (*Works key, while he looks anxiously at door right.*) Hello! Hello! Hello!

STEVE.

(*With confidence.*) That will fetch him, I think. Now you wait and you'll hear him speak. (*There is a pause. As no answer comes,* STEVE *shows his dismay.* JIM *enters from room right, unconcernedly carrying a cigar case. He comes down to* STEVE *and proffers it to him.*)

JIM.

Your cigars, sir.

STEVE.

You—you idiot! Cigars! What do I want with cigars?

JIM.

You *said* cigars, sir.

STEVE.

I said—I said, I want cigarettes. Keep your ears open, can't you? Listen! If you'd listen, you'd known what I

do want. Go back there and get me the Navy Plug cigarettes, the Admiral cigarettes, the Battle-ax, *battleship* cigarettes and keep your ears open. Get out!

JIM.

Yes, sir. (*Runs off right.*)

CAMPOS.

(*Rises.*) Well, I have waited so long as I can. You come with me now to El Morro.

HYNE.

(*Excitedly.*) No, no! (*Works key. At the sound,* CAMPOS *halts uncertainly.*)

STEVE.

Take me to El Morro now? With a squadron and the Admiral at your very gates?

CAMPOS.

(*Advances to him.*) Bah! you make a bluff. There is no Admiral, there is no squadron. You are a Yankee fraud. (HYNE *withdraws from the key. There is a pause. The eyes of all are turned upon the wireless. Then the key ticks slowly in answer.* CAMPOS *starts in consternation.*)

STEVE.

General—listen!

CAMPOS.

What is that?

STEVE AND HYNE.

Hush! (*They pretend to listen. They look at each other, nodding approvingly and smiling as though what the wireless said amused them. They move their lips as though reading a message.*)

CAMPOS.

(*Breathlessly.*) You understand him, eh?

STEVE.

(*Impatiently.*) Hush! can't you? (*The key ceases ticking.* STEVE *heaves a sigh of relief, as though greatly pleased with the message.*)

CAMPOS.

What does he say?

STEVE.

What does he say? Can't you understand the Morse alphabet?

CAMPOS.

No, what did he say?

STEVE.

(*To* HYNE, *laughing.*) He wants to know what he said. (*They laugh, their laughter increases.*) *You* don't want to know what he said? (*To* HYNE.) It was just like George, wasn't it?

HYNE.

The very image of him.

STEVE.

You could almost hear his voice? Just the sort of thing George would say.

CAMPOS.

George? Who is George?

STEVE.

The Admiral. George Dewey.

CAMPOS.

Bah! I don't believe you!

STEVE.

All right! You don't believe me, eh? Hyne, just send him one from me. (*Dictates.*) "The Admiral, on board *Olympia*, off Porto Banos." (HYNE *works keys.*) Got that? "Dear George—the President is here, the President is here"—and no, say, "the man who *was* President is here and is using threatening language." Wait! "Please throw a twelve-inch shell"—no, make it a six-inch. We don't want to blow up the whole town. "Throw a six-inch shell into the Plaza to let them know you're coming." Sign it "Bowie, Consul." (*Triumphantly to* CAMPOS.) The answer to that will be a six-inch shell.

CAMPOS.

(*Savagely.*) And the answer to that—will be two hundred six-inch shells from the fortress of Puerto Banos! I will sink those ships! I will blow up those ships! I will fill the harbor with scrap iron!

STEVE.

(*Alarmed.*) Here, you mustn't talk in that way of an American warship; you don't appreciate your danger. You ought to be frightened.

CAMPOS.

Me, frightened! I will fight those ships until Puerto Banos lies in ruins. (*To soldiers.*) Guard that man well. (*To* STEVE.) When I have placed my soldiers on the ramparts, I will return and shoot you with my own hand. (*He draws his sword.*) In ten minutes. Unless your battleships arrive in ten minutes, you are a dead man. (*Rushes off, followed by officer, shouting.*) To the ramparts! Death to the Americans! (*Cheers, and the cry "Death to the Americans!" is heard.* STEVE, LUCY, *and* HYNE *listen in alarm. Each time the cry is repeated they jump nervously.*)

HYNE.

(*In an awed whisper.*) What are you going to do?

STEVE.

What can I do? Can I evolve battleships out of thin air in ten minutes?

LUCY.

You shouldn't have frightened him.

STEVE.

Frightened *him!* Did he act to you as though he were frightened. (*Points left. To* HYNE.) Go watch in the street, and let me know when he's coming. (HYNE *exits left.*)

LUCY.

Now you must try to escape. You still have seven minutes.

STEVE.

No, dear girl, even if I could escape, I couldn't leave you. (*He takes her hands and kisses them.*) Good-by. (*The wireless begins to tick slowly. At the sound* STEVE *raises his head.*) Confound that idiot! (*Calls off right.*) Jim, stop that noise! (*The instrument continues to tick.*) Stop it, there's no use doing that now, he's gone. (STEVE *turns to* LUCY. JIM *enters and comes down unseen by* STEVE *and* LUCY. *The wireless continues to tick.*) Confound that idiot! (STEVE *turns and in amazement, sees* JIM, *and from him looks at the wireless.*) Who's doing that?

JIM.

I don't know, sir. I'm not.

STEVE.

(*Rushes to wireless excitedly.*) Good heavens! We've

hooked something! We've tapped a real wire! (*Calls off left.*) Hyne! Hyne! come here! we've got a bite, we've got a bite! (HYNE *runs on left and halts on steps, listening to the wireless.*)

HYNE.

(*Excitedly.*) Hush! That's some one calling us. (*He runs to instrument and violently works the key.*)

STEVE.

(*Hysterically.*) Don't lose him! Play him gently! Be careful! Don't let him get away from you!

HYNE.

(*Leaning over key.*) Hush, be quiet! (*The instrument ticks in answer.*)

STEVE.

Who—who is it? What's he say?

HYNE.

He's calling us up! He wants to know who we are!

STEVE.

Never mind who *we* are, find out who *he* is. Tell him we're in great danger, we want help, we want it quick. (HYNE *works the key.*) What did you say to him?

HYNE.

I asked him who he is. (*The key answers.*)

STEVE.

Who is he?

HYNE.

Hush! He's trying to tell me. (*As the instrument sounds,* HYNE'S *lips move as though reading a message.*) "The—battleship—*Oregon.*"

"We've hooked something! We've tapped a real wire!"

LUCY.

(*Wildly.*) A battleship! We're saved!

JIM.

Hurrah!

STEVE.

(*In great excitement.*) Keep your hand on the key. Don't let him get away from you.

HYNE.

(*Working key violently.*) What good can she do us? She may be two hundred miles away.

STEVE.

Two hundred miles? And Campos is coming back in two minutes. Find out where she is, can't you?

HYNE.

That's what I'm trying to do, if you'll only keep quiet. I want to find out where she is just as much as you do. I don't want to die. (*They all wait breathlessly for the answer. The key answers.* HYNE *raises his hand for silence.*) Hush! (*He reads message aloud.*) "Ten minutes ago—we—landed—marines at Porto Banos." (HYNE *shouts.*) She's here *now!*

STEVE.

Hurrah! (*He embraces* JIM. HYNE *embraces* LUCY, *and then leaps around stage, shouting and waving his hat.* STEVE *in search for marine glasses throws all the books and papers off the desk. With glasses he runs to centre door, and looks toward harbor.*) There she is! As big as the Flatiron Building! (*He seizes* LUCY *and waltzes with her. Outside cheers and cries are heard.*) "*Los Americanos!*" "*Los Americanos!*"

CORPORAL.

(*Running on left.*) Excellency! The *Americanos*, the *Americanos!* (LIEUTENANT VICTOR *and a dozen blue jackets carrying arms run down steps.*)

LIEUT. VICTOR.

(*Saluting.*) Are you the American Consul, sir?

STEVE.

Never mind who *I* am. *You're* here, that's the main thing. You're in charge of this office. (*Shakes his hand violently.*) And you didn't take charge a minute too soon. (*Shakes hands warmly with each blue jacket.*) How are you? How do you do? I am very glad to see you. (*Slips between two of them and takes an arm of each.*) Say, I'll never leave you fellows. Don't lose sight of me, will you?

LIEUT. VICTOR.

Your wireless was to Admiral Dewey, but we read it. I was sent ashore to protect Americans.

STEVE.

The only Americans in Porto Banos are in this room. So you just stay where you are.

LIEUT. VICTOR.

(*Saluting.*) Very good, sir. (*To the blue jackets.*) Guard that door over there—and you fall back on that one. (*Blue jackets separate and at each door stand at attention. To* STEVE.) Oh, Mr. Consul! before leaving Porto Rico, we received instructions to inquire here for an American named Duffy. Have you heard of him?

STEVE.

(*Alarmed.*) Duffy?

LIEUT. VICTOR.

Yes, Duffy—have you seen him? (*All look consciously at* STEVE. JIM *draws near him on his right.* LUCY *and* HYNE *are at writing desk.*)

STEVE.

(*Cautiously.*) Yes, I've seen him.

LIEUT. VICTOR.

Did he say anything to you about Brooke Travers and his valet? (JIM *falls helplessly against* STEVE.)

STEVE.

(*Aside to* JIM.) Stand up, can't you? (*Aloud.*) Yes, I think he did casually mention the name.

LIEUT. VICTOR.

It's a terrible affair. Even in Porto Rico the papers are full of that murder. (STEVE *collapses against* JIM.)

STEVE.

(*In a weak voice.*) Then—then—it was *murder*?

LIEUT. VICTOR.

Yes, it seems that Travers and his servant got into a fight on a wharf with a cabman and a crowd of roughs. Travers had on his person twenty-five thousand dollars. That was the last time they were seen alive. So it's pretty evident that they were both robbed and murdered. (JIM *whispers excitedly to* STEVE.)

STEVE.

(*To* JIM.) Be quiet! He's trying to make us confess. It's a trap. He's trying to make us give ourselves away. (*Turns suspiciously to* LIEUTENANT.) But why—why, if

these men were murdered in New York is Duffy looking for them—down here?

LIEUT. VICTOR.

Two men answering their description sailed on the *Bolivar* a few hours after the murder. Duffy was ordered here to find out if they were the men. Their *friends* sent him.

STEVE.

Their friends! Then why did he try to arrest them?

LIEUT. VICTOR.

(*Indignantly.*) *Arrest* them? The idiot! He was told to *find* them.

STEVE.

(*Eagerly.*) And—and the cabman—is he alive?

LIEUT. VICTOR.

Of course.

STEVE.

(*Wildly.*) Then if Brooke Travers was *not* murdered, could he come to life again without being hanged?

LIEUT. VICTOR.

Certainly.

STEVE.

Jim, we've been murdered for two weeks, and we didn't know it.

LIEUT. VICTOR.

What do you mean? Who *are* you?

STEVE.

I am Brooke Travers, and this—is my murdered valet. (*Stiffly.*) Simpson, you can come to life now.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery, London.

"As the representatives of the United States, we recognize your government."

JIM.

Thank you, Colonel.

STEVE.

Not Colonel now—Mr. Travers.

JIM.

Yes, Mr. Travers.

LIEUT. VICTOR.

But I thought *you* were Colonel Bowie!

STEVE.

It's a long story. I thought I was going to be killed, and I— (*Outside there is a sudden sound of firing, shouts and cries of "Viva, viva* BOWIE!" LIEUTENANT *draws his sword and motions blue jackets left.*) "*Viva* Bowie!"— why— (*Suddenly.*) That's *my* revolution! (*Looks at watch.*) To the minute! To the minute! (*To* LIEUTENANT.) Sir, in me you now see the President and Dictator of San Manana.

LIEUT. VICTOR.

(*Gravely saluting* STEVE.) As the representatives of the United States, we recognize your government.

STEVE.

That's the fastest recognition on record. That beats Panama. (*Takes* LUCY *in his arms.*) Lucy, I will go home. If I must be a dictator, I prefer to do my dictating to a stenographer in little old New York.

CURTAIN.

THE GALLOPER

The Cast *of* The Galloper *as presented on* January 22, 1906, *at the* Garden Theatre, New York, *by* Henry W. Savage.

THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Copeland Schuyler, of New York.....Raymond Hitchcock
Kirke Warren, war correspondent of the *Republic*. .Edgar L. Davenport
Mr. Hewitt, war correspondent of *Collier's Weekly*.....Harry Stone
Captain Anstruther. . { war correspondent of the *Times*, London } ...L. Rogers Lytton
Mr. Griggs..... { war correspondent of the *Imperialist*, London } .....Harold Vizard
Billy Ashe, manager for the *Republic* at Athens.....Herbert Cothell
Captain O'Malley..... { surgeon of the Foreign Legion } .....T. Daniel Frawley
Colonel Ostah, Turkish Army.....Scott Cooper
Captain Mouzaffer, Turkish Army.....Harry Stone
The Crown Prince of Greece.....E. B. Tilton
First Officer of the transport to Volo.....Fred Johnstone
First Officer of the steamer to Constantinople.....H. White
Sergeant.....Alf. Hudson
Boatswain.....M. Black
Captain Zonya, Foreign Legion.....H. Potter
Max, head waiter at "Angleterre".. } .....M. W. Rale
Innkeeper..... }
Grace Whitney.....Nanette Comstock
Blanche Bailey.....May Buckley
Mrs. Sybil Schwartz.....Helen Lackaye
A Greek Girl.....May Helmuth

Act I

Hotel Angleterre, Athens.

Act II

The Wharf at the Piræus.

Act III

An Inn near Volo, between the Greek and Turkish lines.

Time—1897. During the Græco-Turkish War.

ACT I

This scene shows the interior of the reading room in the Hotel Angleterre at Athens. It is large, cheerful-looking, and sunny, with a high ceiling. Extending nearly across the entire width of the rear wall is a French window, which opens upon the garden of the hotel. Outside it are set plants in green tubs, and above it is stretched a striped green-and-white awning. To the reading room the principal entrance is through a wide door set well down in the left wall. It is supposed to open into the hall of the hotel. Through this door one obtains a glimpse of the hall, where steamer trunks and hatboxes are piled high upon a black-and-white tiled floor. In the right wall there is another door, also well down on the stage. It is supposed to open into a corridor of the hotel. Below it against the wall are a writing desk and chair. A similar writing desk is placed against the rear wall between the right wall and the French window. On the left of the stage, end-on to the audience, is a long library table over which is spread a dark-green baize cloth. On top of it are ranged periodicals and the illustrated papers of different countries. Chairs of bent wood are ranged around this table, one being placed at each side of the lower end. Of these two, the chair to the left of the table is not farther from the left door than five feet. The walls of the room are colored a light, cool gray in distemper, with a black oak wainscot about four feet high. On the walls are hung photographs of the Acropolis and of

classic Greek statues. On the black frames holding these photographs appear the names of shopkeepers in Greek letters of gilt. The floor is covered with a gray crash. The back drop, seen through the French window, shows the garden of the hotel, beyond that the trees of a public park, and high in the air the Acropolis. The light is that of a bright morning in May.

Before the curtain rises one hears a drum-and-fife corps playing a lively march, and the sound of people cheering. This comes from the rear and to the left, and continues after the curtain is up, dying away gradually as though the band, and the regiment with it, had passed the hotel and continued on up the street.

ANSTRUTHER *is discovered seated on the lower right-end corner of the table, with his right foot resting on the chair at that corner. He is reading the Paris "New York Herald" and smoking a cigarette. He is a young man of good manner and soldierly appearance. He wears gray whipcord riding breeches, tan riding boots, and Norfolk jacket of rough tweed. His slouch hat, with a white puggaree wrapped around it, lies on the table beside him.* GRIGGS *stands at the edge of the French window looking off left. In his hand he holds a notebook in which he takes notes. He is supposed to be watching the soldiers who are passing. He is a pompous little man of about forty with eyeglasses. He wears a khaki uniform similar to that of an officer of the British army, with the difference that the buttons are of bone. His left chest is covered with the ribbons of war medals.* HEWITT, *a young man with a pointed beard and mustache, stands to the left of* GRIGGS, *also looking off left. He wears a khaki coat made like a Norfolk jacket, khaki riding breeches, and canvas United*

States Army leggings and tan shoes. On the table are his slouch hat and the khaki-colored helmet of GRIGGS.

CAPTAIN O'MALLEY *enters right. He is a dashing young Irishman, in the uniform of an officer of the Greek Army. He halts to right of* ANSTRUTHER *and salutes.*

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Pardon, I am Captain O'Malley of the Foreign Legion. Am I addressing one of the foreign war correspondents?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Yes.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(Showing him a visiting card.) Pardon, is this your card?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(Reading card.) "Mr. Kirke Warren." No.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Do you know if Mr. Warren is in this hotel?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

I couldn't tell you. We arrived in Athens only last night.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(Saluting and moving off left.) I thank you. *(He exits left.)*

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

You're welcome! *(Returns to reading paper.* HEWITT *comes down.)*

HEWITT.

I say, if Kirke Warren isn't at the front yet, *we're* not so late.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Who's Kirke Warren?

HEWITT.

(*Amazed.*) Who's Kirke Warren!

GRIGGS.

(*Coming down left of table.*) Wish I'd asked that officer which regiment it was that just passed the hotel. Had red facings with leather helmets.

HEWITT.

That would be an Albanian regiment.

GRIGGS.

Thank you. (*Writes in notebook.*) "Albanian regiment—departing for the front." I can make a few lines of that.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Albanians, nonsense! Albanians are the chaps that wear those white starched petticoats. I am always *sure* of *them*, because they look like the Barrison Sisters.

HEWITT.

(*To* GRIGGS.) Pardon me, did you say leather helmets? That was an *Evzone* regiment from Arta. Infantry.

GRIGGS.

Thank you. (*Reads as he again writes in his notebook.*) "*Evzones* departing for the front. Infantry."

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Infantry! They were cavalry, Governor, dismounted. Use your eyes, man!

GRIGGS.

Use my eyes! Confound it! sir, I beg to remind you that I—though I say it myself—am the dean of the Corps of Correspondents. I have taken part in ten wars, eight revolutions, and six coronations. Throughout Great Britain and her colonies I am known as—"The War Eagle."

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Looking off into hall left.*) Well, we'll leave it to Mr. Ashe, that American. He'll know! He seems to be running this war.

GRIGGS.

I think I ought to know a cavalry regiment when I see one.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

You ought to, Governor, but you don't. (ASHE *enters hurriedly left. He is a big, smooth-faced, powerful-looking young man. He wears a blue serge suit, carries a straw hat under his arm, and has his hands filled with cablegrams, letters, and rolled-up newspapers.*) Mr. Ashe!

ASHE.

(*Gloomily, and with a growl.*) Hello! Morning!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

To decide a wager—what regiment was that just passed the hotel?

ASHE.

What *regiment?* That was the Athens Fire Department. Gee! I'm glad I'm only a plain reporter and not a war correspondent. (*Crosses to the writing table lower right and puts his mail on it.*)

HEWITT.

Are we keeping you from your breakfast, Mr. Ashe?

ASHE.

(*Turning sharply.*) I can be just as disagreeable *after* breakfast as I can *before*, Mr. Hewitt.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Smiling good naturedly.*) To us?

ASHE.

Especially to you! Here are you fellows all leaving in an hour for the firing line, and I can't get a man within a hundred miles of it. *Three months ago* I cabled the *Republic* for five correspondents, and they sent me five reporters who had never been farther from Park Row than the Battery; not one of them in his life had ever used a wire except to telephone to Shanley's for a table. But as soon as they reached Athens they put on revolvers and khaki yachting caps and called themselves war correspondents. And then they lost themselves in those mountains, and they haven't found the Greek army and the whole Greek army can't find them. No wonder I'm disagreeable.

HEWITT.

What's the matter with your "star" man, the great Kirke Warren, that you advertised all over America?

ASHE.

(*Hotly.*) Kirke Warren doesn't need any advertising. He's the greatest war correspondent since Julius Cæsar. Everyone has heard of him!

GRIGGS.

Well, *I* never heard of him. Is he in this war?

ASHE.

(*Scornfully.*) Is he in it? He caused it! It's his own private war. If he hadn't led the Cretans against the

Turks last winter there wouldn't have been a war. It's very civil of Kirke to let you fellows even look at it.

HEWITT.

Oh, tell that to your readers!

ASHE.

I have. Our readers are so well trained that they believe the Sultan and the King of Greece wouldn't declare war until Kirke Warren promised to report it. (*Confidentially.*) And now that he's here, I can't get him out of Athens! I take photographs of him in khaki uniform in that garden, and send them to the paper marked "Kirke Warren in the trenches," "Kirke Warren at the front." The only front *he's* seen is the front of this hotel.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Oh! that must be the man the proprietor was gossiping about last night.

ASHE.

What'd he say?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Said he was playing Anthony to some Cleopatra.

ASHE.

That's the man! That woman has made him lose two weeks' fighting.

GRIGGS.

(*Importantly.*) The proprietor said the lady in question is a princess—from Russia.

ASHE.

Well, a long way from Russia. Her *name* may come from Russia, but the rest of her came from Long Acre

Square. (*Explosively.*) But it ends to-day! If Kirke doesn't leave with you fellows this morning, to-morrow he'll head the list of killed and wounded. (*Contemptuously.*) And that's the man the Cretans wanted to make President of Crete.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Do the *Cretans* know they wanted to do that?

HEWITT.

Of course they do! He told them so himself.

ASHE.

What!

HEWITT.

He told everyone else.

ASHE.

That's right! All the brass knockers aren't broken on our street. You war correspondents are as jealous as a bunch of prima donnas. Kirke Warren makes more *money* than all of you, and his *expense bills* would pay the national debt.

GRIGGS.

Oh, pardon me, sir, pardon me! *I* hold the record for the largest expense bill. I'm the *only* correspondent who goes to war with five servants and thirty-two pieces of luggage.

ASHE.

Thirty-two!

GRIGGS.

On this campaign I'm travelling with only thirty. My rascally valet lost two of my boxes. (*Consults sketchbook.*) Numbers twenty-eight and fourteen! You see my system —I number my boxes and keep a list of their contents. Now, number twenty-eight contained (*reads*)

"Two dozen jars of marmalade." All gone! (*Reads.*) "Number fourteen—tin bath tub." You see the advantage of my system. Without this (*raising book*) I might have gone through the *entire war* and not have known that I had lost my bath tub. (*Moves to door left.*) Which reminds me, we must bring our luggage down the lift. Are you coming, Mr. Hewitt? (HEWITT *follows him to door.*) As for Mr. Kirke Warren; Mr. Kirke Warren may be a very nice fellow, but has *he* ever seen six coronations? No! *I* have. I, gentlemen, have helped to place the crown upon the head of six kings—four savage and two tame. (*Turns to leave room.* O'MALLEY *enters left.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*To* GRIGGS.) Pardon me, sir, I take it you are a war correspondent.

GRIGGS.

I certainly am.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Is that your card?

GRIGGS.

(*Reading card.*) "Mr. Kirke Warren." No! I never heard of the man, never heard of him! (*Exits angrily, followed by* HEWITT. O'MALLEY *crosses to* ASHE.)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Are *you* a war correspondent?

ASHE.

No, *I'm* just a plain newspaper man.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Oh! then, might this be your card?

ASHE.

(*Reads.*) "Mr. Kirke Warren." No!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I thank you. (*Crosses to door right.*)

ASHE.

May I ask what you want with Kirke Warren?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You may not. (*Exit, right.*)

ASHE.

Thank you! (*Laughing, to* CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER.) What is he, a bell boy? (*Imitates bell boy at Waldorf-Astoria.*) "Card for Mr. Warren! Card for Mr. Warren! Room 47! Room 47!" (*Bell rings loudly off left.*)

VOICE.

(*Off left.*) "Joseph! Joseph! Max! Max! porter! porter!"

MAX.

(*Off left.*) Coming, sir! Coming!

ASHE.

Ah! There's the hotel bus back from the Piræus with the steamer passengers.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

What steamer?

ASHE.

From New York. Brings the American mails, and I hope to Heaven it brings the females, too. I haven't seen a girl from home for three months. (*He crosses with* CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER, *and they stand in doorway left, looking into the hall. There is the noise of moving trunks and the following voices are heard.*)

VOICES.

But I wrote four weeks ago for the rooms!
Quite right, sir, quite right!
All my trunks are at the custom house!
I said, two bedrooms and sitting room!
In one moment, sir, in one moment!

BLANCHE.

(*Off left.*) I have *fourteen* trunks and *five* dress-suit cases!

ASHE.

That sounds like home! There are *two* girls from America, anyway.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

She knows you!

ASHE.

(*Retreating.*) Heavens. Who is she? Quick!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Whispering.*) I've seen her face somewhere.

ASHE.

(*Smiling idiotically off, in a whisper.*) But what's her name? (BLANCHE BAILEY *enters left, with outstretched hands. She is an attractive, dashing-looking woman of the adventuress type. She speaks with great self-reliance and vivacity. Under her arm she has a roll of one-sheet posters.*)

BLANCHE.

(*To* ASHE.) How do you do? Think of meeting you way out here! (*Reproachfully.*) You *don't* remember me.

ASHE.

Oh, yes! only I can't just——

BLANCHE.

Don't you remember me when I was at Koster & Bial's? You interviewed me—that time I committed suicide.

ASHE.

I did! I mean, did you? You don't look it.

BLANCHE.

Oh, it was the press agent's idea! There was nothing in it for me. But you wrote such a beautiful piece about me lying on the floor with the gas stove turned on, and Marié, my maid, finding me. (*Confidentially.*) You know, I'd never had a maid up till then, but it sounded so dead swell I went right out and got one. I've got her yet. Hannah. She's not French, she's a black-face act. She wears that color that won't come off. Does your gentleman friend write for a newspaper?

ASHE.

No. He writes for the London *Times.*

BLANCHE.

(*Smiling upon* CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER.) From London? Well, *you* remember me, surely. At the Alhambra?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

I remember your face perfectly, Miss——

BLANCHE.

Oh, my! You make me feel far from home. When two newspaper boys don't know little Blanche, she's sure camping out. Now think! Last season on the Casino roof—I worked with eight pickaninnies. (*Sings and dances.*)

"She is my Honolulu lady
She's my baby"

(ASHE *and* CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER *apparently recognize her by the dancing.*

ASHE.

(*To* CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER.) Blanche Bailey! She's Blanche Bailey!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Of course! You're Blanche Bailey!

BLANCHE.

Of course I am! (*Shakes hands.*) How are you? Well, that's better. (*To* ASHE.) Now that you know me so well, will you do me a favor?

ASHE.

Anyone who can get me back as quick as that to little old New York can have half my fortune. How much, Miss Bailey? (*Puts his hand in the pocket of his coat.*)

BLANCHE.

No. What I wanted from you is a *newspaper* story, like that suicide. I want you to *cable* it.

ASHE.

That's not so easy.

BLANCHE.

But it's a *great* story! You know I open here at the Royal Music Hall next Monday——

ASHE.

(*Delightedly.*) No, do you?

BLANCHE.

(*Indignantly.*) Do I? Now, that's just what I told them. What's the use of handbills if you print them in

dead languages. (*Unrolls the handbills, which are printed in Greek.*) Look at that! *That* says I open here at the Royal Music Hall on the 15th of May. You wouldn't think so to look at it, would you? Same way in Constantinople. I got three interviews there. Elegant! But no one could read 'em. Printed in Arabic. I sent them home to the *Telegraph* and they charged me space rates—thought they were advertisements for a Turkish cigarette. (*Throws roll of playbills on table.*) That's why I want *this* story written in plain American. (*She draws the men familiarly toward right of stage.*) I got the idea from a girl I came over with on this steamer from Egypt. Her father lived here. He used to dig up buried cities. He was an architect—archi——

ASHE.

Archeologist?

BLANCHE.

That's what he was! Anyway, it killed him. And she went back to America and turned trained nurse for a living. Now she's volunteered for the Red Cross. You know there's a war out here.

ASHE.

(*Dryly.*) Yes, I've heard of it.

BLANCHE.

With the Turks. Those that wear the red fezes, like Mystic Shriners on a benefit night.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

I understand.

BLANCHE.

Well, my story is that little Blanche's father was a volunteer in the *last* Greek war—I come out here to act, my heart bleeds for the Greek soldiers, and I volunteer as a

Red Cross nurse—I go to the front—get wounded— (*Holds her arm as though it were in a sling.*) Come back by Monday night—and open to two hundred million dollars.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

I see. *Was* your father a volunteer?

BLANCHE.

Sure! He ran with Jim Morrisey's machine. The Big Eight.

ASHE.

How have you arranged to get wounded?

BLANCHE.

Same way I committed suicide. *You'll* attend to that. Now, then, lead me to the place where you volunteer.

ASHE.

Anstruther, take Miss Bailey to General Damaros at the War Department. (*To* BLANCHE.) You know they have so few nurses and so many wounded that he *may* take you up.

BLANCHE.

That's all right! I'll be there only two days before I get wounded myself. Meanwhile, you keep the people here hungry for my new act.

ASHE.

Which? "She is My Honolulu Lady?"

BLANCHE.

No, no! I walk on the ceiling now, and do a fire dance on the stage. I wear two hundred yards of liberty silk, and they turn five cinematographs on me. Oh, it's great! It makes Loie Fuller's act look like a smoky kerosene lamp, and it's all protected. There's a *patent* on it.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

That's good! You *sure* it's patented?

BLANCHE.

Sure? I ought to *know*. The man who owns the patent is suing me for stealing it. (*The two men close in and talk to her in dumb show as* MAX, *a German waiter, enters left, escorting* GRACE WHITNEY. GRACE *is a distinguished-looking American girl. She wears a simple travelling dress, and carries a small hand bag.*)

MAX.

Will you come this way, lady, please. Please sit down. I find you a room in just a minute. (GRACE *seats herself in the chair at the lower left corner of the table. She shows that she recognizes* BLANCHE, *and then picks up a newspaper from the table.* MAX *crosses to* ASHE.) Oh, Mr. Ashe, excuse me! (*Hands him a letter.*) A note from Mr. Warren. (ASHE *takes the letter.*) Thank you.

ASHE.

Here, don't go away! May be an answer! (*Begins to tear open letter.*)

BLANCHE.

(*Having heard the name "Mr. Warren."*) Mr. Warren! That reminds me. Where is Mr. Kirke Warren, the war correspondent, these days?

ASHE.

Kirke Warren? (*Points up.*)

BLANCHE.

(*Startled.*) Dead!

ASHE.

Upstairs.

BLANCHE.

(*Excitedly.*) Kirke Warren is upstairs in this hotel?

ASHE.

Yes; do you know him?

BLANCHE.

I am suing him for two thousand dollars! (*Vindictively.*) And I'll get it, too! How long will he be in Athens?

ASHE.

Well, not very long, if I can help it. I am sending him to the front in an hour—to Volo.

BLANCHE.

Volo? Is there fighting at Volo?

ASHE.

Big fighting.

BLANCHE.

Then they'll need Red Cross nurses.

ASHE.

(*Uneasily.*) They may. (*Crosses to writing desk and picks up mail.*)

BLANCHE.

Thank you. Good-by. (*She takes* ANSTRUTHER *by the sleeve and starts up centre.*) Tell this General—what's-his-name—to send me to Volo—don't forget—to Volo. (*They exit centre.*)

MAX.

Mr. Ashe?

ASHE.

Yes.

MAX.

Excuse me, is Mr. Warren and the high gebornen princessen leaving the rooms to-day?

ASHE.

I don't know about the high-born princessen, but *Mr. Warren* is leaving *his* room to-day.

MAX.

Yes? Yes, but please so many times he says he goes, you think to-day he leaves his room?

ASHE.

I can't say whether he will leave his room alive or dead, but the room will be vacant!

MAX.

Thank you. (*Turns to* GRACE.) You wait, please!

GRACE.

(*In a low voice.*) Is that gentleman Mr. Ashe?

MAX.

Yes, lady, Mr. Ashe. (*Calls to* ASHE.) Mr. Ashe, please!

GRACE.

No, no!

ASHE.

Yes?

MAX.

No, no! the lady does not want to speak to you. (*Exit left.*)

ASHE.

I beg your pardon?

GRACE.

I beg *your* pardon. I asked the waiter if you were Mr. Ashe, the manager of the *Daily Republic.*

ASHE.

Yes.

GRACE.

I have a letter for you from Mrs. Corbin—Senator Corbin.

ASHE.

Oh, indeed!

GRACE.

Mrs. Corbin said I was to give it to you if I got into trouble.

ASHE.

Have you?

GRACE.

I haven't had time yet. I've just arrived.

ASHE.

Well, if you're looking for trouble you've come to the right place. Aren't you afraid of a war?

GRACE.

No, it's on account of the war I came. I'm Miss Whitney. I'm a trained nurse from Johns Hopkins, and I came here to join the Red Cross.

ASHE.

By jove! (*Eagerly.*) Would you mind putting on your nursing uniform while I go hire a soldier? We'll lay him out at the foot of that wall (*nods toward the garden*) and I'll photograph you putting bandages on him.

GRACE.

Oh, no!

ASHE.

Oh, please! We'll call it, "Miss Whitney, the brave American girl"—"society girl"—"the brave American society queen"— Are you a society queen?

GRACE.

Indeed, no!

ASHE.

Well, you are now— "Brave American society queen, nursing a Greek soldier beneath the ramparts of Domokos."

GRACE.

That wall doesn't look like the ramparts of Domokos to me.

ASHE.

Not to you, perhaps, but to our readers—yes. That's the only wall of Domokos they've seen in three months. Isn't there any other American on your steamer I could interview?

GRACE.

None except Miss Bailey—and you've seen her.

ASHE.

No. She is not well known enough. She is not very *high up.*

GRACE.

Isn't she? She told me she walked on the *ceiling.* And at the ship's concert she danced rag time with a man—who said he was a friend of yours.

ASHE.

A friend of mine! Danced rag time for the benefit of sailors' orphans? Never! What does he call himself—out here?

GRACE.

Copeland Schuyler.

ASHE.

Cope Schuyler! On board your steamer? Is Cope Schuyler in Athens?

GRACE.

Yes.

ASHE.

(*Enthusiastically.*) That's great! That's as good as being back on Broadway! But I thought Cope was going to India for tiger shooting, or polo, or——

GRACE.

Yes, I think when he left New York he was, but he changed his plans.

ASHE.

Changed his plans right in mid ocean. That's just like Cope. I suppose it was the war that attracted him here?

GRACE.

(*Dryly.*) I suppose so.

ASHE.

Cope cares for only one thing in this world—that's excitement.

GRACE.

Oh, really?

ASHE.

Yes, I know Cope well. How long have you known him?

GRACE.

I don't know him at all. I only met him on the steamer. (GRACE *moves to door as* MAX *enters.*)

MAX.

Excuse, please, your room is ready.

GRACE.

(*Turns to take hand bag from table.*) Thank you.

MAX.

(*To* ASHE.) Oh, Mr. Ashe! Mr. Warren is downstairs now. He is waiting for you.

ASHE.

He is! Good! (*Starts left.*) Wait! (*In a whisper.*) Is the Princess with him?

MAX.

Yes.

ASHE.

Then ask him to come here, *alone*—you understand?

MAX.

Yes, Mr. Ashe. (*Exit left.*)

GRACE.

Well, good-by.

ASHE.

Good-by, I'll see you soon again.

GRACE.

No, I think not. I'm ordered to leave in an hour on this transport—for Volo.

ASHE.

Oh, then I'll meet you at the wharf! Our "star" war correspondent is going on your boat—Kirke Warren.

GRACE.

(*With great animation.*) Kirke Warren! Oh, there's a man I admire!

ASHE.

Do you know him?

GRACE.

I know his work.

ASHE.

Yes, Kirke's a good worker.

GRACE.

I'd like to meet him.

ASHE.

(*Doubtfully.*) Well, I'll present him; if I didn't, he'd do it himself. I suppose Cope knows that this is the right hotel.

GRACE.

Yes, but I think Mr. Schuyler said he was first going to the War Office. He is trying to get a permit for Volo on this transport.

ASHE.

To the front! On this transport! Why?

GRACE.

(*Embarrassed.*) I can't imagine! Good-by. (*Exit left.*)

ASHE.

Good-by. (*For a moment* ASHE *stands, puzzled, looking after her. Then he starts, and slaps his fist into the palm of his hand. Explosively.*) There's a story for you! (*He calls left.*) Kirke! I say, Kirke! (KIRKE WARREN *enters left. He is an extremely handsome, dashing type of young man, languid and conceited. In contrast to the earnestness and excitement of* ASHE, *his manner is unmoved. He wears a travelling suit of gray tweed and a gray Alpine hat with a black band. In one hand he carries a brown canvas hold-all on which is painted, in white letters, "Kirke Warren*

—Daily Republic, U. S. A." *In the other he carries two well-worn saddlebags, a kodak camera case, a canteen, and a riding whip. Round his shoulder he wears a field glass. As* ASHE *speaks to him he lowers these things to the floor in front of the table.*) I say, Kirke, do you see that girl? (KIRKE *looks off left and nods.* ASHE *counts on his fingers.*) L–O–V–E A–N–D W–A–R. Eleven letters. "Love and War." That just makes a two-column scare head. And the turn line is, "Miss Whitney, a Red Cross nurse, engaged to New York's millionaire bachelor, Copeland Schuyler. They met at the front! On a hospital ship!" I'll photograph 'em together on the transport and call it a hospital ship. And *you'll* write the story, full of heart interest. What?

WARREN.

(*Unmoved.*) No, I will not write that story.

ASHE.

(*Explosively.*) Let me tell you, New York would rather read about a trained nurse marrying a millionaire, than all your prose poems about shrieking shrapnel.

WARREN.

That may be, but I'm not writing society items. Where's the money?

ASHE.

I gave you the money last night.

WARREN.

Oh, that money! Yes. But the money I asked for in that note. (*Points at letter which* ASHE *is holding.*)

ASHE.

Oh, this note! I haven't read it.

WARREN.

Haven't read it? Heavens! Haven't you got a substitute yet?

ASHE.

A substitute! What for?

WARREN.

For *me*! I'm going away.

ASHE.

(*Violently.*) You bet you're going away! You're going to Volo in an hour!

WARREN.

Oh, my boy! I *thought* you were mighty cool about it. I can't go to Volo. Read this cable. It's three weeks old. Missent. Got it only an hour ago. (*Hands cablegram.*)

ASHE.

(*Reading.*) "Have missed my darling terribly." What's this!

WARREN.

Read it.

ASHE.

(*Reading.*) "Have volunteered as Red Cross nurse. Will join you in the field. Sybil." Sybil! Who is this woman?

WARREN.

Don't you call the lady I am engaged to marry a "woman."

ASHE.

Engaged! I thought *you* were married.

WARREN.

I was married. *Now* I'm divorced. And if Mrs.

Schwartz thinks I'm in any hurry to be married to her—or to anybody else—she's mighty mistaken.

ASHE.

Mrs. Schwartz?

WARREN.

Yes, Sybil; she's a widow. *You know*, widow of Schwartz, the brewer. He left her two breweries and a department store in Newark. And I promised her if she'd only let me go to this war, I'd marry and settle down—*in Newark!* And now she's coming out here as a Red Cross nurse to spoil my last few days of freedom. That woman never trusted me, Billy. She never trusted me.

ASHE.

But, *she* can't interfere with you. *She'll* be in Athens and *you'll* be at the front.

WARREN.

Can't you read? She says she's going to join me at the front. And she'll do it, too! You don't *know* Sybil. Idea of a woman volunteering as a Red Cross nurse in order to *spy* upon the man she loves. There's *another* abuse of the Red Cross flag. I won't stand it. I'm off to Constantinople.

ASHE.

(*Angrily.*) You are going to Volo on that transport.

WARREN.

Billy! Do you suppose I'll walk around the field of battle with Sybil tagging at my heels, telling me to keep away from the bullets, wanting to know if I've changed my wet socks? Did you ever see a *war correspondent* with a *nurse*? *Both* Sybil and my first wife delight in making me ridiculous. Did you know my first wife?

ASHE.

(*Angrily.*) No, I did not! Listen to me——

WARREN.

(*Interrupting.*) After she got her divorce, she went back to vaudeville and walked on the ceiling. Just to spite me, she billed herself as "Mrs. Kirke Warren, the Human Fly." She can't fly any more than I can. She called *me* the Human Spider. Of course that was easy. But it made the jury laugh. In the divorce court she recited, "Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly." Just like her! She always was amusing! Did you ever hear her story of me and the elevator shaft?

ASHE.

No! Look here! We're paying you five hundred dollars a week to write war clouds. Thirty-five newspapers have bought your letters. *Are* you going to write them, or are you not?

WARREN.

Of course I am, Billy! *That's* why I'm going to *Constantinople*—to join the *Turkish* army.

ASHE.

(*With relief.*) Oh!

WARREN.

The *Turks* won't allow a Red Cross nurse at the front. I can feel safe with them.

ASHE.

But it will be two weeks before you can reach the Turkish lines. We ought to have a cable from you from Volo twice a day.

WARREN.

Well, that's what I said in my note. Get a substitute.

Send a man to Volo and let him sign my name until I can get around to the other army.

ASHE.

(*Eagerly.*) Will you *let* us do that?

WARREN.

Certainly, it's only for two weeks.

ASHE.

By Jove! And I've got the very man! An old pal of mine, so he won't tell on us. (*Enter* MAX *right.*)

MAX.

Mr. Ashe! Mr. Ashe!

ASHE.

Go way! (*To* WARREN.) And he wants to go to Volo, too.

MAX.

But Mr. Ashe.

ASHE.

What?

MAX.

There is a crazy American gentleman says if I don't find you quick, he will kill me. (*Points off left.*) Please go tell him that I have found you.

ASHE.

What's he want?

MAX.

He wants to go to Volo in twenty minutes. I *told* him nobody could go to Volo in twenty minutes. It is two days to——

ASHE.

That's my man! That's Copeland Schuyler! Bring him here quick.

MAX.

But no one can go to Volo in twenty minutes.

ASHE.

Get out! (MAX *exit.*) Now, give me your correspondent's pass. (WARREN *hands him a large blue envelope.*) Thanks! And you must leave these things for him, too. (*Kicks saddlebags with foot.*) Understand, now, he goes as Kirke Warren.

WARREN.

What do you *mean*? Not as *myself*?

ASHE.

Yes.

WARREN.

(*Indignantly.*) Oh, *no*! Why?

ASHE.

Because if he *doesn't*, he can't go. It's utterly impossible for me to get another pass. I've three more now than I'm entitled to. Either he goes *as you*, on this pass, or *you've got* to go—Sybil or no Sybil!

WARREN.

But they'll know he's not Kirke Warren. *Everybody* has seen me at Athens.

ASHE.

Yes, but no one has seen you at the *front*! Do you want thirty-five newspapers down on you? Do you want to lose five hundred dollars a week?

WARREN.

No; but, Billy, I have a slight reputation to lose, too,

you know. This fellow may sign checks and borrow money.

ASHE.

Not a bit like it.

WARREN.

Well, he may be a coward and run away—in my clothes! He may be found with *my* pass on him, dead. *And shot in the back!*

ASHE.

Not this man! It's the only way, Kirke. Either he goes to Volo as you, or you go.

WARREN.

Well, I won't, so I suppose he *must*. But (*impressively*) if he plays any tricks with my reputation, I'll sue the paper for damages.

ASHE.

Don't you talk about suing for damages. You take my advice and get on board your ship. There was a girl here not five minutes ago who's suing *you* for two thousand dollars.

WARREN.

Suing me! Nonsense! Who?

ASHE.

Oh, a vaudeville actress named Blanche Bailey!

WARREN.

(*Terrified.*) Blanche! Blanche here in Athens? Say, are you joking? I don't believe you. (ASHE *picks up the billposter which* BLANCHE BAILEY *has thrown upon table and holds it out.*)

ASHE.

You don't believe me? Read that!

WARREN.

I can't read it. Neither can you.

ASHE.

Yes, I can. (*Reads.*) "Royal Music Hall, Monday Night, May 13th. The 'Fire Dancer,' Miss Blanche Bailey." (*Throws poster back on table.*) Now, you be careful she doesn't catch sight of you at the wharf. Her transport's leaving for Volo the same time your steamer starts for Constantinople.

WARREN.

Why is *she* going to Volo?

ASHE.

Oh! some press agent's idea; advertising herself as a nurse.

WARREN.

(*Struggling to conceal his amusement.*) Tell me, Billy, is—is—is this young man who is to pretend he is Kirke Warren going to Volo on the same boat with this Miss Bailey?

ASHE.

He is, if I can make him.

WARREN.

(*Beginning to laugh.*) That's right, you make him! (*Laughs.*) You make him go!

ASHE.

What's the matter with you?

WARREN.

(*Hysterically.*) You see you make him go!

ASHE.

You bet I'll make him go!

WARREN.

You see—he goes— Oh! Ha, ha! Ha, ha! (*Runs off, still laughing.*)

ASHE.

Here, come back! What's the matter with you? (COPE'S *voice is heard off left.*)

COPE.

Can't you understand English? Billy Ashe! Isn't that plain enough? Billy Ashe!

ASHE.

Cope! (*Turns left and calls.*) Cope! Here I am, Cope! (COPE *appears at centre pursuing* MAX, *who crosses at back*; COPE *comes down. He is a smart, alert young man, of the type known as the New York club man. He is dressed in a summer morning suit of tweed, with a gray felt hat with a white puggaree. He seizes both of* ASHE'S *hands and shakes them violently.*)

COPE.

Billy, old man, I haven't a minute to explain, but you are the only man who can help me. I've *seen* the American minister, I've seen two members of the Cabinet, and I'd have seen the King himself if the sentries hadn't seen me first, when I was getting over the wall. *Billy, I have got to go to Volo!*

ASHE.

You bet you've got to go to Volo!

COPE.

But I mean now—to-day.

Mr. Hitchcock as "The Galloper."

ASHE.

I mean in an hour. Look here! Kirke Warren, our "star" war correspondent, can't get to Volo for two weeks. We're advertising all over America that he's *there*. I've *got* to have a man at Volo to represent him. Will you for my sake—just for two weeks—go to Volo and pretend that you are Kirke Warren?

COPE.

If you could get me to Volo, I'd pretend I was Jack-the-Ripper. But you can't do it.

ASHE.

(*Taking papers out of blue envelope.*) There's your permit! There's your passport! (*Points to* WARREN'S *field kit.*) There's your luggage!

COPE.

(*With delight.*) Billy!

ASHE.

All those things belong to Kirke Warren. They're all marked with his name. Now from this moment on, if anyone asks you who you are (*slaps him on shoulder*), tell him you are Kirke Warren, war correspondent of the *Daily Republic.*

COPE.

(*Delightedly reading passport.*) Billy, you've saved my life! Billy, I'm no palm reader, but I see trouble ahead for Kirke Warren. A smooth-faced man has crossed his path.

ASHE.

(*Looking nervously off left.*) Oh! I wouldn't worry about *him*—he gets five hundred dollars a week for this.

COPE.

And I get five years, I suppose. Heavens! I can't do it! It's impossible! (*Hands the blue envelope to* ASHE.)

ASHE.

No, no; you must.

COPE.

It's impossible! Billy, I want you to congratulate me. I'm engaged to be married—to Miss Whitney, of New York. (*He holds out his hand.* ASHE *shakes it hurriedly.*)

ASHE.

Why, Cope, I do congratulate you, old man. I do. But what's that got to do with your not going to Volo?

COPE.

Everything! *She's* going to Volo. That's why I want to go there. Did you suppose anything else would take me within a hundred miles of the firing line? I can't tell *her* I'm Kirke Warren.

ASHE.

How long has she known you?

COPE.

Ten days.

ASHE.

Well, you can't have told her everything about yourself in ten days. How long has she been engaged to you?

COPE.

She's not engaged to me.

ASHE.

You said——

COPE.

I said I was engaged to *her*. Miss Whitney is the only woman in this world that I'll every marry, and I think that gives me some right to say that I'm engaged to her. But she's not engaged to me.

ASHE.

She might be if you were Kirke Warren—she thinks a lot of *him*.

COPE.

How do you know she does?

ASHE.

She told me so herself not five minutes ago. She asked me to introduce him. Now, instead, I'll introduce you——

COPE.

Introduce me! She knows *me*! I'm engaged to be married to her.

ASHE.

(*Eagerly.*) Introduce you as Kirke Warren. We all know you are Copeland Schuyler, but we'll tell her that your pen name is Kirke Warren; that Kirke Warren is the name you write under. That will be true. That's the name you're going to write under for the next two weeks. (*Enthusiastically.*) And think of the chance it gives you at the front. Heavens! What a chance! To have the woman you love see you facing the bullets with the shells bursting about you.

COPE.

(*After a pause.*) I don't know as I want the woman I love to see me facing the bullets. Suppose I *didn't* face 'em.

ASHE.

Nonsense! Are you going to let that girl go to Volo *alone* and *unprotected?*

COPE.

Not if I can go as myself. But if I go as this other fellow, at the end of two weeks she'll know I'm not—Cake Walking, Kirke Walking—whatever his silly name is.

ASHE.

Yes, but in those two weeks she will have seen just what sort of a man you are!

COPE.

That's exactly what I'm afraid of! (O'MALLEY *enters left.*)

ASHE.

Well, if you want to be near her, that's your only chance (*Takes envelope away from* COPE. COPE *stands uncertainly regarding it.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Saluting* COPE.) Pardon, are you one of the foreign war correspondents?

COPE.

(*Still regarding the blue envelope. Then with sudden determination.*) Yes, I am!

ASHE.

(*In a low voice.*) Good work, old man! You'll never regret it.

COPE.

(*Mournfully.*) She'll never forgive me.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Is that your card?

COPE.

(*Without looking at card.*) No! (*Turns from* ASHE *and glances at card.*) Yes! that's my card— (*In a whisper to* ASHE.) "Kirke Warren." Get under me, get under me.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Fiercely.*) That is your name, then?

COPE.

Of course.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*In a tone of triumph.*) Ah! Then *you* are the person who last night so grossly insulted our Colonel?

COPE.

(*Turns slowly to* ASHE.) They're off! They're off! They've started! Billy, I'm no crystal gazer, but I can see trouble ahead for me. I must beware of a tall man with a short mustache and a long sword. (*To* O'MALLEY.) Sir, I have no recollection of having insulted your Colonel. As a matter of fact, last night I dined rather well and——

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I know you did. You dined with us, with the Foreign Legion.

COPE.

Oh, so I did! Of course you were there, weren't you?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Certainly I was there.

COPE.

Of course you were. You sat down on *that* side of the table. But surely the dear old Colonel—the dear old Colonel—couldn't think that I meant to insult him.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

But you *did* insult him. You poured a quart of burgundy into his boot.

COPE.

I did what? Billy, I ask you—I couldn't do it. How could I pour a— Does your Colonel drink out of his boots?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Certainly not! The boots were on his feet.

COPE.

Then how could I pour a—there's no boot big enough to hold a man's foot and a quart of burgundy. I don't know what did happen last night, but I'll bet that didn't happen.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

It was witnessed by every officer of the Foreign Legion. This morning none of us could exactly recall the appearance of our guest——

COPE.

No, I suppose not.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

—But we had the card you gave our Colonel, and I have been delegated to find you and *demand satisfaction.*

COPE.

(*Weakly.*) Satisfaction, nonsense! I'm an American. *We* don't believe in duelling.

ASHE.

(*Whispering.*) Yes, you do! Kirke Warren has fought *three* duels.

COPE.

(*Aside to* ASHE.) Fought three? Isn't that *enough*?

ASHE.

No, no. Think of Warren's reputation.

COPE.

Think of my young life. Won't it do if I hit him just once.

ASHE.

Certainly not.

COPE.

(*Turning to* O'MALLEY *with an assumption of confidence.*) Well, as I have already fought three duels—and each time killed the other chap—not to speak of having wounded the surgeon and the cinematograph man, I have made a vow never again to take human life.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Sternly.*) In spite of your vow, the Foreign Legion demands satisfaction.

COPE.

(*Recklessly.*) Oh! you will have satisfaction, will you? (*Produces roll of bills, and separates them.*) How much did the boots cost?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You are insolent! Now you have insulted *me*!

COPE.

(*Hurriedly, aside to* ASHE.) Say, can't I hit him just once?

ASHE.

No; I'm sorry you've got to fight.

COPE.

I'm just as sorry as you are, and I won't fight.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Fiercely.*) Well, what is your answer to the Foreign Legion?

COPE.

You want my answer? This is my answer. I have been a war correspondent in three wars——

ASHE.

(*Whispering.*) Six wars.

COPE.

Six wars—twelve wars—I can't remember how many wars, and when my paper orders me to go to the firing line—I go. In half an hour my duty calls me to Volo. Why the Foreign Legion is not at Volo, I don't ask. Maybe it's afraid. (O'MALLEY *laughs.*) Maybe the King doesn't send it there because he knows it would run away. (O'MALLEY *laughs contemptuously.*) But if the Legion wants to fight me, it must follow me to Volo, where the bullets come from. If you have the courage to come to Volo I'll fight your old Colonel and every officer in the Legion with sabres, pistols, or baseball bats. *That* is my answer. (*Aside to* ASHE.) I got out of that all right.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Sir, I will deliver your remarkable answer to my brother officers and at once return with their reply.

COPE.

Well, you'd better hurry. I leave Athens in an hour.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Sir, after I have delivered your answer to the Legion I doubt if you will ever leave Athens—alive. (*Exit left.*)

COPE.

He's a cheerful chap, isn't he? Supposing he and his brother officers *should* come to Volo. (*Uneasily.*) I don't know as I want to go to Volo. (*Looks off left.*) Oh! Oh, yes I do! Yes I do! Bless her heart! Look there! (GRACE *enters in the blue-and-white uniform of a Red Cross nurse with a brassard on her arm.*)

GRACE.

Oh, how do you do?

COPE.

Miss Whitney, Sister of Mercy! I who am about to die, salute thee!

GRACE.

What *do* you mean?

COPE.

I mean I am going with you to the firing line. Ashe had all my passports waiting for me.

GRACE.

Really! Why, I understood that you thought Mr. Schuyler was going to India.

COPE.

Yes, he did—you see——

ASHE.

(*Shaking his head at* COPE.) No, I didn't.

COPE.

(*Emphatically.*) No, he *didn't*! No, in a way he didn't. You see—(*to* ASHE) go on, *you* tell her.

ASHE.

You see, I cabled him to Gibraltar asking him to act as

our war correspondent; but he hadn't answered me, so I didn't know.

GRACE.

To act as your war correspondent. (*To* COPE.) You?

COPE.

(*Airily.*) Why, yes.

ASHE.

Doesn't Miss Whitney know who you are?

COPE.

(*Modestly.*) No.

ASHE.

Well, tell her.

COPE.

No, if I told her it would sound like boasting. *You* tell her.

ASHE.

Miss Whitney, you asked me to present to you the great war correspondent, Mr. Kirke Warren. (*He waves his hand toward* COPE.) Allow me!

GRACE.

Kirke Warren? You? (COPE *nods.*) Then why did you tell me you were Copeland Schuyler?

COPE.

I am Copeland Schuyler.

ASHE.

He is Copeland Schuyler.

COPE.

Kirke Warren is my pen name. The name I sign to my

war news. When I write checks, I sign 'em Copeland Schuyler.

ASHE.

You had better ask him why he did *not* tell you he was Kirke Warren— (*Mysteriously lowering his voice.*) Ask him *that!*

COPE.

(*With even greater mystery.*) Yes, ask me that. (*Suddenly.*) No, don't ask *me*, ask him!

ASHE.

You see, last year Mr. Warren led the Cretans against the Turks, and the Turks hate him. And your ship was full of officers who wanted to do him harm.

GRACE.

Oh!

ASHE.

So, on the ship he did not announce he was Kirke Warren because he was afraid of these Turkish spies.

COPE.

(*Briskly.*) I was afraid of the pies, because they were poisoned.

ASHE.

Not pies. *Spies*, I said. Turkish spies.

COPE.

Oh! I thought you said pies. It seemed strange, because I am not afraid of any kind of pie.

GRACE.

(*Admiringly to* ASHE.) I believe I've read every book Mr. Warren has written.

COPE.

(*Aside.*) I wish I had!

GRACE.

(*Approaching* COPE, *who on going to her leaves* ASHE *on his right.*) Why didn't you tell me? I'm *so* interested in wars and soldiers. I'm going to make you tell me all the brave things you've seen—and done.

COPE.

Oh, trifles, trifles! Don't mention them! (*Earnestly.*) Somehow, it embarrasses me.

GRACE.

We had a house surgeon at the hospital who tended you, up the Nile, when that shell fractured the right femur. Is that all right now?

COPE.

(*Violently working his arm.*) Oh, yes, that's all right! See, just as good as new! (*He sees that she is looking at his right leg.*) Oh, you mean my *old* wound! Yes, that's all right, too. (*Kicks his right leg violently.*) Yes, I got *that* wound in the first Greek war.

GRACE.

The first Greek war. Why, how *old* are you?

COPE.

How old am I? Not the first *Greek* war. No, no! *Crete* war. Crete, Crete, not Greek. (*Whispers frantically to* ASHE.) Go out and buy me a child's history of the world or we're lost. (ASHE *goes nervously up the stage.*)

GRACE.

(*Tenderly.*) Why didn't you tell me, when you asked me to marry you, that you were the great Kirke Warren?

COPE.

Because I wasn't asking you to marry Kirke Warren. I want you to marry Cope Schuyler.

GRACE.

But Copeland Schuyler is just an idle young man with nothing to do. And he's always done it.

COPE.

Well, you keep your eyes on me for the next two weeks, and you'll see it's the man that counts, not the name. You watch me catching bullets in my teeth. (BLANCHE BAILEY *enters on balcony with* HEWITT, GRIGGS, *and* ANSTRUTHER.)

BLANCHE.

(*Joyfully to* ASHE.) It's all right! The General accepted me. I'm going to Volo in an hour. Oh, Miss Whitney! how do you do. I've been *so* presumptuous. I volunteered as a Red Cross nurse, *too*.

GRACE.

Oh, I'm glad! It will be so pleasant to have a companion. Have you had much experience nursing?

BLANCHE.

Twenty years nursing father. He has hay fever.

GRIGGS.

(*To* ASHE.) We will have quite a pleasant party going to Volo. Mr. Hewitt tells me Miss Bailey accompanies us! I believe this young lady is going also. (*Bows to* GRACE.) And how about your friend?

ASHE.

Here he is! (*To* COPE.) Let me present you to Gra-

ham Griggs, dean of the Corps of Correspondents. Been in every war since Waterloo.

COPE.

Glad to meet you.

GRIGGS.

(*Jealously.*) How many wars have you been in?

COPE.

Six.

GRIGGS.

Oh! I've been in ten—eight revolutions, six coronations. I have placed a crown upon the head of six kings—— (*Enter* O'MALLEY *left.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*To* GRIGGS.) I beg your pardon. Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen, but I've only a minute in which to deliver a most important message. (*To* COPE.) I *told* the officers of the Legion that you promised if they would follow you to Volo you would fight them in rotation.

COPE.

(*Defiantly.*) Fight them in chain armor, if they'd feel safer.

GRACE.

What!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

By Jove! You promised to fight the lot?

COPE.

(*Undisturbed.*) Yes, he's quite right, he's quite right.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

It will please you to hear that during my absence the

"There are *eight* officers. You will find us waiting for you on the wharf!"

government has ordered the Foreign Legion to embark in one hour—*for Volo.* (COPE *staggers toward* ASHE.) There are *eight* officers. You will find us waiting for you on the wharf.

COPE.

(*Recovering.*) On the wharf? Excellent! Won't have to bury anybody. Soon as I kill one I'll roll him into the water.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Good day, sir. (*Moves left.*)

COPE.

Good day. If you want to give your family a lot of money, insure your life. I'll see they get it. (*Exit* O'MALLEY.)

GRIGGS.

What's this mean, sir? Are eight officers going to fight you?

COPE.

(*Dramatically.*) No, I'm going to kill eight officers. They will learn what it is to insult Kirke Warren.

BLANCHE.

(*Calmly.*) What has Kirke Warren got to do with this?

COPE.

Everything. I am Kirke Warren.

BLANCHE.

You? Kirke Warren, the war correspondent? (COPE *nods.* ASHE, *alarmed, hurries down on* COPE'S *right.* BLANCHE *is now close to* COPE *on his left. The others are grouped still further to the left.*) Are you sure?

COPE.

(*Easily.*) Well, I can't remember when I was anyone else.

BLANCHE.

(*Triumphantly.*) Then you must remember—that you owe me two thousand dollars. (*For a moment* COPE *stares fixedly ahead of him, then, without moving, turns his eyes swiftly toward* ASHE, *then again stares ahead of him.*)

COPE.

Perfectly! I thought you said you wanted it *after* we reached Volo. (*Puts his hand into his coat pocket as though reaching for check book.*)

BLANCHE.

(*Smiling wickedly.*) Quite right. I can wait till then.

COPE.

Of course—I'm just as sure I owe you two thousand dollars as you are that I am Kirke Warren. And you're sure of *that, aren't you?*

BLANCHE.

Absolutely!

GRACE.

I think it's time I started for the transport.

GRIGGS.

It's time we all started. Are you coming, Miss Bailey? (*There is a movement of* GRIGGS, ANSTRUTHER, HEWITT, *and* GRACE *toward the door left.*)

COPE.

(*In a whisper to* BLANCHE.) Wait! If you don't tell

"I divorced you, six months ago."

on me you'll get that money. But I'll have to explain it somehow. For *what* do I owe you two thousand dollars? (BLANCHE *glances left to see if the others are listening.* COPE *and* ASHE *lean eagerly toward her.*)

BLANCHE.

For alimony! I divorced you six months ago. (COPE *falls back against* ASHE *as the curtain falls.*)

ACT II.

This scene represents a wharf, with a ship moored at either side. The ships lie bow on toward the audience, who are looking down the wharf. The ship on the right is masked by a kiosk, such as are seen on the street corners in Paris; the ship on the left by a high pile of ammunition boxes, covered at the top with a black-canvas tarpaulin. Far up the stage the wharf makes a sharp turn to the right, and continues off the stage, apparently, toward the shore. The wharf is built like a letter L. *The base of the* L, *reversed, is that part which points toward the audience. That portion of the wharf which runs off the stage to the right is hidden by the stern of the ship. The characters on entering always come from the right. On the back drop one sees the harbor front, and fishing boats at anchor.*

On each side of the stage, running up and down, is a stringpiece to mark the edge of the wharf. The ships lie a foot beyond each stringpiece. Down on the left, close to the stringpiece, is a post around which is thrown the loop of an immense hawser. From the deck of each ship a gangway with a hand rail of iron uprights, through which a rope is run, stretches to the stage. At each corner of the lower end of the left gang plank are two stout rings through which ropes from the flies can be hooked and the gang plank drawn into the air. When the act opens the same ropes and hooks are used to lift and swing ammunition boxes through the left gangway.

Below each gang plank is a blackboard on an upright stand. On the one to the left is this inscription, partly in white paint and partly in chalk. The parts written in chalk are those that here are UNDERSCORED:

B. and B. S. Line.
St'r BOSPORUS *will sail* WEDNESDAY
at 11.30 A. M. *for* VOLO.
Freight must be delivered at ————

The inscription on the board to the right is:

B. and B. S. Line.
St'r ADRIATIC *will sail* WEDNESDAY
at 11.30 A. M. *for* CONSTANTINOPLE.
Freight must be delivered TUESDAY NIGHT.

The kiosk permits the Greek girl in attendance to step back out of sight. Its shelves are lined with stone bottles of Bass and Guinness. On ledge of kiosk are French novels and piles of Greek newspapers, and higher up enamel signs in French and Greek. Outside kiosk are three NEW *steamer chairs leaning against kiosk; upon them is a card marked* A VENDRE. *To the right is a stout square table painted black, and two stout wooden chairs, also black.*

On the left of stage are a number of powder kegs. Greek words are painted on the tops. There also are square ammunition boxes, painted in light blue.

FIRST OFFICER, *in blue uniform, stands at left gangway supervising loading of three boxes of ammunition. He holds a pad and pencil.* BOATSWAIN *stands at top of gang plank to receive boxes. Two*

stevedores are binding the boxes with a rope sling. They are assisted by three Greek soldiers with a CORPORAL. *The rifles of the soldiers are stacked above the gang plank and from the bayonets hang white canvas haversacks (filled) and canteens. The* SECOND OFFICER, *in white duck, is at the kiosk, talking to the Greek Girl. On the ledge of the kiosk is the glass, and stone bottle of Bass's ale, from which he has just finished drinking.*

VOICE.

(*Off left.*) Mr. Andrews!

FIRST OFFICER.

Aye, aye, sir!

VOICE.

That ammunition in the hold yet?

FIRST OFFICER.

Last of it coming over the side now, sir! (*To stevedores.*) Look sharp with that sling! All right?

STEVEDORE.

All right, sir!

FIRST OFFICER.

(*To* BOATSWAIN.) All right, Williams! (BOATSWAIN *sounds whistle. One hears the noises of a donkey engine and clank of brake on cogs. The kegs are drawn up and disappear through left gangway. Whistle again sounds. Donkey engine ceases. To stevedores.*) Now, then, down to the end of the wharf, and bring up the passengers' luggage. You savvy? (*To* BOATSWAIN.) You go with them, Williams. (BOATSWAIN *and stevedore exeunt upper right. The soldiers take muskets, and exeunt up left gangway.* FIRST OFFICER *writes on pad and puts it in pocket. To*

SECOND OFFICER.) You're not working *yourself* to death, are you?

SECOND OFFICER.

(*Comes up. Greek Girl in kiosk withdraws from sight of audience.*) Oh! *we* were ready to sail an hour ago; only waiting for the ship's papers and a passenger to Constantinople.

FIRST OFFICER.

Fat lot of passengers you're carrying to Constantinople *these* days. They're afraid of the Greek gunboats.

SECOND OFFICER.

Our passenger isn't afraid of the gunboats. *He's* a war correspondent.

FIRST OFFICER.

Oh, *them*! We're carrying a dozen of *them*. They're all over the ship.

SECOND OFFICER.

Yes, but the one *we* got is that celebrated American correspondent, Kirke Warren.

FIRST OFFICER.

Kirke Warren, my grandmother! We got *him* on *our* ship.

SECOND OFFICER.

I lay you a bottle of beer you haven't.

FIRST OFFICER.

You're on—and you lose. I saw his name on our passenger list.

SECOND OFFICER.

Yes, and I see it on our passenger list. Our Purser told me— (ASHE *descends left gangway. In his pocket he carries a pocket camera.*)

FIRST OFFICER.

Here, now! Here's one of them that *knows*. (*To* ASHE.) Pardon me, sir, is Mr. Kirke Warren sailing on that ship or is he sailing on this ship? (ASHE *hesitates, and shows his annoyance at the question.*)

ASHE.

He is sailing to Volo on this ship. (*Points left, and goes down to kiosk. Girl gives him brandy bottle and liquor glass. He places it on table.*)

SECOND OFFICER.

Our *Purser* told me——

FIRST OFFICER.

Well, your Purser didn't know. You come buy me a bottle of beer. (*Starts toward kiosk.*)

SECOND OFFICER.

No. Wait! You come with me, and we'll bet the Purser *six* bottles.

FIRST OFFICER.

Right, ho! (*Runs up right plank.* BLANCHE *appears top of left plank.*)

SECOND OFFICER.

(*To* BLANCHE.) Look out, Miss! Better take the 'commodation ladder, forrard. That's not safe walking.

BLANCHE.

Safe walking! Young man, you come to the Royal Music Hall in two weeks and you'll see *me* walking on the *ceiling*. (*The two officers look in surprise at each other and disappear right. Comes down.*) Now, then, what have you got to say to me that you couldn't say just as

well on board? Or was that just a polite excuse to give me a drink? (*Sits right of table.*)

ASHE.

I beg your pardon. What can I get you?

BLANCHE.

(*To Girl.*) Lemon soda, please, with plenty of ice. (*Greek Girl opens bottle and pours out fizzy drink, which* ASHE *takes from her.* BLANCHE *reads label of the bottle on the table.*) "Three Star Brandy." *I'm* a star, and that's *three* stars, so if I drank that I would be an "all-star combination."

ASHE.

(*Tragically.*) *Don't! Don't* do that! We're in great trouble, Kirke and I. (*Hands her glass of soda.*) And you've got to help us. (*Sits left of table.*)

BLANCHE.

How?

ASHE.

This morning Kirke received a cablegram.

BLANCHE.

Which Kirke? My late husband or the understudy? (*Sips soda unconcernedly.*)

ASHE.

The *real* Kirke Warren. The cable should have reached him three weeks ago. It is from the woman he's engaged to.

BLANCHE.

Ah, Sybil? The angel-faced Sybil, hey? *Cat!* What's she done now?

ASHE.

She has volunteered as a Red Cross nurse.

BLANCHE.

What! Another! They'll soon have more Red Cross nurses with this army than they have soldiers. (*Suddenly.*) Heavens! Then she's coming out *here*!

ASHE.

(*In a low voice.*) *Last night* she crossed from Brindisi to Patras, and she arrived *here* this morning. She's looking for Kirke *now*. He's hiding from her in *disguise*. (BLANCHE *throws back her head and laughs loudly.*)

BLANCHE.

Ho, ho, ho! That *is* funny. Oh, *my*! that is funny.

ASHE.

Stop that! (*Tearfully.*) Don't laugh! Think of *my* position.

BLANCHE.

I *am*! That's why I'm laughing. (ASHE *crosses left and sits dejectedly on box of ammunition.*) You ought to think of Mr. Schuyler's position. There's a young man paying alimony to one Red Cross nurse, so that he can be engaged to another Red Cross nurse, and now he'll find out he's engaged to a third Red Cross nurse. If he gets wounded, and *Sybil* nurses him, the verdict will be "accidental poisoning." And what's more, that Russian Princess had better make *herself* scarce, *too*.

ASHE.

She has, thank Heaven!

BLANCHE.

She has? When?

ASHE.

As soon as they reached this port. See that smoke out there? (*Points toward audience.*) That is an Italian boat taking her to Naples, and with her the money I gave Kirke, and all of his scarfpins.

BLANCHE.

She's left him!

ASHE.

She's left him his ulster.

BLANCHE.

(*After a thoughtful pause.*) Then she *was* a Russian Princess. If she'd been a New Yorker, as *you* said she was, she wouldn't have left him the ulster.

ASHE.

It doesn't help any. I'd hoped, now we were rid of her, Kirke would stay and face Sybil; but he won't.

BLANCHE.

(*After a pause.*) You don't know Sybil, do you?

ASHE.

No. What kind of a woman is she?

BLANCHE.

Sybil? Oh! she's a sort of cozy-corner girl. She owns two breweries and a department store in Newark. And every other week she thinks she's "in love." At present she thinks she's in love with my late husband.

ASHE.

Well, I can't understand what Kirke can see in *her*!

BLANCHE.

He'd be *blind*—if he couldn't see a department store and two breweries. Whenever you read of a man going to discover the North Pole, you may be sure he's got a wife at home—like Sybil.

ASHE.

(*Earnestly.*) Then it's all the more important that Sybil must not find out that Kirke is on that boat, and that there is a man on that one who is pretending to be Kirke.

BLANCHE.

No. It is Cope Schuyler that mustn't find out—that Kirke Warren is engaged. If he does, it's all off.

ASHE.

Oh! I don't know.

BLANCHE.

I do. He's going to Volo only because he's in love with that girl. And to please her—to be near her—he'll pretend he is Kirke Warren; but not if there's a prospective *Mrs.* Kirke Warren. How can he ask Miss Whitney to marry him if he finds out Kirke Warren is engaged already? Why, he's paying me two thousand dollars to keep her from knowing that he has even a *divorced* wife. (COPE *enters centre looking fearfully behind him.*)

ASHE.

Yes, you're right! Cope must not find out.

BLANCHE.

(*Sees* COPE.) Hush, or he will.

COPE.

(*Agitated.*) Hello! I've had an awful escape. If I

hadn't run away, in five minutes I'd have been a national hero!

BLANCHE.

(*Rises.*) How?

ASHE.

(*Rising.*) What have you done?

COPE.

I haven't done anything. Kirke Warren did it. Last winter he fought with the Cretans against the Turks, and now the local committee of the Cretan insurgents are trying to give *me* a reception! They're up there at the hotel on the end of the wharf, and if I hadn't escaped—by now they'd have been naming babies after me.

ASHE.

Oh! those men are exiles. They probably never saw Kirke Warren in their lives.

COPE.

Well, I'm not taking any chances. I don't have to *advertise* for trouble. If war correspondents always have as much trouble as I've had already, I'm surprised they don't stay at home and raise squab chickens.

ASHE.

(*Soothingly.*) I know, old man, and I'm sorry there should be *another* danger that threatens your scheme. I must warn you——

COPE.

Another danger! *My* scheme! Oh! this is *my* idea, is it?

ASHE.

Well, it's the only way to get you to Volo. If you don't *want* to go——

COPE.

I do want to go. You know *why* I want to go. But when I said I'd play I was Kirke Warren, you didn't tell me I'd have to fight duels for Kirke Warren, and support his divorced wife, and be embraced by five hundred insurgents, who haven't been near the water since they and the Apostle Paul were wrecked on the island of Crete! What is this *new* danger?

ASHE.

Oh! it's the same old trouble. (*Sadly.*) I'm afraid Kirke Warren's life has been rather feverish——

COPE.

(*Explosively.*) If it's been any more feverish than mine's been since *I* became Kirke Warren, he'd be wearing a straight-jacket!

ASHE.

In fact, Cope, it's a woman.

COPE.

Oh, the Princess!

ASHE.

No, she's gone. It's another woman.

COPE.

Another woman! No wonder he prefers to go with the Turkish army, if he travels with a *harem*. (*To* BLANCHE.) I should think you'd have been so glad to get divorced from *that* man you'd have paid *him* alimony. What's *this* woman's name?

ASHE.

(*Embarrassed.*) Her name? Oh—I—I—*he* calls her Sybil.

BLANCHE.

Yes, Sybil.

COPE.

That doesn't describe her. She doesn't go round with Sybil written on her, does she? Am I to go up to every woman I meet and ask, "Are you Sybil?" Some one will hit me with an umbrella.

BLANCHE.

Well, she's an American.

ASHE.

In a red ulster and a green parasol, and she's looking for Kirke Warren. So if she comes on board the ship, you put her off with some fairy story——

COPE.

(*Violently.*) I'll get the ship's crew to put her off! (*Turning on* BLANCHE.) Or must I pay *her* a few thousands, *too?*

BLANCHE.

Oh, no, not Sybil! Sybil owns two breweries and a department store. Sybil is worth a million.

COPE.

A million! And your late husband is trying to avoid her? She must be something terrible!

ASHE.

It's the old story—she loves him, and he runs away from her.

COPE.

Well, *he* can run away from her, but I've had enough of this. (*To* BLANCHE.) This woman, Sybil, probably knows Warren quite well?

BLANCHE.

(*Doubtfully.*) Yes.

COPE.

That settles it! We're *sure* to be found out! (*Starts up.*)

ASHE.

Where are you going?

COPE.

I am going to tell Miss Whitney that I am *not* Kirke Warren.

ASHE.

(*In dismay.*) Cope!

BLANCHE.

(*Greatly agitated.*) Mr. Schuyler! Who's going to pay me my alimony?

COPE.

If I own up to Miss Whitney *now*, that I'm *not* a hero, she may overlook it; but if *some one else* tells on me, she won't.

BLANCHE.

Mr. Schuyler, you listen to me. I asked Miss Whitney why she didn't marry you—you——

COPE.

(*Eagerly.*) Well, passing over the fact that that was none of your business—what did she say?

BLANCHE.

She said she was ashamed to.

COPE.

I don't blame her.

BLANCHE.

She didn't mean it that way. On the *steamer* she refused to marry you——

COPE.

Several times.

BLANCHE.

But that was *before* you said you were Kirke Warren. *Now*, she tells me she won't accept you for fear you will think she's marrying you because you are a hero and a celebrity.

COPE.

But I'm *not* a hero, and I'm *not* a celebrity.

BLANCHE.

Don't you *see?* It's because she *thinks* you *are*, she wants to marry you. You will never marry that girl if you let *her* go to the front while you stay in Athens and play billiards.

COPE.

(*Despairingly.*) Well, what *am* I to do?

ASHE.

(*Excitedly.*) Go to Volo, and make good! Beat those other correspondents! Don't stay back with the ambulances and the dead ones. Go right into the firing line. And when you've got the story, ride for the wire until you and your horse drop dead!

BLANCHE.

That's the talk! Make Kirke Warren look like a two-spot. Fight his duels for him, fight the Turks. And above all, wherever you see the lime light, stand in front of it, and take a bath in it!

COPE.

(*Pleased but doubtful.*) Honest! do you think I can do all those things?

ASHE.

You can do whatever Kirke Warren did.

COPE.

(*Fiercely.*) All right, then, I *will*! Bring me on a duel for two and a battle for one. I won't run away.

ASHE.

Good work, old man, good work!

BLANCHE.

But don't forget there is *one* thing you must run away from—Sybil! (*Starts toward left gangway.*)

COPE.

Sybil!

ASHE.

(*Sits left on keg.*) Even the great Kirke Warren himself is running away from *her.*

COPE.

If he runs away from her as fast as I will, Sybil will spend a very lonely afternoon. (*To* BLANCHE.) Where are you going?

BLANCHE.

I'm going to bring Miss Whitney out here. I believe in keeping off a ship as long as you can. (FIRST *and* SECOND OFFICERS *come down right gang plank.*)

COPE.

Oh, do! Tell her it's cooler on the wharf. Make her come.

BLANCHE.

I'll try. (*Exits up gang plank left.*)

COPE.

It's so crowded on that transport that every time you move you walk on a soldier. (*Lights cigar.*)

ASHE.

(*Anxiously.*) Don't smoke here?

COPE.

Why not?

ASHE.

'Cause you'll blow up the whole wharf. This is all ammunition, and this is gunpowder I'm sitting on. (*Touches keg.*) And see that! (*Points to stage.*) See all those black specks, that's gunpowder leaked out of these kegs.

COPE.

That's not powder. Those are cinders—from the smoke stacks.

ASHE.

Cinders! You're afraid to put your cigar in it.

COPE.

Afraid! Afraid of a few dead cinders? (*Stoops to touch stage with cigar.*)

ASHE.

Look out! (COPE *jumps violently.*)

COPE.

Don't do that! How *dare* you! (*Officers, manifesting curiosity, come down stage.*)

ASHE.

You don't dare! I'll bet you five pounds you won't touch your cigar to that! (*Takes out bills.*)

COPE.

Make it *twenty*, and I'll do it. My life's worth more than five pounds——

ASHE.

All right! Twenty! But if it *is* powder, who will collect the money?

COPE.

Who will collect *us?* Have you any farewell remarks to make? No? Then, look out! (ASHE *retreats toward left,* COPE *timidly stoops and touches cigar to stage. Nothing happens. To* ASHE.) Twenty pounds, please! (*Takes the bills from* ASHE.) Thank you. (*To officers.*) Captain, are those cinders or is that gunpowder from those powder kegs?

FIRST OFFICER.

These are cinders from our smoke stacks. Those kegs are full of green olives. (*Points to top of keg.*)

COPE.

You see! (*Pointing to lettering on top of keg.*) If you'd only studied your Greek, you'd have saved twenty pounds! (*To officer.*) My friend, you can be of great assistance to me. If a lady, a plump lady, asks you if Mr. Kirke Warren is on board this ship, you tell her that he is not; that he has just gone to look for her at the hotel.

FIRST OFFICER.

Yes, sir; the hotel on the wharf?

COPE.

Not at all. Which hotel in the Piræus is furthest removed from this wharf?

FIRST OFFICER.

The Grand would be it, sir.

COPE.

Very well. Tell her he's gone to the Grand. Understand?

FIRST OFFICER.

Yes, sir.

COPE.

Have you got a Master's ticket?

FIRST OFFICER.

Oh, yes, sir, two years ago!

COPE.

(*Hands him twenty-pound note.*) Then please take this and buy yourself a battleship. (*To* SECOND OFFICER.) And will you kindly tell her the same story?

SECOND OFFICER.

Oh, yes, sir!

COPE.

(*Handing him the other bank note.*) Buy yourself another battleship, and fight his, double or quits! (COPE *sits on keg. Officers compare bank notes and exeunt right and left gang planks.*) Well?

ASHE.

(*Below* COPE *at lower left.*) Well, I think we'll get away with it yet. It's only half an hour before the transport leaves, and then—you're safe.

COPE.

I guess I can hold out for half an hour. I could if I had a drink now!

ASHE.

That sounds good to me. (*Arm in arm they start briskly up stage as* O'MALLEY *with* CAPTAIN ZONYA *appear from right at centre.* ASHE *and* COPE *fall back.*)

COPE.

Heavens! Here's that professional dentist—duellist!

ASHE.

(*Returns to lower left below* COPE.) Confound it! And he looks like trouble!

COPE.

I'd hate to tell him what he *does* look like!

ASHE.

Don't lose your temper!

COPE.

I don't mind losing my temper, so long as I don't lose my life.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Good morning!

COPE.

Good morning!

ASHE.

Good morning!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Gentlemen, I am fortunate in finding you. Allow me—my *second*, Captain Zonya, of the Foreign Legion, late of the Imperial Austrian Army. (COPE *and* ASHE *rise, and lift their hats stiffly.* ZONYA *salutes and kicks his heels*

together.) I am sorry to tell you, gentlemen, that I bring bad news. It relates to our duel.

COPE.

Oh, does it? Then allow *me* to present *my* second, Mr.—Colonel Ashe. (O'Malley *and* Zonya *salute* Ashe.)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Doubtfully.*) Colonel? May I ask where you *won* that title?

COPE.

Won it! Did you think he got it in a lottery? He was *born* a colonel. He's a Kentuckian.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Oh!

COPE.

Pardon me, if I confer with my second.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Certainly! (O'Malley *and* Zonya *confer together.*)

COPE.

(*Aloud.*) Now, Colonel. (*Aside.*) See here, Billy, as I understand this duelling game, when people arrange the details, they must act strictly according to the code.

ASHE.

Sure!

COPE.

Don't say "sure." When you are acting as a second, speak with more dignity—say "I comprehend."

ASHE.

I comprehend.

COPE.

And our manner to our adversaries must be—according to the code—coldly polite.

ASHE.

Coldly polite.

COPE.

Not so *cold* as to make them angry.

ASHE.

No.

COPE.

Nor so *polite* as to make them think we're going to give them a drink.

ASHE.

No, no!

COPE.

In a word, our manner must combine the courtesy of a floorwalker with the defiant attitude of the man who says, "Who are *you* shoving? Get off me foot!" Understand?

ASHE.

I comprehend.

COPE.

(*To* O'Malley.) Captain O'Malley, if what you have to say relates to our duel, it would be more according to the code if *your* second talked it over with *my* second.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I know that, but my second can't talk.

COPE.

Can't what?

ASHE.

(*Roughly.*) *Why* can't he talk?

COPE.

(*To* ASHE.) Hush! Coldly polite, please, coldly polite. (*To* O'MALLEY.) And why can he not talk?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

He can talk, but he can talk only Hungarianese. *That's* why I chose him. In *my* affairs of honor, *I* prefer to do all the talking.

COPE.

Yes, I noticed you did. I like the *talking* part myself. Well, what have you come to talk *about*?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

This. It now appears that the Foreign Legion cannot go to Volo.

COPE.

(*Joyfully.*) Can't go to Volo!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Our orders have been countermanded. In an hour we leave for Corfu.

COPE.

Can't go to Volo! Oh, that's too bad! (*To* ASHE.) That's really too bad, isn't it, Colonel? (*To* O'MALLEY.) How disappointed you must feel. We regret it exceedingly, too. We condole with you. (*In a whisper to* ASHE.) Now that we are out of that all right, we need not be so darned polite.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Loudly.*) But the duel can still go on!

COPE.

The duel! How? Do you think I'm going all the way

to Corfu? It's true, I hunger for your life's blood, but I'm not that hungry! Oh, no! you needn't be afraid!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You don't understand. We've found a quiet spot here, in the gardens of the hotel, equally good for swords or pistols. It's on the grounds of the old lawn-tennis court—

COPE.

(*Eagerly.*) Then why isn't it equally good for lawn tennis? Let the one that gets the first three sets *win the duel.*

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Furiously.*) Are you *trifling* with me?

COPE.

Trifling! You never saw me play tennis! I hate to talk about myself, but I am the lawn-tennis champion of the Bronx. (*Seats himself on keg.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You *are* trifling with me. Will you come to the gardens back of the hotel and fight the Foreign Legion, or will you not?

COPE.

I certainly will not. *My* orders are to proceed at once to Volo on that steamer. She may leave at any moment. I cannot allow my private amusements to interfere with my duty to my paper.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Scornfully.*) Mr. Kirke Warren, you—are afraid to fight a duel! (*There is a long pause.*)

COPE.

(*With great dignity.*) Captain O'Malley, I don't believe in duelling, but no man ever questioned my courage, and got away with it. I am the challenged party, I believe?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You are.

COPE.

Then according to the code I have the choice of weapons?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You have.

COPE.

Very well; as I am equally good with either, I will choose— (*Looks thoughtfully at floor. Seeing the cinders, he winks at* ASHE, *then quickly withdraws his cigar and wets his left finger, touching the stage with it and putting it to his lips. He turns sternly upon* O'MALLEY.) Captain O'Malley, you have questioned my courage. Now, I'll make this duel simply a *test* of *your* courage and *mine.* Do you see those black specks between the planks of the wharf?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Yes.

COPE.

About an hour ago, when they were loading this gunpowder (*touches the keg on which he sits. Except* ZONYA, *all start*), the sling broke, and two kegs fell and burst open. This is one of them. Now, I am going to touch that off, and the first one of us that *jumps* is a coward.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Jumping back and pulling* ZONYA *with him.*) Stop! Stop! that's assassination!

COPE.

Hello, you jumped already. I haven't begun yet!

ASHE.

(*With mock terror.*) Mr. Warren, as your *second*, I protest!

COPE.

(*Sternly.*) Colonel, I must beg you not to interfere. Please withdraw to the end of the wharf—and take that deaf and dumb man with you.

ASHE.

No! I protest! You will *both* be killed!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Sneering.*) I think you are needlessly alarmed, Colonel. He has not the *courage* to do it.

ASHE.

(*Eagerly.*) I'll bet you twenty pounds, he *has*!

COPE.

Ah, Colonel, is that strictly in accordance with the code?

ASHE.

Perfectly correct, sir.

COPE.

Would it be etiquette for *me* to bet him twenty pounds, *too*?

ASHE.

No. For *you* to bet, would *not* be according to the code.

COPE.

Oh! Look out, then!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(Wildly.) *That* is *not* according to the code! That is suicide! Murder! I will not consent to it!

COPE.

In five seconds I am going to touch this off, you've still time to run. *(Looking at his watch on his wrist, he slowly lowers his cigar.)*

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Stop! I—I apologize! You're a brave man! It is an honor to fight a man like you. This is what I will do. *I* will go to Volo.

COPE.

All right. If you come to *Volo*, I'll fight you *there*, any way you please.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I will go beg my Colonel—for the honor of the Legion—to transfer me to this steamer. *(To* ASHE.) Colonel I, owe you twenty pounds. *(To* COPE.) You understand, we will fight in Volo.

COPE.

All right, but you'll have to hurry.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I'll not be long; if I get permission, I will *return* here—in twenty minutes. *(Exit dragging* ZONYA *with him.)*

COPE.

You came near *leaving* here in twenty pieces. *(*ASHE *and* COPE *come down stage, laughing.)* That, my son, is what we call strategy and tactics. I got rid of him, anyway—he can't get back here before the steamer leaves. *(Looks up and sees* GRACE *and* BLANCHE *left gang plank.)*

Ah, Miss Whitney, how do you do? How is the silver lining?

GRACE.

(*Looking at her frock.*) The silver lining?

COPE.

There's a silver lining to every cloud, and you are the silver lining to my cloud. Been inspecting the ship?

GRACE.

Yes. (*Bows to* ASHE.) I've been all over her with the Captain. He says we get away in half an hour.

COPE.

Good! We can't get away any too soon for *me*!

GRACE.

Of course, *you're* eager to be back of the firing line again.

COPE.

What? Oh, yes! (*Aside to* ASHE.) About five miles back of it. (*Aloud.*) Let's all have a cool and refreshing drink before we sail away. (*To* GRACE.) Won't you sit down? (GRACE *sits down right of table.*)

BLANCHE.

Not for me, thank you. (*Signals to* ASHE *to withdraw and leave* COPE *and* GRACE *together.*) I must see if my luggage is on board. Will you help me, Mr. Ashe?

ASHE.

(*Uncomprehending.*) Your luggage is all right. I saw it on board myself.

BLANCHE.

(*Frowning.*) Not *all* of it.

COPE.

No, not all of it. That—that green trunk with the brass nails, you didn't see that.

BLANCHE.

No, I'm *sure* he didn't see *that.*

COPE.

You see! *She's* sure too. You go look for it. And when you find it—I'll give you a drink. (*Aside.*) He's going to get awful thirsty. (*To Greek Girl.*) Some Scotch, please. (ASHE *and* BLANCHE *go up left gangway and exit.*) She's a nice girl. That was very kind of her to bring you out here, and then go away and leave us together.

GRACE.

(*Turning to look after them.*) Oh! why did they do that?

COPE.

Because they sympathize with me. Because all the world loves a lover—except the girl he's trying to marry.

GRACE.

No, all the world loves a hero.

COPE.

Meaning me? Miss Whitney, I am no hero. I'm just one of the—the "plain people." One of the plainest of the plain. (*Girl places drink on table, and returns to kiosk.*)

GRACE.

Heroes are always modest.

COPE.

Don't think of me as a hero. No man is a hero to his wife, and I want you to think of me as a wife should.

GRACE.

Mr. Warren——

COPE.

Schuyler, please. Warren is my pen name.

GRACE.

Well, Warren is quite good enough for me.

COPE.

I wish Schuyler was good enough for you.

GRACE.

I asked you not to speak of that.

COPE.

I didn't. I merely expressed my regret that the good old New York name of Copeland Schuyler was not worthy of your confidence.

GRACE.

I have every confidence in it, and in you. (*Looks about her anxiously.*) And I am going to prove it. I have wanted to do so for some time. Sit down, please. Mr. Schuyler, to a certain extent I have not been frank with you——

COPE.

That's all right! I have a few secrets of my own that I haven't——

GRACE.

You have paid me a high compliment, and I wish to show you I appreciate it.

COPE.

You are not going to tell me you are engaged to somebody else?

GRACE.

Oh, no!

COPE.

Go ahead, then. I don't care what it is.

GRACE.

For ten years before my father died we lived here in Greece. He was an archeologist, and for the last five years he made excavations around Volo. He was supposed to be digging for buried cities, statues, coins—but he was *not.*

COPE.

What was he digging for—his health?

GRACE.

That is his secret. (*Takes silk bag from her dress and removes small piece of yellow parchment.*)

COPE.

Now, you're sure you're not going to tell me you are engaged?

GRACE.

Please be serious. Have you ever heard of the lost pearls of Alcibiades?

COPE.

Why, yes, but no one——

GRACE.

For five years my father searched for that treasure. It is to continue his search that I came back to Greece. The treasure is known to consist of pearls. They were looted

during the war in Thessaly, and they were buried in a leather bag some place within a radius of *twenty miles of Volo.* It occurred to me that as a Red Cross nurse, going from camp to camp and from village to village, I might discover the whereabouts of the treasure, so I left the hospital and came here, partly to look after the wounded——

COPE.

I see! And partly to look after the treasure.

GRACE.

Yes. Now, as a war correspondent *you* will have even greater opportunities to move about, and I want you to go into partnership with me——

COPE.

I'll take you into partnership without *any* treasure. For life!

GRACE.

Please be serious.

COPE.

My dear Miss Whitney, I *can't* be serious about that treasure. How long do you suppose it would take me to dig up all the land within twenty miles of Volo?

GRACE.

(*Showing parchment.*) With this you need dig only five feet of land.

COPE.

What's that?

GRACE.

This tells us where the treasure is buried.

COPE.

(*Excitedly.*) The deuce it does! Hooray! Then we're all right!

GRACE.

Not quite. It's written in cipher. It's a sort of Delphic utterance, a riddle.

COPE.

And if you guess the riddle, do you get the treasure?

GRACE.

Yes.

COPE.

Let me guess. Go ahead.

GRACE.

(*Reads.*) "At the foot of the rainbow. Where all men are equal. Twenty feet in. Twenty feet to the left. Five feet up. Dig!"

COPE.

Go on!

GRACE.

That's all.

COPE.

It doesn't give us much to go on with. May I read it?

GRACE.

Certainly. (*Gives him paper.*)

COPE.

(*Reads.*) "At the foot of the rainbow." Now there, at the start, that's a very vague address. Rainbows are very uncertain. You have to be *quick* to catch a rainbow. That will take an awful lot of running about. And see here! "At the foot of the rainbow." Doesn't say *which* foot. *You'll* have to go after *one*, and I'll run for the *other*.

GRACE.

It doesn't mean a *real* rainbow. It means something arched, that resembles a rainbow, like a gateway to a temple, or the span of an aqueduct.

COPE.

Oh! I see. An archway. That's simpler. When we're going through railroad tunnels we must keep our eyes open. (*Reads.*) "At the foot of the rainbow. Where all men are equal." The place where all men are equal? That's the United States! Here! We're in the wrong country. We got to go back home.

GRACE.

No, no! That treasure was buried before America was discovered. That also is a metaphor; it's merely poetry.

COPE.

Well, why doesn't he say what he means? When you're looking for buried treasure you don't want poetry, you want facts. He's confoundedly *stingy* with his old treasure. "Where all men are equal." I've got it! There's *only one place* where all men are equal, and that's a graveyard! We've got to open up every grave in Greece.

GRACE.

That's not bad! That's a *good idea* of yours!

COPE.

(*Flattered.*) Why, it's really very simple—when you put your *mind* to it. (*Rises.*) Just see—just see how easy it works out. (*Reads from parchment.*) "At the foot of the rainbow." That is a curved archway leading into the place "where all men are equal." That is a cemetery. It says, "Twenty feet in." We pass through the

archway twenty feet into the graveyard. "Twenty feet on the left." We turn twenty feet to the left, and that *undoubtedly* brings us to the grave in which the treasure is buried! (*Reads.*) "Five feet up. Dig." Five feet *up*! (*Gazes above him—then at* GRACE.) How are you going to dig up in the air? (*Angrily.*) The man that wrote *that* didn't want us to *find* the treasure!

GRACE.

It's very confusing.

COPE.

It's insulting! The old Johnny that wrote that is probably lying in his grave, laughing himself to death. Think's he's done something clever. No wonder your father was five years at this.

GRACE.

You won't help me then?

COPE.

Indeed, I will help you! I am going to dig up every grave in Greece, if only to find where the man who wrote that is buried. When I've written what I think of him on his tombstone, he'll be sorry he *ever died.* (SYBIL *enters hurriedly at the centre. At sight of her, officers run down each gangway.* SYBIL *is a pretty, overdressed young woman, and carries a red parasol. In dumb show she speaks to the* SECOND OFFICER. *He points off centre. She shakes her head, crosses to* FIRST OFFICER, *who also points off centre. In spite of his attempt to stop her, she ascends left gang plank. While this goes on, the following dialogue takes place.*)

COPE.

(*Offering parchment.*) You had better keep this. It's *your* secret.

GRACE.

(*Taking parchment.*) That's been my secret for five years.

COPE.

(*Sententiously.*) The best way to keep a secret is not to have any to keep.

GRACE.

That's true.

COPE.

Not to have anything hidden in your life that you cannot declare openly to the world. My sentiments are— that a free man is a man— (*Turns and sees* SYBIL *ascending left gang plank.*)

FIRST OFFICER.

(*Aside to* COPE.) Is that the woman?

COPE.

(*Pushing officer up gangway.*) Yes! After her! Overboard! Drown her! (*To* GRACE.) My sentiments are— (ASHE *in terror rushes down left gang plank and up right gang plank.*)

ASHE.

Look out! Sybil!

COPE.

(*Aside.*) I know. (BLANCHE *runs down left gang plank and up right gang plank.*)

BLANCHE.

(*Warningly.*) Sybil!

GRACE.

What did she say?

COPE.

(*Agitated.*) She says that woman wants to meet me, but

I don't want to meet her, so I'm going to the hotel. I think that's a good plan to get rid of her.

GRACE.

(*Indignantly.*) *I* think it's a good plan to get rid of me. (*Exit up left plank.*)

COPE.

O Miss Whitney! how could you? (*Comes down to right of table.*) If Sybil finds out I'm pretending to be Kirke Warren, I'll *never* get to Volo. (SYBIL *descends left gang plank.*)

SYBIL.

Pardon me, sir. I am Mrs. Sybil Schwartz of Newark. (*Accusingly pointing her parasol.*) *You* are an American.

COPE.

(*Sullenly.*) I don't deny it. We can't all be born in New Jersey.

SYBIL.

(*Tearfully.*) I also am an American, far from home, in great trouble. The American war correspondents are sailing from this wharf. Have you met any of them?

COPE.

(*Explosively.*) Yes, I have, and I wish I hadn't! Excuse me, but I've—— (*Starts left.*)

SYBIL.

(*Appealingly.*) Stop! Don't leave me! I am a defenceless, unprotected girl, alone in a strange land. The moment I saw your face I said, "That is a kind face, that is the face of a man I can trust."

COPE.

Madam, you cannot judge by appearances. I am not a kind man.

SYBIL.

(*Coquettishly.*) Ah, yes, you are.

COPE.

I am not. I am not the sort of man a girl should be seen talking to. If I were to tell you my past, you would fly from me. (*Eagerly.*) Let me tell you my past?

SYBIL.

Nonsense! I can see that you are a good and kind gentleman.

COPE.

I tell you I am not. I am a villain. My very presence is an insult. Don't you feel that?

SYBIL.

No, I feel strangely drawn toward you. (*Pensively.*) Perhaps it is because we both are Americans.

COPE.

That's a silly reason. There are eighty million Americans. Why don't you feel drawn to some one else? (*Endeavoring to escape from her he crosses to ammunition boxes.*)

SYBIL.

(*Following him.*) Because you can help me. You can find out on which boat he is sailing!

COPE.

(*Exasperated.*) Kirke Warren isn't sailing on either of these boats.

SYBIL.

Kirke Warren! How did you know I meant Kirke Warren?

COPE.

(*In desperation.*) Why, you said yourself——

SYBIL.

I did not. What did I say?

COPE.

You said you were looking for an American named Kirke Warren.

SYBIL.

I never mentioned his name. Ah! (*She runs at* COPE, *threatening him with her parasol.*) *You* are in the plot to deceive me, too. You—you villain!

COPE.

(*From top of keg.*) I told you I was a villain.

SYBIL.

(*Shaking parasol.*) Now, you tell me for which port he is sailing. *You* know.

COPE.

I know I know, but I can't remember. I *think* he is sailing for Hong Kong.

SYBIL.

You *don't* think so.

COPE.

All right, I don't. I remember now, it was Calcutta.

SYBIL.

(*Brandishing parasol.*) It was not.

COPE.

You're right again, it was not. It was San Francisco.

SYBIL.

(*In a conciliatory tone.*) If I gave you a hundred dollars would it help you to remember? (*Opens purse.*)

COPE.

It wouldn't help me a bit. Wouldn't hurt me, but it wouldn't help me.

SYBIL.

Why do you shield *him*? Why don't you aid me?

COPE.

(*Mysteriously.*) I will! But you won't betray me. (SYBIL *eagerly shakes her head.*) Then, listen. (*Whispers.*) Until that boat sails he is hiding from you at the Grand Hotel.

SYBIL.

And when does that boat sail?

COPE.

At *one* thirty. (*Pushing her up stage.*) You've just time to catch him at the hotel.

SYBIL.

They *told* me at eleven thirty. (*Determinedly seating herself.*) I will wait for him here!

COPE.

(*Wildly.*) No, no, don't do that! (*He rubs out one of the numerals in the "eleven" chalked upon the board.*) She sails at *one* thirty. See. It says so. Now, hurry, or you may miss him.

SYBIL.

(*Rising.*) At the Grand Hotel.

COPE.

Yes. They'll tell you he isn't there. But don't you believe them. He is in room 13, on the second floor; if the door is locked, break it in! (*Aside.*) They'll arrest her! Hurrah!

SYBIL.

(*Shakes umbrella.*) You bet I'll break it in! No one can deceive me. (*She goes up stage and turns.*) And when I meet him, I only hope—I only *hope* I'll act like a lady. (*Exit centre.*)

COPE.

I'm sure I hope so too. (*Turns to right gangway.*) Hist! It's all right. Come out. (BLANCHE *and* ASHE *come cautiously down gangway.*)

BLANCHE.

Has she gone?

COPE.

Yes, no thanks to you. You helped me a lot, didn't you? You told me I must run away from Sybil, and then *you* ran away.

BLANCHE.

Where did she go?

COPE.

I sent her to look for Kirke Warren at the Grand Hotel. (*Thoughtfully.*) Heavens! I wonder *who* is in room 13.

ASHE.

What did she *say*?

COPE.

Say? (*To* BLANCHE.) She thinks you and your late husband have become *reconciled*, and are running away together. Is she in love with Kirke Warren?

BLANCHE.

Very much.

COPE.

And he's not in love with her?

BLANCHE.

Not at all.

COPE.

Oh, I see! Well, she shouldn't be allowed to be at large. Now I am going to the hotel to change into your husband's campaigning things, and if I'm not back here in *five minutes*, call out the entire police force.

ASHE.

Oh! you're all right now.

COPE.

(*Going up.*) It doesn't depend on me. It depends on Sybil. Let us all pray that Sybil will act like a lady. (*Exit centre.*)

BLANCHE.

There you are! Do you see? If he suspected for a moment that Sybil was engaged to Kirke Warren, you'd lose your correspondent at Volo and I'd lose two thousand dollars. He must not find out! (*Goes below kiosk, where she is hidden from those in the centre of the stage. To Girl.*) Give me another of those fizzy drinks. I feel faint.

ASHE.

(*Seating himself on box at left, with eyes front.*) I hate to deceive *Cope*. But if I can only get him safe on that transport and ship Kirke off on that one, I'll never deceive him again. And she'll follow them only over my dead body. (WARREN *enters mysteriously centre. He wears a pointed red beard and bristling mustache attached to an*

elastic band, a long shabby ulster, and his hat brim is pulled over his eyes. He does not see BLANCHE, *but glancing fearfully on either side approaches* ASHE *and touches him on the shoulder.*)

WARREN.

Have you seen her?

ASHE.

(*Startled.*) Heavens! Seen her, no! Who the devil are *you?*

WARREN.

Hawkshaw! the Detective! (*Pulls down the beard and mustache.*)

ASHE.

(*Indignantly.*) Kirke! You look like a bomb thrower.

WARREN.

Would you know me?

ASHE.

No, I wouldn't know you, but I know that a man with *black* hair doesn't have a *red* beard.

WARREN.

(*Disappointed.*) Yes. Yes, it does look odd.

ASHE.

It *certainly* looks *odd*!

WARREN.

(*Sadly.*) It was the last one in the shop. Well, it fooled Sybil, anyway.

ASHE.

(*Eagerly.*) You've seen her?

WARREN.

Seen her? Just now, as I walked on to this wharf, she almost ran right into my arms.

ASHE.

Did she know you?

WARREN.

Do you suppose she'd have run into my arms if she'd *known me.* I had a mighty close shave.

BLANCHE.

You don't look it, with that beard on.

WARREN.

What? Oh! (*Embarrassed.*) Oh, how do you do? Billy told me you were here. You're looking very well, Blanche.

BLANCHE.

I wish I could say as much for you, Kirke.

WARREN.

Would you know me?

BLANCHE.

If I did, I wouldn't *admit it.*

WARREN.

(*Bitterly.*) How like the old days that sounds! Blanche, this is no time for family rows. We're all in this together. And Billy tells me *you're* making two thousand dollars out of it. (*Takes off beard.*)

BLANCHE.

(*Defiantly.*) Well, if Mr. Schuyler wants to be Kirke Warren, he must pay Kirke Warren's debts.

WARREN.

I don't object to that. I don't object to his doing that. I only want to point out to you that our interests are *one*. (*Impressively.*) *I* mean to pay that alimony myself.

BLANCHE.

Of course you do!

WARREN.

(*Sweetly.*) As soon as I get the money, I'll give it *all* to you.

BLANCHE.

How like the old days *that* sounds! (WARREN *turns and angrily paces up stage.*)

ASHE.

Now, here, you two, try to remember you are no longer man and wife, and treat each other with politeness. We are all working together with the same object. To keep Sybil from finding out what we are doing.

WARREN.

And that *she's* what we are doing.

ASHE.

Exactly! (WARREN *comes down, keeping* ASHE *on his left,* BLANCHE *on his right.*)

WARREN.

(*Tragically.*) A half hour would have saved us! *Thirty minutes* would have saved us. If Sybil had arrived only half an hour later, Schuyler would have sailed to Volo, and I'd been on my way to Constantinople.

ASHE.

It *looked* like a splendid scheme.

WARREN.

Fate was against us. First *she* turned up! (*Points at* BLANCHE.) With all the places in the wide world to go to, *why* should she come to Athens, why wasn't she playing on the Casino roof garden——

BLANCHE.

Because they wouldn't put my photographs in the lobby. I said to him——

WARREN.

Never mind what you said to him! We don't want to hear what you said to him. *You're* fixed! Schuyler paid *you*. But as soon as we get you squared, Sybil turns up. And Sybil is *so* jealous! (ASHE *shakes his head in despair, and goes up stage.*)

BLANCHE.

Jealous! Do you know what she did when they put up my name in electric lights on Broadway, where a million people could see it every night? She said I did it to lure you back to me.

WARREN.

Well, it did lure me back, as far as the theatre.

BLANCHE.

(*Eagerly.*) Yes?

WARREN.

I had an idea you saw me that night. I was in the lower right-hand stage box. Did you?

BLANCHE.

Now, Kirke! If I could walk on the ceiling with my head down, and bow to my friends in the boxes, I'd be worth a thousand dollars a week. How did you *like* the new act?

WARREN.

Great! (BLANCHE *smiles with pleasure.*) Made *me* laugh.

BLANCHE.

(*Indignant.*) *Laugh!* It isn't meant to make you *laugh.* When you see a woman turn four somersaults in the air and strike on the back of her neck, does that make you laugh?

WARREN.

It does, if I'm paying her alimony.

BLANCHE.

(*Laughs and slaps him on the shoulder.*) Oh, you! You could always make *me* laugh.

ASHE.

(*Runs down excitedly.*) Hist! Get back! Get back! There's a big crowd coming. They mustn't see *you.* Put on that beard.

BLANCHE.

If he puts on that beard, he'll be the only person they *will* see.

WARREN.

But Sybil may be with them. (*Puts on beard and hides below kiosk with* BLANCHE *in front of him.*)

ASHE.

You wait there till they've gone away, then you can slip on board *your* ship. (ANSTRUTHER *enters, looking back right. Over one shoulder he wears a camera case, containing a camera. Over the other shoulder a fieldglass. From off right march music is heard.*)

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*To* ASHE.) I say, your young friend is getting a big reception. He's a national hero.

ASHE.

Who?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Kirke Warren.

WARREN.

(*To* BLANCHE.) What's that?

BLANCHE.

Hush!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

They're escorting him to our ship.

ASHE.

(*Nervously.*) Why? What's he done?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Well, judging from the row the Cretan volunteers are making, I should think he must have saved Crete.

ASHE.

Oh, yes! last year I believe he *was* with the Cretans.

WARREN.

(*To* BLANCHE.) *Believe* I was! *Six months hard fighting.*

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Well, they certainly appreciate it. Every Cretan volunteer has kissed him on both cheeks.

WARREN.

(*Laughing delightedly.*) Ha! ha! Serves him right, serves him right!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

And they've fairly smothered him with gifts and addresses. He had to make three speeches from the balcony of the hotel.

WARREN.

Of all the colossal nerve! (*Enter* GRIGGS *centre. He also wears a camera on a strap and a fieldglass and revolver in holster.*)

GRIGGS.

(*To* ANSTRUTHER.) I never saw such a thing in my life! I've been in ten campaigns, and no grateful nation ever gave *me* a silver service.

WARREN.

A what?

BLANCHE.

Hush!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Yes, it was very handsome. I'd rather have had the gold watch.

WARREN.

(*To* BLANCHE.) They give him a gold watch, and all I've got left is this ulster! (*Stevedore enters, carrying flowers, another carrying a basket of champagne and Boatswain carrying a second basket of champagne. Stevedores halt between the gang planks.*)

BOATSWAIN.

(*Points left.*) That's the ship. (*To* ANSTRUTHER.) For Mr. Warren. (*Stevedores followed by Boatswain go up left gang plank.*)

GRIGGS.

Look at the champagne they're giving him!

WARREN.

My champagne! (*He signals in dumb show to the stevedores to go to the other ship. To* BLANCHE.) He can *keep* the flowers. He's *welcome* to the *flowers*, but he might give me *one* bottle of my own champagne. (ASHE *writing eagerly on a piece of paper crosses to* WARREN. *As he does so* BLANCHE *crosses to* ANSTRUTHER *and* GRIGGS. *They talk in dumb show. She works up stage toward the left gang plank.*)

ASHE.

(*Eagerly to* WARREN.) I say, this makes a *great* story for the *paper*. You'll get a column on the front page.

WARREN.

And *he* gets the champagne and the gold watch. Can I *drink* a front page? Can I take a front page to Simpson's and *pawn* it? (*A band, discordantly playing "Hail to the Chief," enters right.* BLANCHE *runs up left gang plank.*)

BLANCHE.

(*Calling toward the left.*) Miss Whitney! Miss Whitney! Come! Come quick! (BLANCHE *waves her handkerchief to the band.* GRACE *appears above her. Boatswain and sailors line the rail.* FIRST OFFICER *stands above* BLANCHE *and* GRACE, *at top of gang plank.* COPE *enters carried on the shoulders of four Cretans, surrounded by many others. In his right hand he waves his hat, in his left a Greek flag. He now wears a khaki uniform with leather leggings, a revolver, fieldglass, and canteen, and sabretache. He attempts to bow to* GRACE, *and losing his balance pitches forward. He is caught and set straight by the Cretans. They place him on his feet on the table.*)

ASHE.

Three cheers for Kirke Warren, the Cretan patriot! (*All cheer. When the cheers subside* WARREN *groans.* COPE *hands flag to Greek Girl in charge of kiosk, who stands behind table, and when the crowd cheers waves it.*)

COPE.

(*His manner now is assured and triumphant.*) Fellow-warriors! Fellow-comrades! Again I thank you. (GRIGGS, ANSTRUTHER, *and* ASHE *stand at the footlights, their backs to the audience, with their cameras pointed at* COPE.) My heart bleeds— (*He sees the cameras.*) Wait, wait, boys! Wait till I say "Up and at 'em!" (*He adjusts his hat, pulls his revolver to his right hip, and strikes an attitude.*) "Up and at 'em!" (*The three cameras click in unison.*) Did you get it? (ASHE, ANSTRUTHER, *and* GRIGGS *put away cameras and stand against table with backs turned to it.*) My heart bleeds when I look at your battle-scared—*scarred*, not scared. (*To* ASHE.) Write it down battle-*scarred*. (*To the Cretans.*) When I look at your battle-*scarred* countenances I remember that together we slept under the same stars and drank from the same canteen! But now, under the same flag, the North and the South, the gray and the blue— (ASHE *pulls at his coat.*) Gosh! That's the wrong speech! Men of Athens, remember the victories of ancient Greece—remember Marathon!

CRETANS AND GREEKS.

(*Cheering.*) *Zito! Zito!*

COPE.

Remember Thermopylæ!

GREEKS.

Zito! Zito! (ASHE, *who is writing down the speech,*

pulls his coat and whispers to him. COPE *stoops and whispers.*)

COPE.

T-h-e-r, Ther, m-o-p, mop, a, i—wait! T-h-e-r-m-o-p—Can you spell Alcibiades? (ASHE *nods.*) I'll tell them to remember Alcibiades. (*Aloud.*) And also *remember Alcibiades!* (*Cheers.*) And I ask you—*what* has the Republican party ever done for Greece?

GREEKS.

Zito! Zito! (*Steamboat whistle blows.* ANSTRUTHER *and* GRIGGS *go on board ship.*)

FIRST OFFICER.

All aboard! Clear away the gang plank!

COPE.

(*To* FIRST OFFICER.) Stop that boat! How dare you! Don't you start that boat till I finish my speech. Leave that gangway where it is. (WARREN *comes directly below table, next to* ASHE.) Fellow-warriors! One word in farewell. When I am gone, do not forget me. Do not forget those days in Crete when through shot and shell we charged Selino Pass.

WARREN.

(*Prompting indignantly.*) Suda! Suda Pass!

COPE.

Suda Pass. (*Aside to* WARREN.) Thank you. (*Aloud.*) And though the odds were twenty to one against us, we stormed those hills and with our bare hands seized the Heights of Prevassa.

"Men of Athens! Remember Marathon! And I ask you—what has the Republican party ever done for Greece?"

WARREN.

(*Correcting.*) Pharsala.

COPE.

Pharsala! Not Prevassa. The Heights of Pharsala! It was there—while leading that gallant charge—that your unworthy commander fell—shot through the leg. (*There is a sympathetic chorus of exclamation.*)

WARREN.

The ribs! The lower right ribs.

COPE.

The leg, gentlemen, the right leg. (*To* ASHE.) I guess I ought to know where I was shot. (*To Cretans.*) In the leg. And I only wish I had twenty legs to give to Crete. (*To* ASHE.) And to help me to run away. (*Cheers. During cheers* COPE *stoops and addresses* WARREN.) Are you making this speech or am I? What do *you* know about it? Were you *there?*

WARREN.

I certainly *was* there.

COPE.

Where? At—that place I said I was.

WARREN.

Certainly!

COPE.

That's different. (*To the Cretans.*) Not only in the leg, gentlemen, but in my ribs also. (*During the cheers turns to* WARREN.) What were *you* doing there?

WARREN.

(*Furious.*) You've just been telling them what I was doing there?

ASHE.

Don't you know who he is?

COPE.

No! But I know what Kirke Warren did in Crete.

ASHE.

But this *is* Kirke Warren!

COPE.

What? No, no! Ho, ho! (*Shrieks with laughter. Seizes* WARREN *by the collar and lifts him to table.*) Come up here and let me introduce you. No, come! (*To Cretans.*) Fellow-warriors! I have just found an old comrade! He was with *me* in Crete. He fought bravely, too. I, Kirke Warren, say so! He and I together are going to face the Turks shoulder to shoulder, fearing no man, fearing no thing, facing the world.

BLANCHE.

(*From deck of transport points up wharf and calls frantically.*) Look out! Sybil!!! (SYBIL *appears at centre.*)

WARREN.

Sybil! (*He leaps off table, crawls under it, and on his hands and knees peers from beneath it between the legs of* ASHE.)

COPE.

Sybil! We're lost! (*Shouts to* FIRST OFFICER.) Start your boat! Start your boat! Haul in that drawbridge! (*The gangway is hauled up about four feet above the stage. To Cretans.*) Comrades, carry your wounded commander to that gangway! (*He turns and drops on the shoulders of the Cretans, who rush him across to the gang plank.* SYBIL *attacks him with her parasol.*)

SYBIL.

You deceived me! He wasn't at the Grand Hotel. He's on this ship going to Volo—and I'm going with him. (COPE *stands upon gang plank which is now higher than* SYBIL'S *head, a whistle for departure blows violently, the boat slowly moves from the wharf.*)

COPE.

Not on this boat! This boat is full up. Take the next boat—in October.

SYBIL.

I'll meet you in Volo. (*Enter* O'MALLEY, *running, his arms filled with baggage, followed by seven brother officers in uniforms similar to his own.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Hold the boat! Hold the boat! I'm going with you. Here is my permit!

COPE.

Too late, Captain! Take the next boat

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You are running away! I'll fight you in Volo! (O'MALLEY *and each of his brother officers draws his sword and shakes it at* COPE.)

COPE.

Sybil, you come with him. He's coming to Volo, too. O'Malley, this is Sybil; Sybil, this is O'Malley and his seven big brothers. I'll meet you *all* at Volo!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

The scene shows the hall of an inn in the mountains of Greece. It is bare and cheerless like the interior of a monastery or a fortress. The walls, as shown by the doors and windows, are two feet thick, and are covered with a rough gray cement. The woodwork of doors, windows, furniture, and the beams and rafters of the ceiling, which is low, are of black oak. The floor cloth is painted to represent round flat stones, sunk in the earth. In the rear wall to the right is a door, heavily studded with iron work. The hinges are toward the right. To the left of the door is a long, low window, with a deep window-seat and small square leaded panes. On a string across the window are hung old faded curtains of Turkey red. In the right wall are two entrances. The lower is an arched corridor leading to a dark hall. Between the corridor and upper door is a black-oak dresser, or sideboard. Upon it are lighted candles, two large pewter plates, and a framed picture of King George of Greece.

In the left wall are two doors, and in the centre of the wall projecting from it an immense fireplace. It rests upon a hearth raised a few inches above the stage, and it runs up into a hood. On its mantel are set two iron candlesticks, with lighted candles. Directly in front of the fire is a table, with two chairs right and left. On the table is a lighted lantern with sides of rusty tin, papers, ink, goose-

quill pens, a Turkish coffee pot of brass and a brass coffee cup, and a blue-print map, a corner of which hangs over the edge of the table. A third chair is in front of lower door right. Beneath the window is a broad bench. Before the fire is set a three-legged stool, a brass jug filled with water, two long iron pokers and iron andirons.

COLONEL OSTAH *is discovered, seated at the table with back to the fire, smoking a cigarette and writing. He is an imposing-looking man, with a fierce black beard parted in the middle, brushed to each side, and cut off square two inches below the chin. He wears uniform, sword, and boots. His fez is set upon the lower left corner of the table. The* INNKEEPER *stands above the fireplace nervously watching* OSTAH. *Outside lightning flashes and one hears the sound of rain and thunder. A* SENTRY, *with hood over his face and gun on shoulder, passes the windows.* OSTAH, *with eyes still fixed on what he has written, lifts coffee cup and sips it, then makes a wry face.*

COL. OSTAH.

Here, you Greek brigand, this coffee is cold!

INNKEEPER.

(*Alarmed.*) O Excellency!

COL. OSTAH.

Take it away! If I shoot you, it will not be because you are a Greek, but because you are so bad a cook. Put that on the fire.

INNKEEPER.

Yes, Excellency. (*Places pot on ashes and sits on stool watching it.*)

SENTRY.

(*Outside.*) Halt! who goes there? (SERGEANT *coming from left is seen passing window.*)

SERGEANT.

Sergeant of the guard! (*He enters centre, carrying a lantern. His fez is enveloped in the hood of his rain coat. He salutes and stands at attention.* OSTAH *looks up, and then continues to write.*)

COL. OSTAH.

Well?

SERGEANT.

We have taken two prisoners for the Colonel. *Englishmen.*

COL. OSTAH.

Englishmen! The Foreign Legion?

SERGEANT.

No, Colonel. I think, spies.

COL. OSTAH.

Spies! From which direction did they come?

SERGEANT.

From the *Greek* lines along the road from Volo.

COL. OSTAH.

Where were they going?

SERGEANT.

They were coming to this inn. They think it still is held by the *Greek* soldiers. When I challenged, one of them waved a Greek flag, and sang.

COL. OSTAH.

Sang?

SERGEANT.

He thought he had found friends. He was happy.

COL. OSTAH.

Do they still think this— Fall back. (CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER *enters. He wears a rain coat; the water drips from it and from his slouch hat, which he beats against his leg.*)

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Good evening, or good morning, rather. Do you speak English?

COL. OSTAH.

Yes.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Good! It's a beastly night, isn't it? (*Sees fez on table. There is a slight pause while he regards it.*) Is that yours?

COL. OSTAH.

(*Placing fez on head.*) It is.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Glances about room.*) Are you a prisoner here?

COL. OSTAH.

I am in *command* here.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

The devil! (*Gives a short laugh.*) They told us this was the most advanced post of the *Greek* army.

COL. OSTAH.

It was—until I captured it.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Interested.*) Indeed! Did you have much of a fight? Many casualties? (OSTAH *remains silent.*) They didn't defend the position, then? (OSTAH *still remains silent.*) Oh, very well! I assure you my interest was entirely *professional.* Personally—I don't care what happens to you. (*Turns his back on* OSTAH *and walks right.*)

COL. OSTAH.

Perhaps you will be more interested in what is going to happen to yourself.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Coldly.*) *Nothing* is going to happen to me. I am a *Times* correspondent, accredited to the Greek army. (*Takes paper from his breast pocket and hands it to* OSTAH.) And I must ask you to permit me to return to it—at once.

COL. OSTAH.

When I have time I will examine you, and if you are a spy, as you may be—I may hang you. (COPE *is heard without, singing "Dixie."*)

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Oh, no! pardon *me.* That man—(*nods off*)—and I are noncombatants. You can't touch us. (COPE *crosses in front of window, waving a Greek flag.*)

COL. OSTAH.

(*Angrily.*) If your friend is a noncombatant, why does he carry a Greek flag?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Confound him! I don't know! Because he's a crazy American. That's the only way I can explain *anything*

that man does. (COPE *enters centre waving a damp Greek flag in front of his eyes, and singing "Dixie." Two Greek soldiers follow him and halt at door.* COPE *wears a long khaki rain coat, which is spattered with mud and rain. He marches straight down, turns sharply in military fashion to the left and sees* OSTAH. *He hides the flag behind him.*)

COPE.

(*Falling back in alarm upon* ANSTRUTHER.) That—that man's a Turk!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Coldly.*) Yes, and if you look behind you you'll see some more Turks. (*On turning to look at soldiers the flag* COPE *holds behind him comes within reach of* OSTAH, *who seizes it and throws it to* INNKEEPER.)

COPE.

(*Taking out notebook.*) Another Turkish victory! (*Writes and reads aloud.*) "Brave Turkish Colonel captures Greek flag single-handed"—when the other man's back was turned. (*To* OSTAH.) Now I've made a hero of you. When they read *that* in Constantinople they'll send you eight medals. (*To* ANSTRUTHER, *angrily.*) You told me this *was a Greek* outpost. (SERGEANT *crosses at back of stage to centre door and exit with the two soldiers.*)

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

It *was* when I told you.

COPE.

Are you going to stay here?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Looks very like it.

COPE.

I'm not! (*To* OSTAH, *cheerfully.*) Well, as you see, Colonel, we've called up the wrong number. And so, thanking you for your kind hospitality, I'll ring off and try another address. (*Starts hurriedly toward centre.*) So glad to have met you. *Good* morning.

COL. OSTAH.

Come here!

COPE.

I beg your pardon?

COL. OSTAH.

Come here! I have not done with you.

COPE.

What *can* you do with me?

COL. OSTAH.

If you are a spy—I can hang you! (COPE *runs his hand into his hip pocket. At this* OSTAH *half draws his sword.*) Hold up your hands! (COPE *keeps his hand in his pocket and scowls at* OSTAH.) Hold—up—your—hand! (COPE *turns his eyes from* OSTAH *and looking ahead of him draws a cigarette case from his hip pocket, and takes a cigarette. Then, as though suddenly recalling* OSTAH'S *presence, offers him the box.*)

COPE.

I beg your pardon, have one?

COL. OSTAH.

No.

COPE.

They're *Turkish*!

COL. OSTAH.

No. (OSTAH *returns to chair in front of fireplace and examines paper given by* ANSTRUTHER.)

COPE.

(*To* ANSTRUTHER, *mysteriously.*) Did you ever read of the Turkish atrocities?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Yes.

COPE.

(*Offering cigarettes.*) That's what these are. Try one? (*Sees arch at lower right.*) Heavens! (*Studies it closely.*) By Jove!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

What's the matter?

COPE.

Nothing! nothing! Now, that arch—to you—is there anything about that arch that suggests a—rainbow?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Certainly not!

COPE.

No? Those six half circles—don't they resemble the curves of a rainbow?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

This is the twentieth time you've asked me if a stone arch didn't resemble a rainbow.

COPE.

I know. Everywhere I look, I see a rainbow.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Then, the next time I looked, I'd see a doctor. (ANSTRUTHER *crosses to table, facing* OSTAH. COPE *goes to*

arch, and placing one foot before the other paces off the ground from it, then turning left toward door centre.)

COL. OSTAH.

Halt! You can't leave this room. You're a prisoner!

COPE.

(*Embarrassed.*) Oh! Oh, so I am! I forgot! (ANSTRUTHER *crosses left to* COPE.)

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

You see, we *are* prisoners. I *told* you to wait till daylight.

COPE.

You *told* me this was a Greek outpost. I didn't want those women to sleep all night in the rain. I thought if we pushed on ahead we could get food. You said this was an *inn*. You didn't tell me it was a *prison*.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Serves me right! The *Times* doesn't pay me to act as chaperone for Red Cross nurses.

COPE.

I didn't invite them! The Government sent them.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

You were glad enough to have them join us.

COPE.

Well, I don't want them to join us now. You go talk to him, and I'll try to get a message back to them by old Petticoats over there.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Doubtfully.* All right, I'll try. (ANSTRUTHER *moves toward table.* COPE *starts up as though to cross to fireplace above the table.* SERGEANT *enters hurriedly.*)

SERGEANT.

Colonel, I have taken three more prisoners, two women and a man.

COPE.

(*To* ANSTRUTHER.) It's too late, he's bagged the lot of us. (BLANCHE *and* GRACE *enter hurriedly, wearing capes over their nurses' dresses. They speak with great vivacity, cutting in on each other's words.*)

BLANCHE.

Here we are, boys, home at last!

GRACE.

Oh, isn't this fine! *Have* you got *anything* to eat?

BLANCHE.

We're not hungry any more, we're merely—dying.

GRACE.

And we had to swim all the way.

BLANCHE.

And it was so dark Mr. Griggs fell off his horse three times.

GRACE.

Yes, and she helped him on again.

BLANCHE.

And he kicked me on the knee.

COPE.

Griggs?

BLANCHE.

No, the horse. I am going to have him shot in the morning.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Who? Griggs?

GRACE.

No, the horse.

COPE.

What have you done with Griggs?

BLANCHE.

Heavens! Where *did* I lose that man?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

He's all right! Here he is! (*Enter* GRIGGS, *very muddy, wet, and angry. Two soldiers enter, carrying the kits and outfits of the three correspondents. They consist of three holdalls or saddlebags, three canteens, three kodaks. They place two of these sets on the bench in front of the window, and the articles belonging to Griggs on chair lower right.*)

GRIGGS.

Yes, here I am! (*Coughs violently.*) No *thanks* to *you*, sir! Leaving me alone in that storm to protect these ladies. Where were you? *I* saved their lives—*three* times, and I was in a swollen torrent—up to my ankles!

COPE.

Your ankles? That's not very deep, Governor.

GRIGGS.

But I was head first, sir—head first. Confound the Turks, I say!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Hush, hush!

GRIGGS.

I've been in ten wars, and I——

COPE.

(*Pointing at* OSTAH.) Hush, hush!

GRIGGS.

Don't say "hush, hush," to *me*!

COPE.

Well, be quiet, then!

GRIGGS.

Be quiet! Upon my word! Why should I— (*Turns and sees* OSTAH.) Who the devil are *you*, sir? (GRACE *and* BLANCHE *also turn and for the first time see* OSTAH.)

GRACE.

Oh! Look!

BLANCHE.

Gee! It's the Terrible Turk!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*To* GRIGGS.) This place has been taken by a Turkish patrol.

COPE.

Is *he* a Turkish patrol? Why, I know that. That's the national anthem. (*He hums the "Turkish Patrol."* BLANCHE *joins him.*)

GRIGGS.

Stop that! Do you want to insult the officer?

BLANCHE.

Insult him? That's a compliment. We were singing the national anthem. Does he speak English? *(Advances timidly toward* OSTAH.) Do you speak English?

COL. OSTAH.

To a charming woman, I can speak in any language.

BLANCHE.

He speaks very good English.

COL. OSTAH.

I should do so. My brother, Ostah Bey, is in our legation in America.

COPE.

Oh! is *he* your brother? *I* know your brother. (*To* BLANCHE.) You know his brother, that tall man with the—looks like him.

BLANCHE.

Oh, is *he* your brother—such a handsome man, too. Are you a twin?

COPE.

I saw your brother only last month on Broadway. He was rolling a cigarette—in a shop window. Whenever I see your brother, he's always rolling cigarettes.

COL. OSTAH.

I—I am Colonel Ostah; my brother is Ostah Bey.

BLANCHE.

That's the one I know, Oyster Bay.

COL. OSTAH.

I am sorry that I am forced to make war upon the friends of my brother.

COPE.

Nonsense! What's a little thing like a *war* between *friends?* We've no hard feelings toward you, *have* we, ladies? (*Aside.*) Go on, girls; be nice to him. He may give us something to eat.

COL. OSTAH.

(*Handing papers back to* ANSTRUTHER.) Your credentials are quite correct, Captain Anstruther. (*To* COPE.) You, also, have papers, I suppose?

COPE.

Right here, Colonel. (*Takes papers from sabretache and presents them.*)

COL. OSTAH.

(*Comes down below table. To* GRACE.) And you. What is *your* business with the army?

GRACE.

I'll show you my passport. (*Throws back her cloak, revealing her nurse's uniform.* BLANCHE *does the same. Each reaches into side pocket of skirt for passport.*)

COL. OSTAH.

(*Salutes the Red Cross badge.*) Pardon me! It is unnecessary.

GRACE.

(*Holding paper toward him.*) You don't wish to see it?

COL. OSTAH.

The Red Cross, madam, is a free passport in even my country. (*Touches his right hand lightly to his heart,*

lips, and forehead. GRACE *bows.)* May I offer you some food?

ALL.

Food! (*All rush at him. He retreats before them.*)

COPE.

Can you offer us any food? I *dare* you to do it!

BLANCHE.

We haven't had a thing to eat since dinner time last night.

COPE.

And at dinner time there wasn't any *dinner.*

COL. OSTAH.

(*To* INNKEEPER.) Show the prisoners your kitchen. What you find there, ladies—is yours.

GRACE AND BLANCHE.

Oh, thank you! thank you! (GRACE *and* INNKEEPER *exeunt upper left.* ANSTRUTHER *picks up his saddlebag from bench and follows.* GRIGGS *opens cooking kit on chair right.*)

COL. OSTAH.

You will have to cook it yourselves.

GRIGGS.

Why waste time cooking it, eat it *raw.* (COPE *takes off belt from which hangs sabretache and revolver, and places it with hat and gauntlets at upper right end of table. Then opens his cooking kit at right of table.* BLANCHE *is at left of table.*)

BLANCHE.

I want to cook something. I'm *great* with a chafing dish. Did you bring a chafing dish?

COPE.

No, I *didn't*. Wasn't that careless of me? But I brought a grand piano. How are you with a piano?

BLANCHE.

Oh! very well, then. I *won't* cook. (*Exit upper left.*)

COL. OSTAH.

I am going to visit our outposts. Remember, you and your friends are prisoners; if you attempt to leave this building, the sentries will shoot you.

COPE.

Is *that* all that's worrying you? You could set fire to this house, and as long as there's anything in it to *eat*, *we* won't leave it.

COL. OSTAH.

(*To* SERGEANT.) Sergeant, place men outside of each door! (SERGEANT *salutes and exit centre. Sternly to* COPE.) Remember! (*Exit centre.*)

COPE.

He asks me to *remember*. Am I likely to forget? That sounds like a song. (*Sings.*) "He asks me to remember, am I likely to forget?" With four sentries outside the door, *I* won't forget. (GRACE *enters upper left with large loaf of brown bread, a carving knife, and cheese on a tin plate. Her sleeves are rolled up, and she has removed her bonnet.*) Ah! Bread *and* cheese, *and*—are you going to make sandwiches?

GRACE.

Yes. (*Places bread and plate upper end of table and cuts slices; as she does so she eats pieces of bread and cheese ravenously.* COPE *takes water bottle and coffee cup from kit bag and lifts water bottle.*)

COPE.

And I'll make the coffee. See here, Griggs, you borrowed this last. What's become of all the Scotch whiskey in my water bottle?

GRIGGS.

(*Moving to upper left.*) My dear boy, it evaporated.

COPE.

Then you'd better evaporate—quick! (*Hurls kodak case at him.* GRIGGS *exit upper left.*) That man borrows everything, and the only thing he *loans* you is a corkscrew when *you've* paid for the bottle. Is there any hot water in that can? This holds very little coffee for five people. (*Goes to fireplace, pours hot water from can into coffee pot.* BLANCHE *enters, grinding the handle of a photograph-developing machine.*)

BLANCHE.

Mr. Warren, may we borrow your developing machine—to beat up the eggs?

COPE.

No, you may not! It isn't good for *photographs*, and it would *spoil* the eggs.

BLANCHE.

You *can't* spoil *these* eggs. (*Exit upper left.*)

GRACE.

I can't understand why an old campaigner like you doesn't know how to cook coffee.

COPE.

I *do* know how to cook coffee.

GRACE.

That coffee this morning!

COPE.

That coffee would have been all right if Griggs hadn't left his shaving brush in the coffee pot. I admit—between wars—I *do* forget a few things.

GRACE.

I should say you did. In those two last fights you took forty photographs and never remembered to take the cap off the camera.

COPE.

I know. (*Sadly.*) You don't think much of me as a war correspondent, do you?

GRACE.

Yes, I do! I do, indeed! At that fight at Muenna Pass I watched you. If it hadn't been for *you*, those men would have *run* away.

COPE.

Yes, and if I hadn't seen you watching me, *this* man would have run away.

GRACE.

That's like you. You're so modest, too.

COPE.

I beg your pardon?

GRACE.

Yes, you are. Now, Mr. Griggs is always telling what he did in this campaign and that campaign; but I've never heard you speak one word of any war in which you've taken part. (*Cope, embarrassed, hastily stirs coffee.*)

COPE.

Oh! don't let's talk about war. Let's change the subject.

GRACE.

Whenever I want to talk about wars, *you* change the subject.

COPE.

Let's talk about your buried treasure.

GRACE.

I wish it *were* my buried treasure. It's still just as far away as the rainbow is.

COPE.

And it isn't because we don't look for it, is it?

GRACE.

No.

COPE.

That secret cipher, that riddle, runs in my head all day! I've set it to music. (*Chants*):

At the foot of the rainbow,
Where all men are equal,
Twenty feet in,
Twenty feet left,
Five feet up—DIG!

Sounds like a college yell, "Five feet up, D-I-G!" As for rainbows, since I started looking for rainbows, it hasn't rained once in Greece except at *midnight*.

GRACE.

You certainly have *tried*. Now that idea of yours that "the place where all men are equal" meant a *monastery*—that was a *great* idea; that should have led to something.

COPE.

It did! It led to the monks throwing me out of five monasteries. I can't think of anything else. Now, there is an arch— (*Points at arched doorway into corridor lower right.*) Why shouldn't *that* arch be what they mean by the rainbow— "Twenty feet in, twenty feet left." (*Walks to doorway, turns and crosses left, taking elaborate steps.*) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven— (OSTAH *enters centre.* COPE *at sight of him breaks into a dance. To Grace.*) See what I mean? Pretty, isn't it?

GRACE.

Very.

COL. OSTAH.

What are you doing? (ANSTRUTHER, GRIGGS, INNKEEPER, BLANCHE, *enter from kitchen.* BLANCHE *comes to fireplace carrying a small iron pot, which she hangs on the crane.* INNKEEPER, *carrying a wooden dish filled with unpeeled potatoes, follows her, and places dish lower left end of table, then exit.* ANSTRUTHER *and* GRIGGS *remain up.*)

COPE.

I was showing this lady a new dancing step. (*Crosses to* GRACE.) I'll investigate that arch later.

COL. OSTAH.

(*To* ANSTRUTHER *and* GRIGGS.) I wish to speak with you—and you. (*They all go into room upper right.*)

BLANCHE.

We've got the makings of a great mutton stew here. Everything found we put in it. Can you peel potatoes?

GRACE.

Yes, indeed!

BLANCHE.

Well, cut these in pieces and drop them in here. (*Points to iron pot.* GRACE *comes down to chair left of table, takes dish on her lap and peels potatoes.* BLANCHE *to* COPE.) O Mr. Warren! Mr. Griggs says you'll lend us one of your razors to peel the potatoes; will you?

COPE.

These razors are no good for peeling potatoes. Ever since Griggs opened a sardine box with them, they're only good for shaving.

GRACE.

(*To Cope.*) *You* cut the sandwiches—Miss Bailey can take care of the coffee. (*Cope goes up top of table and cuts bread, but keeps his eyes fixed on* GRACE, *who peels the potatoes.* BLANCHE *stirs the soup in iron pot.*)

COPE.

I call this great fun. It reminds me of our Welsh rarebit suppers. Now, if we only had a little music, it would be just like Sunday nights at the flat. Won't some lady or gentleman oblige? Well, since you *insist*, *I* will oblige. Mr. Kirke Warren will oblige. (*Applauds himself.*) Now, what shall it be? Something we can all sing? I want a little close harmony, here. Do you know "She Lives in Alabama"? Yes, you do. (*Sings.*)

"She lives in Alabama, far away, far away,
There's where my heart is to-day."

"Why don't you sing?"

Pom, pom, pom, pom— (*To* GRACE and BLANCHE.) Why don't you sing? (*They both sing.*)

"There my heart is ever turning,
And for one sweet girl I'm yearning—
Who lives in Alabama, far away."

(*They repeat. Enter* ANSTRUTHER, GRIGGS, OSTAH. ANSTRUTHER *touches* COPE *on arm.* GRACE *and* BLANCHE *continue to sing and hum, "She lives in Alabama," each engrossed in her work.*)

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*In a whisper.*) Listen! this blackguard has found out from his spies that the Greeks intend to attack this place at daybreak with artillery. I told him, if that were so, he must remove his prisoners—anyway, the women. He says that he will not, but that he will let one of us go to the Greek commander and warn him there are women and prisoners in this building.

COPE.

But he *can't* risk the lives of these women to shield himself! He can't *do it*!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

I know he can't do it, but he's *going* to do it. There is no use wasting time *talking* about it. Now, one of us has got to go.

COPE.

Do you want me to go?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

We'll draw lots for it. The *one* that draws the *broken* match—*goes*. (ANSTRUTHER *takes box of safety matches*

from his pocket, selects three, bites one in two, holds the three ends between thumb and forefinger. Outside there is a long rumble like thunder. OSTAH *comes down on right of* GRIGGS. GRIGGS *is on right of* ANSTRUTHER. ANSTRUTHER *to right of* COPE.)

BLANCHE.

Oh, listen! Is that artillery, Captain Anstruther?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

No, *thunder*, I think. (*To* COPE.) Those are the siege guns on Kania Pass. We've got to hurry. (*He nods toward* OSTAH.) He will give the man who goes a free escort out of his lines. But he must go blindfolded, and after that the man must take his chances. You understand, if you go, you will be under a double fire all the way? (COPE *nods impatiently.*)

COL. OSTAH.

The man who is chosen will not *live* to go all the way.

GRIGGS.

Then there *still* will be two more of us left to go.

COPE.

Hello! are you in this raffle, Griggs? (*Holds out his hand.*) Good for you! Good old Griggs!

BLANCHE.

Mr. Warren, why don't you cut those sandwiches?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Warningly to* COPE.) Hush!

COPE.

(*Crosses to table. To* ANSTRUTHER.) That's all right. (*To* BLANCHE.) I beg your pardon, I forgot the sandwiches. (*Begins cutting bread with eyes fixed on* GRACE.)

BLANCHE.

You haven't forgotten you're hungry, have you?

COPE.

Well, I *do* seem to have lost my appetite. Maybe I'm frightened. Maybe I'm in love. (*Looks at* GRACE.)

GRACE.

(*Hurriedly.*) Now, then, Miss Bailey, a little more close harmony, please. We missed your tenor, Mr. Warren. (GRACE *and* BLANCHE *sing "She lives in Alabama."* COPE, *while covertly watching* GRIGGS, *joins in the singing.* GRIGGS *draws a long match and shrugs his shoulders. With the two remaining matches* ANSTRUTHER *crosses to* COPE. COPE *first glances to see that the women are not looking and with* ANSTRUTHER *moves to centre. There he quickly draws the broken match, and with a smile throws it on the stage, returning to upper end of table; buckles on his belt, picks up hat and gloves, and quickly crosses to centre door.* OSTAH, GRIGGS, ANSTRUTHER *stand down stage with backs to audience watching him. At door he turns and takes a long look at Grace, with a smile salutes the men, and exit. The three men salute gravely.*)

SERGEANT.

(*Calling.*) Pass the American correspondent!

SENTRY.

(*Outside door.*) Pass the American correspondent.

GRACE.

(*Turns.*) Why, where has Mr. Warren gone?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Crossing left.*) Oh—he's going to his pony; he left something on his saddle.

BLANCHE.

(*Cheerfully.*) Isn't that *just* like him? And he hasn't cut those sandwiches!

SENTRY.

(*At a greater distance.*) Pass the American correspondent. (GRIGGS *crosses to table.* CAPTAIN MOUZAFFER *enters hurriedly centre. He salutes* OSTAH *and hands him a paper, and whispers.* OSTAH *glances at papers.* MOUZAFFER *exit centre.*)

COL. OSTAH.

You must all leave the room. Carry your supper in the kitchen. (*To* ANSTRUTHER.) We have just taken some important prisoners. I want this room cleared. (GRIGGS, GRACE, ANSTRUTHER, *and* BLANCHE *hastily gather up coffee, sandwiches, iron pot, potatoes.*)

BLANCHE.

Look here! don't you take too many prisoners or there won't be enough food to *go round.* Bring the sandwiches. Don't forget the coffee, Griggs. (ANSTRUTHER *and* GRACE *exeunt upper left.*) Hurry now! before these other prisoners make us divide. (*Exit upper left.*)

GRIGGS.

Oh, I say, we mustn't do that! (*Runs off upper left.*)

COL. OSTAH.

Go on, sir, go on! (OSTAH *returns to chair behind table. Enter* MOUZAFFER, SERGEANT, O'MALLEY, *and* SYBIL.

She is dishevelled and sobbing. O'Malley *and* Ostah *salute.*) You can sit down, madam. (Sybil *sits chair right.* O'Malley *stands to left of it, fiercely twisting his mustache. To* Mouzaffer.) Where are the woman's passports?

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

She says she lost them. (Sybil *sobs.*)

COL. OSTAH.

(*Incredulously.*) Lost them? That will do, Captain. (Mouzaffer *salutes and exit centre.* Ostah *bends his head over* O'Malley's *papers.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Soothingly.*) Don't cry! don't cry! I can't bear to see you cry.

SYBIL.

I can't help it. Oh! why did I *ever* leave Newark?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

If you had never left New-ark, I'd never have met the loveliest creature in the world.

SYBIL.

O Captain! you mustn't say that to me.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I'll never say it to anyone else. It's the truth I'm——

COL. OSTAH.

(*Advancing right.*) Your papers seem quite correct, Captain. You will be given all the privileges of a prisoner of war.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Thank you, sir.

COL. OSTAH.

But what I am to do with the lady, I don't know!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

On my honor, sir, the lady is a Red Cross nurse.

COL. OSTAH.

Then why is she not in uniform? What is she doing between the lines with a Greek officer—unless she is carrying information?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

A spy! That lovely lady—a spy! Sir, let me tell you this is Mrs. Schwartz, of New-ark, one of the leaders of American society.

COL. OSTAH.

But what is Mrs. Schwartz doing *here*?

SYBIL.

We were *sent* here.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

To organize a field hospital. They said this inn was a *Greek* outpost.

COL. OSTAH.

It *was*. Well?

SYBIL.

There were *other* nurses sent here—only two hours ahead of us—with some correspondents. We've been following them all the way from Athens. We thought we'd meet them here.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*To* SYBIL.) And when I *do* meet him——

SYBIL.

O Captain! forgive him.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Forgive the man who stands between you and me? The man who insulted my Colonel.

COL. OSTAH.

(*To* SYBIL.) If the lady was sent here by the Government, she must have *some* papers. And why, madam, are you not in uniform?

SYBIL.

My uniforms were drowned.

COL. OSTAH.

Were what?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Crossing a stream, the pony that carried the lady's luggage was drowned.

SYBIL.

And they were *so* becoming, weren't they, Captain?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Fervently.*) She looked like an angel from heaven!

SYBIL.

And after I had had such a time getting that skirt to hang right! (*To* OSTAH.) It was very simple, you know, but that shade of blue is so pretty; it isn't a zinc blue, exactly, more a baby blue; the waist had two plaits there, and cuffs turned back like that, with the sweetest little Red Cross——

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You see—she *did* have a uniform.

COL. OSTAH.

I see; but she hasn't one *now*. Madam, go into that room and remain there. (*Points door upper right.*)

SYBIL.

Into that dark place? (*Indignantly.*) Am I a prisoner, sir?

COL. OSTAH.

You are. And you're very much in my way. (*To* O'MALLEY.) I expect an attack upon this place at any moment. (SIBYL *shudders.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

The Colonel is right; go.

SYBIL.

(*To* O'MALLEY.) Where are *you* going?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Where I am going depends on this gentleman—and Saint Peter.

COL. OSTAH.

Give me your word you will not escape, nor communicate with the enemy, and you can have the freedom of this room.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Thank you. I promise.

COL. OSTAH.

(*In a low voice.*) Give me your sword, please. (O'MALLEY *hesitates.*) Your sword. (O'MALLEY *unbuckles sword belt, and gives belt and sword to* OSTAH.) You have no other arms? (O'MALLEY *shakes his head.*) Now, madam, go.

SYBIL.

Oh, good-by, Captain! You won't leave this room, will you?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

No, sweet lady.

COL. OSTAH.

If he *does* leave it, the sentries will shoot him.

SYBIL.

Oh, indeed! And what I think of you is that you're no gentleman! There! (*Tosses her head and goes to door into room upper right.* SERGEANT *enters centre. He is followed by* KIRKE WARREN. *Two soldiers lead him, each holding by an elbow. He wears high-laced riding boots, a coat and riding breeches of gray whipcord. Over all a short rain coat and slouch hat. He is self-possessed and indifferent.*)

SERGEANT.

Right wheel, march! (*He halts centre and salutes.*)

COL. OSTAH.

Who is this?

SERGEANT.

Halt! (WARREN *and the two soldiers halt centre stage.*) Another spy, Colonel. A dangerous one. We took him trying to enter the Greek lines. He fought three of my men!

COL. OSTAH.

(*Savagely.*) Indeed! Has he lost *his* papers, too?

SERGEANT.

He threw them away.

COL. OSTAH.

(*To the two soldiers.*) Go back and find those papers!

WARREN.

I'm no spy, I'm a tourist. I've lost my way. (*The two soldiers fall out, salute, and exeunt briskly at centre.*)

COL. OSTAH.

Silence! Put him in that chair. If he tries to escape—shoot him!

WARREN.

(*Crossing to chair beside table.*) I tell you I lost my road and stumbled in on your war. I didn't know you had a war.

COL. OSTAH.

Silence! (CAPTAIN MOUZAFFER *runs in centre, greatly excited.*)

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Edhem Pasha's compliments—the Kania Pass is taken—our men are falling back along——

COL. OSTAH.

Hush! (*Points at* WARREN *and* O'MALLEY, *who, with* INNKEEPER, *are listening intently. To* MOUZAFFER.) I will come at once. Go back to your men. (*Exit* MOUZAFFER *centre. To* SERGEANT.) Come with me. (*To* O'MALLEY.) You have given me your word of honor that you will not escape. (O'MALLEY *bows.*)

WARREN.

(*Defiantly.*) I've given nothing of the sort.

COL. OSTAH.

Silence! I am not speaking to you.

WARREN.

Who are you speaking to, then? (*Turns and sees* O'Malley.) Oh! is he a prisoner, too? Why don't you introduce us?

COL. OSTAH.

(*To* Innkeeper.) I will hold *you* responsible for this man. If he is not here when I return—you Greek brigand —I will cut your ears off!

INNKEEPER.

(*Trembling.*) Yes, Excellency. (*Picks up poker and stands above table, watching* Warren.)

COL. OSTAH.

(*To* Innkeeper, *fiercely.*) Remember! If he escapes! (Ostah *salutes* O'Malley *and exit centre, followed by* Sergeant. *The door slams. There is a moment's pause.* Warren's *manner now becomes eager and authoritative.*)

WARREN.

(*To* Innkeeper.) You're a Greek. What are you doing *here?*

INNKEEPER.

I am the landlord of this inn. (Warren *turns toward* O'Malley.)

WARREN.

And may I ask who you are, sir?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I am Captain O'Malley, of the Foreign Legion.

WARREN.

The deuce you are! I dined with the Foreign Legion the night before I left Athens. (*Eagerly.*) That dispatch

rider said we've taken the Kania Pass. Is that so? (*There is silence.*) What?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I am under parole not to communicate with the enemy.

WARREN.

Rot! *I'm* not the enemy. This is a private fight of my own. (*To* INNKEEPER.) Look here! I've *fought* for your people. You ought to help me. Have you got a knife?

INNKEEPER.

I can't do it! If I give you arms——

WARREN.

Nonsense! I want you to cut a badge off my arm—this arm. (*Lifts his left shoulder.*) It's all right. I'm not a spy. I'm a—confound it! I've got to trust somebody. See here, I'm a war correspondent. I've got into trouble with the Turkish authorities. I've fought against the Turks, but they didn't know that until they'd given me my credentials; then they telegraphed to the front to *arrest* me. I've been hiding in the hills. Not a thing to eat, either. They've offered a reward, too. So, you see, if these people find this badge they'll guess who I am, and hang me as a spy. What are you going to do? Give me away—or help me?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Crossing to him and taking knife from the sash of the* INNKEEPER.) Which arm is the badge on?

WARREN.

Oh, thank you! thank you very much! On the left arm. (O'MALLEY *pulls down rain coat below* WARREN'S *elbows*

and discloses on left arm a white brassard with Arabic letters in red silk. He rips off badge.) I say, this is awfully good of you. I won't forget it. (*To* INNKEEPER.) I won't forget you, either. Oh, yes! and cut off my ribbons, too. Throw that in that fire. (INNKEEPER *throws badge in fire.* O'MALLEY *strips off ribbons of war medals from* WARREN'S *left chest and examines them.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You've seen a lot of fighting for a young man; Egypt, India, Madagascar. I must have heard of you.

WARREN.

(*Confidently.*) Oh, yes! I guess you've heard of *me.* I am—(*hesitates*)—my name is Cope Schuyler.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Shaking his head.*) Cope Schuyler? No.

INNKEEPER.

Hist! The Colonel! The Colonel! (*Runs into upper door left.* OSTAH *enters with* SERGEANT. SERGEANT *crosses to* WARREN.)

COL. OSTAH.

(*To* O'MALLEY.) What does this mean? You promised me——

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Not to leave this room. I haven't left it.

COL. OSTAH.

Go down that corridor, and remain there. (O'MALLEY *shrugs his shoulders, and exit down corridor right. To* SERGEANT.) Put that spy in that room, and lock the door. (*Points lower left.*)

WARREN.

(*Moves left after* SERGEANT.) I'm no spy. I'm a Cook's tourist.

SERGEANT.

There is no lock, Colonel; if the prisoner tries to come out——

COL. OSTAH.

If the prisoner tries to come out, there will be no prisoner.

WARREN.

(*Smiling.*) That's all right. The prisoner won't try to come out. (WARREN *exit.* SERGEANT *closes door behind him.* MOUZAFFER *enters centre.*)

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Colonel!

COL. OSTAH.

Well?

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

That American correspondent says you promised him he could reënter our lines.

COL. OSTAH.

Is that man back again? Alive?

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Yes, Colonel.

COL. OSTAH.

Has he seen the Greeks.?

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

He saw the Crown Prince himself. The Prince agrees if you will place the women and noncombatants in one wing of the building he will not attack that wing.

COL. OSTAH.

Good! You and I will occupy that wing with them. I have made a cat's-paw of that young man.

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Shall I pass him?

COL. OSTAH.

No! Yes! I'll make him tell us how strong the Greeks are. Wait! He mustn't know how few *we* are. Blindfold him again and tie his hands.

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Tie his hands? He is a noncombatant, Colonel.

COL. OSTAH.

(*Sternly.*) He is a prisoner. (MOUZAFFER *salutes and exit.* GRACE *enters left.*)

GRACE.

Oh, please! may I come in? We forgot the mustard. (*With evident disappointment she looks about her.*) Isn't Mr. Warren here?

COL. OSTAH.

No, not yet. It is quite a distance to the Greek lines.

GRACE.

The Greek lines? Why did he go there?

COL. OSTAH.

(*Shrugs his shoulders.*) Why do men ever run away? Because they are afraid.

GRACE.

Afraid! He? Nonsense! He's gone—he's gone to wire to his paper while those other men in there stop to

cook supper. (*Laughs.*) That's what *he's* done. (*Goes to table, as though searching for the mustard.*)

COL. OSTAH.

No, the others were as willing to serve you as he. They decided by lot.

GRACE.

Decided—what?

COL. OSTAH.

Who should tell the Greek commander there are women in this place.

GRACE.

(*Starting back indignantly.*) Is that why he went? And you let him go? You—you've killed him, you coward!

COL. OSTAH.

(*Rising, and coming close to her.*) No, no; he will return. I wager you he will return. I wager this diamond ring, see! (*He leers at her insolently.*)

GRACE.

(*Contemptuously.*) If you so much as *look* at me again, I will report you to your commanding officer.

COL. OSTAH.

Indeed! You forget you are my prisoner. (GRACE *raises her head indignantly and with a quick downward movement of the right hand unrolls the sleeve on her left arm, showing the Red Cross badge.* OSTAH *backs to door centre, bowing, and exit centre.*)

GRACE.

(*To herself.*) He *must* come back! He *must* come back! (*At door upper right,* SYBIL *knocks.*) He will, he

will! (*Knock is repeated.*) Come in! I suppose you may come in. (*Knock is repeated.*) Come in!

SYBIL.

I can't! I can't get out, to come in.

GRACE.

That's a woman! Where are you?

SYBIL.

In here. I'm a prisoner. They're starving me to death—by inches!

GRACE.

You poor thing! Wait just one moment. (*Opens door.*)

SYBIL.

(*Standing in doorway.*) Oh, *thank* you! I heard a woman's voice, and I—oh, how do you do? I saw you on the transport. I'm Sybil Schwartz. I tried to come on board, and they wouldn't let me.

GRACE.

Oh, yes! I remember.

SYBIL.

Of course you do. I made such a show of myself, but I was just heartbroken. To come way out here—only to find that woman and Kirke together again.

GRACE.

Kirke?

SYBIL.

Kirke Warren—you see, he and his wife are reunited.

GRACE.

His wife! Mr. Warren is not married.

SYBIL.

Oh! you know what I mean. His divorced wife. I beg your pardon—I thought you knew him.

GRACE.

So did I.

SYBIL.

Well, anyway, you know Blanche Bailey.

GRACE.

What interest has Miss Bailey in Mr. Warren?

SYBIL.

Oh, not much, except that she's his divorced wife—and now they're reunited.

GRACE.

Oh! It's absurd! Impossible!

SYBIL.

Well, I ought to know. Ever since his divorce from her, he's been engaged to marry *me*.

GRACE.

You! Engaged to Mr. Warren!

SYBIL.

Well, I was until two days ago. (*Sentimentally.*) Then there came a change. Now I love another.

GRACE.

Tell me, please! Were you engaged to Mr. Warren that day on the wharf?

SYBIL.

Of course I was.

GRACE.

He told me, himself, he had never seen you until that moment.

SYBIL.

Now, isn't that like Kirke! But don't you worry; he may get over it. You see, I don't want him any more; and if you feel——

GRACE.

Pardon me! I have no interest in Mr. Warren. I believe you said you were hungry.

SYBIL.

Starving!

GRACE.

(*Points to kitchen and walks from her.*) You will find some food in that room.

SYBIL.

Oh, please! I'm not allowed to leave this one.

GRACE.

Very well. Go back there, then, and I will bring you something.

SYBIL.

Don't be long. It's awfully dark in here. (*Through half-closed door.*) And I say, don't you worry about Kirke Warren. He's not worth it.

GRACE.

I tell you, I have not the slightest interest in Mr. Warren. (SYBIL *exit and closes door.*)

SENTRY.

(*From off upper left.*) Pass the American correspondent!

GRACE.

(*Hysterically.*) He's safe, he's safe, he's safe! (COPE *enters with* SERGEANT, *who carries* COPE'S *belt, revolver, and fieldglasses.* COPE *has a red handkerchief tied across his eyes with one end hanging just over his nose. His hands are bound behind him. The* SERGEANT *leads him to centre, and places his revolver, whip, and gloves upon bench.*)

COPE.

(*Sniffing at handkerchief.*) Sergeant, you've been wrapping your dinner in this handkerchief. I wish you'd take it off my nose.

SERGEANT.

Silence!

COPE.

Smells just like an Irish stew.

SERGEANT.

The orders of the Colonel are, if you take that bandage from your eyes, he will cut off your ears.

COPE.

Wish he'd cut off my nose. (*Sniffs.*) Now I can distinguish onions and garlic. (SERGEANT *exit centre.* COPE *turns his head from left to right.*) Hello! anybody at home? Hello! hello, Central! give me—give me—anybody.

GRACE.

(*Haughtily.*) *I* am here, Mr. Warren.

The Greek soldiers dancing in the Inn near Volo.

COPE.

Grace! O Miss Whitney! it's awfully good to see you again. That is, it would be if I *could* see you. Miss Whitney, I've had the deuce of a ride, and I know now that you're the only one——

GRACE.

Mr. Warren! I think already you have sufficiently humiliated me.

COPE.

Humiliated you? Good heavens! Who? I? Stand still, can't you? Don't move about that way. How could I humiliate you?

GRACE.

I know everything! I know that Blanche Bailey was your wife.

COPE.

(*Stamps one foot.*) The devil!

GRACE.

And that when you ask me to marry you, you were already engaged.

COPE.

(*Astonished.*) Engaged? I? I'm not engaged to anybody—except you. And I'm not engaged to you, yet. Who said I was engaged?

GRACE.

The woman herself, Sybil Schwartz.

COPE.

(*Comprehending.*) Sybil!

GRACE.

(*Indignantly.*) Ah! You said you didn't know her.

COPE.

(*To himself.*) *That's* why they didn't want me to meet Sybil. O Blanche Bailey! O Billy Ashe! Wait until I get my hands untied. (*To* GRACE.) See here! Where are you? I can explain this; not all of it, but——

GRACE.

You can explain nothing! Good-by, Mr. Warren, forever! (*Exit upper left.*)

COPE.

Here! Come back here! Grace! (*He falls over chair on right of table, and lifting it throws it down violently.*) Get out of my way. (*At the noise of the falling chair* O'MALLEY *appears at corridor.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

What's the matter? Are you hurt? Hello! who are you?

COPE.

(*Limping.*) Well, if it comes to that, who are you?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I'm a prisoner of war.

COPE.

I'm a prisoner of peace.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

These barbarians are taking everybody prisoner. *No one* is safe! He has even locked up a Red Cross nurse—in there—a noble, brave woman——

SYBIL.

(*Calling.*) O Captain! Is that you, Captain? (O'MALLEY *runs to door upper right.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

The saints preserve us! Yes, dear lady! I'm coming, dear lady!

SYBIL.

(*Appearing at door.*) Could you get me a candle? It's *so* dark in here.

COPE.

Heavens! That sounds like——

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Certainly, dear lady, in one moment, in one moment. (*Runs to mantel for candle.*)

SYBIL.

Hurry, please, the rats are running all over the ceiling! Oh! why did I ever leave Newark?

COPE.

Newark? It *is* Sybil!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Here is a candle, sweet lady.

COPE.

(*To himself.*) "Sweet lady!" I say, that's a bit strong. Sybil seems to forget that she is engaged to *me*.

SYBIL.

Thank you, brave heart.

COPE.

"Brave heart!" Heavens! Can it be that Sybil no longer loves me? (O'MALLEY *hands candle to* SYBIL, *and kisses her fingers.*) Here, I say! (*Resignedly.*) Oh, don't mind me, don't mind me!

SYBIL.

Now, I won't be frightened; and if that Turk threatens me, I'll promise him a thrashing from the man I'm going to marry.

COPE.

The man she's going to marry!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

The man you're going to marry? Do you mean it, darling? *Will* you marry me?

SYBIL.

Yes, Captain, I will.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Darling! (*Takes her in his arms.*)

COPE.

(*Dancing joyfully.*) Hurrah! It's all off! I'm a free man! I'm a free man!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

The devil! What does this mean, sir? How dare you? (*To* SYBIL.) Go back to your room, dearest. I'll speak to this fellow—alone.

SYBIL.

O Captain! don't hurt him.

COPE.

No, don't hurt him, Captain.

SYBIL.

And dearest, don't let him hurt you.

COPE.

Now, how could *I* hurt *him*?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

In just a moment, darling. (*Pushes* SYBIL *into room and closes door.*) Now, sir! (COPE *jumps, and backs away from* O'MALLEY.) What did you mean by that insulting laughter? Who are you, anyway? (*Studies* COPE *closely.*) By the powers! I believe— (*Partly raises kerchief.*)

COPE.

Here! Don't pull my nose!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Ha, ha! At last! I *will* pull your nose. Do you know me?

COPE.

No, I don't! And I don't want to know you!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I am Captain O'Malley.

COPE.

(*Delighted.*) Hello, Cap! Think of meeting you out here! Isn't this a small world?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You have insulted me three times, and run away three times. You will not leave this room until we fight that duel.

COPE.

If we fight that duel, you'll leave this room feet first. (ANSTRUTHER *and* GRIGGS *enter from upper left.*)

GRIGGS.

(*Hurrying toward* COPE.) Here he is! Bless his heart! Home again!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Thank Heaven! you're safe and sound.

COPE.

Safe and sound nothing! There's a wild Irishman in this room trying to *shoot* me.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Shoot you! (*To* O'MALLEY.) Are you the man?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I am the man, and I'm glad you gentlemen have come. Three times I have challenged that person to fight, and now I brand him as a coward.

COPE.

It is very awkward to fight with your eyes shut and your hands tied. (GRIGGS *begins to untie handkerchief.*) No, don't take that off, or they'll cut off my ears!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

He's no coward. He's a brave man. And if he wants a friend, I'll back him.

GRIGGS.

So will I. *I* have been a second in ten duels.

COPE.

That settles it! Now, there'll be a duel in ten seconds.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Thank you, gentlemen. All I want is satisfaction according to the code. By Jove! And I think *I* can present a friend also. He has served in six campaigns.

COPE.

If your friend's anything like you, I'll fight him too. (O'MALLEY *knocks at lower door left. Then opens it, and speaks into it.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Sir, may I speak with you?

COPE.

Who's he talking to? *He* hasn't got a friend in the world. He's talking to himself. (WARREN *appears at door, glances at the three men and bows slightly.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

A short time since, I believe I did you a slight service.

WARREN.

You did indeed, Captain.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I now ask the honor of your assistance in a duel.

WARREN.

Certainly. Who's duel?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Mine, and that gentleman's.

COPE.

Not mine! Anybody can have my share of it.

WARREN.

I'll serve you with pleasure, Captain. How do you intend to fight?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

We intend to shoot at each other across that table. (COPE *turns his head anxiously to* GRIGGS.)

COPE.

How big is that table?

WARREN.

As your second, may I ask why you are fighting?

COPE.

Yes, you may. And when you find out, tell me.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

He insulted my Colonel, and I—took from him the lady he was to have married. For that I feel I owe him satisfaction.

COPE.

You gave me all the satisfaction I wanted when you took the lady.

WARREN.

If your Colonel was insulted, you've got to fight.

COPE.

Who has? Which of us are you talking to?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

To both of us. No man can insult my Colonel.

COPE.

Then, why wasn't your Colonel at the front? If he hadn't had cold feet, I wouldn't have poured the Burgundy into his boots.

WARREN.

(*Astonished.*) Wouldn't have—what? *What* did you do?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Sternly.*) At a public banquet, that man emptied a quart of Burgundy into Colonel Zerzes's boots.

WARREN.

That man! Impossible! That's not the man who did that. I know who did it. Is *that* the cause of the duel.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

It is.

WARREN.

Then the duel is off. That's the wrong man. I won't let you fight *him.*

COPE.

(*To* ANSTRUTHER *and* GRIGGS.) I say, I like him. He's a better second than you are.

WARREN.

The man who really did that to Colonel Zerzes was a correspondent. His name is——

COPE.

(*Quickly interrupting.*) Hist! Hist! Never mind his name. We don't want to get *him* in trouble. Perhaps you'd better know *my* name. My name is—Kirke Warren!

WARREN.

(*Laughing.*) Kirke Warren! Have we met again? Well, if you're Kirke Warren, you'll be interested to know that I am Copeland Schuyler.

COPE.

For Heaven's sake! Here, take these things off my eyes! I've got to see *that* man. (GRIGGS *and* ANSTRUTHER *slip off bandage and cut rope.* COPE *shakes hands with* WARREN.) Well, well, well! Dear old Cope! How you have changed!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*In a stern whisper.*) One moment, please. When are we to settle our difficulties about Sybil Schwartz? (COPE *raises his voice and looks at* WARREN *to attract his attention.*)

COPE.

Mrs. Schwartz? Sybil, you mean. (WARREN *starts.*) Why, there is no difficulty about Mrs. Schwartz. (*To* O'MALLEY.) I think as your second he ought to hear this. It will interest him.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I don't think so.

WARREN.

I do. As your second—I'm sure it will

COPE.

Yes, I think it will. Well, there's no difficulty about Sybil. No, Sybil no longer loves me. Sybil no longer desires to become Mrs. Kirke Warren. (WARREN *laughs, and to hide his smile covers his face with his hand. To* O'MALLEY.) Ah, you see! It does interest him. He's crying. He's sorry for my loss. No, you re the only man

Sybil loves now—you lucky dog—you most fortunate of men!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Clasping his hands.*) Ah, I am indeed!

COPE.

(*To* WARREN.) Poor devil! (*To* O'MALLEY.) And, O Captain, oh, promise me you will be very kind to her.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I swear it.

COPE.

Good! If I thought—if *we* thought you and Sybil would be unhappy together—it would make us very miserable, wouldn't it? (WARREN *nods sadly.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

For *her* I will work until I drop!

COPE.

That's right! I see you intend to work in Sybil's brewery. (GRACE *enters excitedly at upper left.*)

GRACE.

Mr. Warren, may I speak with you?

COPE.

You may indeed! (*To* O'MALLEY.) Sybil is probably worrying for fear I hurt you. Go tell her I spared your life.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I will. (*Opens door upper right.* SYBIL *appears, and in dumb show they remain talking in doorway.* COPE *turns delightedly to* GRACE.)

GRACE.

Blanche has explained everything. Who you really are, and why you did it.

COPE.

I did it to be near you. Can you forgive me?

GRACE.

Can you forgive *me?* (OSTAH *enters hurriedly with* SERGEANT *and two soldiers.* SERGEANT *and soldiers come down lower right.*)

COPE.

Well, if we both want to be forgiven, my troubles are over.

COL. OSTAH.

(*Fiercely.*) I want Mr. Kirke Warren!

COPE.

And then, again, maybe they're not. Yes, Colonel.

COL. OSTAH.

A dispatch rider has just brought an order from Edhem Pasha. It places you under arrest.

COPE.

He's too late. I *am* under arrest. That dispatch rider always was slow.

GRACE.

What have you done to be arrested?

COPE.

Nothing, the first time. I suppose I've done it again.

COL. OSTAH.

You are the man who fought against us in Crete. The fact that you are found inside our lines out of uniform condemns you as a spy. I am to send you to the base, where you will be shot. (*All exclaim in chorus.*)

GRACE.

Oh!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

That's impossible!

GRIGGS.

This is an outrage!

SYBIL.

The monster!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

He *can't* do it!

WARREN.

Here, this is getting serious. (*Comes forward.*) Colonel, *I* am the man you want.

COPE.

(*Pushes him left.*) Keep quiet, you idiot! Let him send me to the base. They won't shoot me. They'll see I'm the wrong man; that will give you time to escape to the Greek lines. The Greeks are not a hundred yards from this house. (BLANCHE *enters upper left.*)

WARREN.

(*To* COPE.) No, no, it's too dangerous; they *might* shoot you. (*To* OSTAH.) Colonel, *I* am Kirke Warren! (BLANCHE *runs to him.*)

BLANCHE.

Kirke!

COL. OSTAH.

(*Eagerly.*) Ah, you know Mr. Warren. Which is he? (COPE *quickly seizes her hand.*)

COPE.

Hello! how are you, Blanche?

WARREN.

(*Imitating.*) How do you do, Blanche?

COPE.

(*To* OSTAH.) Fooled you that time, Colonel.

BLANCHE.

(*To* COPE.) What does this mean? (COPE, WARREN, *and* GRACE *whisper to her eagerly.* OSTAH *crosses to* SERGEANT.)

COL. OSTAH.

(*In a whisper.*) The *women* will show us which is the right man. When I give the order to fire—do not fire—but *watch the women.* Attention! (*To all.*) I've had enough of this! Kirke Warren, you are to be shot as a spy. (*To* SERGEANT.) Make ready! Aim! (*The soldiers raise their rifles.* GRACE *screams and throws her arms around the neck of* COPE. BLANCHE *screams and embraces* WARREN.)

GRACE.

Kirke!

BLANCHE.

Kirke! (*The soldiers look uncertainly from* WARREN *to* COPE *and then to the* COLONEL. OSTAH *stands bewildered.* COPE *smiles at him over the shoulder of* GRACE.)

COPE.

You will have to guess again, Colonel. (*There is the report of firearms and shouts outside.* MOUZAFFER *rushes in centre.*)

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Colonel! The Greeks! They come! They come!

COL. OSTAH.

Follow me! This way! Follow me! (*Runs off, followed by* MOUZAFFER, SERGEANT, *and soldiers.* WARREN, ANSTRUTHER, *and* GRIGGS *follow more leisurely, consulting together.*)

COPE.

All you women—in there! Quick! O'Malley, you're on parole. Take care of the women. (SYBIL, BLANCHE, O'MALLEY, *and* GRACE *run to upper door left. All exeunt but* GRACE.) Hurry! now, hurry!

GRACE.

(*At door.*) Please be careful!

COPE.

You bet I'll be careful. Go inside, quick, and bar the door. (GRACE *exit.*) Where the devil did they put my *gun?* (*Finds his belt on bench, and as he buckles it on the* INNKEEPER *rushes in centre, carrying a bell-mouthed blunderbuss.*)

INNKEEPER.

(*Screaming.*) Glory! Glory! The Greeks! Look! (*Points off centre.*) They have captured the rainbow.

COPE.

The *what?* They have captured the *what?*

INNKEEPER.

The rainbow bridge. (COPE *with rising excitement seizes* INNKEEPER *by the arm and points off centre into the darkness.*)

COPE.

The rainbow bridge! Is that little arch thing called the rainbow bridge?

INNKEEPER.

Yes, yes.

COPE.

How long's it been called that?

INNKEEPER.

How do I know? Thousands of years—since Alcibiades.

COPE.

Alcibiades! "At the foot of the rainbow." This inn is at the foot of the rainbow. What's the *name* of this inn?

INNKEEPER.

Ikon. Basilika Demnos.

COPE.

(*Shaking him.*) Say it in English.

INNKEEPER.

It's called the Inn where all men are equal.

COPE.

Jerusalem! I've found it! "At the foot of the rainbow where all men are equal, twenty feet in, twenty feet left." (*Runs to centre door and from it comes down rapidly, placing one foot before the other, and counting.*) One—two—three—four—five— (*Outside the firing continues fiercely. The*

INNKEEPER *hides in corridor. A Turkish soldier enters backward. As he backs down stage he fires out of the door, and in retreating bumps into* COPE.) Stop that! Confound you! can't you see I'm counting! (COPE *runs back to door and again begins to count. The soldier runs to window, and pushing aside curtain fires from window.* SERGEANT *enters and also brushes* COPE *aside, then runs to window.*) Here! if you do that again, I'll punch your head! Can't you look where you're going? Where'd I leave off? (*Counts.*) Nineteen—twenty. (*Turns left, counting rapidly, to fireplace. Halts.*) Twenty feet in, twenty feet left. Five feet *up*! Dig! (*Raises his hands.*) Alcibiades, you can't fool me! I've found your combination! (*Throws aside andirons, shovel, tongs, pots, and pans, and disappears up the chimney.* OSTAH, *terrified and dishevelled, enters centre with* MOUZAFFER.)

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Come back, sir. Come back to your men!

COL. OSTAH.

No, no, it is too late. I surrender. They come from every side! (*The* INNKEEPER *fires from corridor.*) Look! they are in that corridor. (*Bricks, plaster, and stones fall from chimney to the stage.* COPE *is heard cheering joyfully.*) And there! Look! They are coming down the chimney! (*Falls on his knees before the chimney holding out his sword, hilt foremost.* MOUZAFFER *runs to centre.*)

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Follow me! men, follow me! (*Exit.* SERGEANT *and soldier run to door centre.* COPE *falls out of the chimney, his face and hands streaked with soot. As they exeunt the two soldiers fire at him. He clicks his unloaded revolver wildly at them, at* OSTAH, *and then at the* INNKEEPER, *who runs back into corridor.*)

COL. OSTAH.

I surrender, I surrender. (COPE *throws down revolver and takes* OSTAH'S *sword.*)

COPE.

You are *my* prisoner now. If you don't get off your knees, I'll cut your ears off. (*He sticks the sword in his belt, and running down to footlights takes from under his shirt a leather bag. From it he draws strings of pearls.*) Great Jerusalem! (*Holds bag high in the air above his head.*) The world is mine! (*Shoves bag back under his shirt on left side.* WARREN, GRIGGS, ANSTRUTHER, *enter hurriedly centre.* GRIGGS *runs toward door upper left.*

GRIGGS.

We've won! Come out! You're safe! (*Door opens and* O'MALLEY *and women enter.* GRACE *comes down to* COPE'S *left.*)

VOICE.

(*Outside.*) Attention! His Royal Highness, the Commanding General! (*The* CROWN PRINCE *enters, escorted by staff, Greek soldiers, and* INNKEEPER. *All men salute him, all women curtsey. The* PRINCE *salutes them.*

INNKEEPER.

(*Pointing to* COPE.) May it please your Royal Highness, *this* is the gentleman.

COPE.

(*To* GRACE.) Is *he* going to arrest me, too?

PRINCE.

I am told, sir, you effected the surrender of this place single-handed.

The original cast of " The Galloper " at rehearsal.

COPE.

Oh, not at all, sir! (*Points to* OSTAH.) He insisted on surrendering to somebody, and I was the only person around.

PRINCE.

This is the second time to-night you have served us. Ask what you wish, and you will find that we are not ungrateful.

COPE.

(*Pressing hand over heart.*) Oh, might I? Well, *could* I—be sent back—to Athens?

PRINCE.

To Athens?

COPE.

My heart—my heart is very weak.

PRINCE.

Most certainly.

COPE.

And I think a trained nurse should go with me, too. (*Takes* GRACE'S *hand.*) This one has volunteered already. So, if your Royal Highness——

PRINCE.

I will give you horses, and an escort.

COPE.

I thank you, sir.

PRINCE.

That is not enough. Mr. Warren, for your services to our army I create you a chevalier of the Order of King George. (*He takes decoration from his coat and advances to place it upon* COPE'S *chest.* COPE *turns the left chest,*

then in alarm offers the right side, where the PRINCE *sticks the decoration. The* PRINCE *turns up stage and stands with back to audience apparently in conversation with* O'MALLEY, SYBIL, GRIGGS, *and* ANSTRUTHER. BLANCHE *and* WARREN *move toward fireplace, their attitude suggesting that they are reunited.*)

COPE.

(*To* GRACE.) I'm a chevalier.

GRACE.

What's a chevalier?

COPE.

I don't know, but *you'll* be Mrs. Chevalier.

GRACE.

Are you really ill?

COPE.

(*In a whisper.*) No. But I must get out of this. I've got a million dollars' worth of Alcibiades's pearls inside my shirt! I found the treasure!

GRACE.

You found the treasure!

COPE.

Both treasures! (*Takes her in his arms. The* CROWN PRINCE *turns to the soldiers, who wave their muskets and cheer him, as the*

CURTAIN FALLS.

"MISS CIVILIZATION"

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*** "Miss Civilization" is founded on a story by the late James Harvey Smith.

The CAST *of* "MISS CIVILIZATION" *as it was produced on* January 26, 1906, *at the* BROADWAY THEATRE, *by* MISS BARRYMORE.

THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY

ALICE GARDNER.. { daughter of James K. Gardner, President of the L. I. & W. Railroad } ..Ethel Barrymore

"UNCLE JOSEPH HATCH," alias "Gentleman Joe"....Joseph Kilgour

"BRICK" MEAKIN, alias "Reddy, the Kid".....John Barrymore

HARRY HAYES, alias "Grand Stand" Harry....Emanuel Shackelford

CAPTAIN LUCAS, Chief of Police.....Harrison Armstrong

Policemen, Brakemen, Engineers.

ACT I.

The dining room in the country house of James K. Gardner *on Long Island. In the back wall is a double doorway opening into a hall. A curtain divided in the middle hangs across the entrance. On the wall on either side of the doorway are two electric lights, and to the left is a telephone. Farther to the left is a sideboard. On it are set silver salvers, candlesticks, and Christmas presents of silver. They still are in the red flannel bags in which they arrived. In the left wall is a recessed window hung with curtains. Against the right wall is a buffet on which is set a tea caddy, toast rack, and teakettle. Below the buffet a door opens into the butler's pantry. A dinner table stands well down the stage with a chair at each end and on either side. Two chairs are set against the back wall to the right of the door. The walls and windows are decorated with holly and mistletoe and Christmas wreaths tied with bows of scarlet ribbon. When the window is opened there is a view of falling snow. At first the room is in complete darkness.*

The time is the day after Christmas, near midnight.

After the curtain rises one hears the noise of a file scraping on iron. It comes apparently from outside the house at a point distant from the dining room. The filing is repeated cautiously, with a wait after each stroke, as though the person using the file had paused to listen.

Alice Gardner *enters at centre, carrying a lighted candle in a silver candlestick. She wears a dressing gown,*

with swan's-down around her throat and at the edges of her sleeves. Her feet are in bedroom slippers topped with fur. Her hair hangs down in a braid. After listening intently to the sound of the file, she places candle on sideboard and goes to telephone. She speaks in a whisper.

ALICE.

Hello, Central! Hello, Central! (*Impatiently.*) Wake up! Wake up! Is that you, Central? Give me the station agent at Bedford Junction—quick. I *can't* speak louder. You *must* hear me. Give me the station agent at Bedford Junction. No, there's a man there all night. Hurry, please, hurry. (*There is a pause, during which the sound of the file grows louder.* ALICE *listens apprehensively.*) Hello! are you the station agent? Listen! I am Miss Gardner, James K. Gardner's daughter. Yes, James K. Gardner, the president of the road. This is his house. My mother and I are here alone. There are three men trying to break in. Yes, burglars, of course. My mother is very ill. If they frighten her, the shock might—might be very serious. Wake up the crew, and send the wrecking train here—at once. Send—the—crew—of—the —wrecking train. What? Then fire up an engine and get it here as fast as you can.

VOICE.

(*Calling from second story.*) Alice!

ALICE.

(*At telephone.*) Yes, you can. The up-track's clear until "52" comes along. That's not until——

VOICE.

(*Louder.*) Alice!

ALICE.

(*With dismay.*) Mother! (*At telephone.*) Hello! hold the wire. Don't go away! (*Runs to curtains, parts them, and looks up as though speaking to some one at top of stairs.*) Mother, why *aren't* you in bed?

VOICE.

Is anything wrong, Alice?

ALICE.

No, dear, no. I just came down to—get a book I forgot. Please go back, dearest.

VOICE.

I heard you moving about, I thought you might be ill.

ALICE.

No, dearest, but *you'll* be very ill if you don't keep in bed. Please, mother—at once. It's all right. It's all right.

VOICE.

Yes, dear. Good night.

ALICE.

Good night, mother. (*Returns quickly to telephone.*) Hello! Hello! Stop the engine at the foot of our lawn. Yes, yes, at the foot of our lawn. And when you have the house surrounded, blow three whistles so I'll know you're here. What? Oh, that's all right. The burglars will be here. *I'll* see to that. All *you* have to do is to *get* here. If you don't, you'll lose your job! I say, if you don't, you'll lose your job, or I'm not the daughter of the president of this road. *Now, you jump!* And—wait—hello— (*Turns from telephone.*) He's jumped.

(The file is now drawn harshly across the bolt of the window of the dining room, and a piece of wood snaps. With an exclamation, ALICE *blows out the candle and exit. The shutters of the windows are opened, admitting the faint glow of moonlight. The window is raised and the ray of a dark lantern is swept about the room.* HATCH *appears at window and puts one leg inside. He is an elderly man wearing a mask, which hides the upper half of his face, a heavy overcoat, and a derby hat. But for the mask he might be mistaken for a respectable man of business. A pane of glass falls from the window and breaks on the sill.)*

HATCH.

(Speaking over his shoulder.) Hush! Be careful, can't you? *(He enters. He is followed by "*GRAND STAND" HARRY, *a younger man of sporting appearance. He also wears a mask, and the brim of his gray Alpine hat is pulled over his eyes. Around his throat he wears a heavy silk muffler.)* It's all right! Come on! Hurry up and close those shutters!

HARRY.

(To REDDY *outside.)* Give me the bag, Reddy. *(*REDDY *appears at window. He is dressed like a Bowery tough. His face is blackened with burnt cork. His hair is of a brilliant red. He wears an engineer's silk cap with visor. To* HARRY *he passes a half-filled canvas bag. On his shoulder he carries another. On entering he slips and falls forward on the floor.)*

HATCH.

Confound you!

HARRY.

Hush, you fool!

HATCH.

Has he broken anything?

REDDY.

(*On floor, rubbing his head.*) I've broke my head.

HATCH.

That's no loss. Has he smashed that silver?

HARRY.

(*Feeling in bag.*) It feels all right. (HATCH *cautiously parts curtains at centre and exit into hall.*)

REDDY.

(*Lifts bag.*) We got enough stuff in this bag already without wasting time on *another* house.

HARRY.

Wasting time! Time's money in *this* house. Look at this silver! That's the beauty of working the night *after* Christmas; everybody's presents is lying about loose, and everybody's too tired celebrating to keep awake. (*Lifts silver loving cup.*) Look at that cup!

REDDY.

I'd rather look at a cup of coffee.

HARRY.

(*Contemptuously.*) Ah, you!

REDDY.

Well, I can't make a meal out of silver ice pitchers, can I? I've been through three refrigerators to-night, and nothing in any of 'em but bottles of *milk! Milk!*

HARRY.

Get up, get up, get to work.

REDDY.

The folks in this town are the stingiest I ever see. *I* won't visit 'em again, no matter how often they ask me. (*Rising and crossing to buffet.*) I wonder if these folks is vegetarians, too. (HATCH *enters.*)

HATCH.

It seems all right. There's no light, and everybody's quiet. (*To* HARRY.) You work the bedrooms. I'll clear away those things. Don't be rough, now.

HARRY.

I know my business. Give me the light. (*Takes lantern and exit centre.*)

HATCH.

Hist, Reddy! Reddy, leave that alone. That's not a safe. (*Removes silver from sideboard to bag.*)

REDDY.

I know it ain't, governor. I'm lookin' for somethin' to eat. (*He kneels in front of buffet, and opens door.*)

HATCH.

No, you're not! You're not here to eat. Come and give me a hand with this stuff.

REDDY.

Gee! I've found a bottle of whiskey. (*Takes bottle from buffet and begins to pull at the cork.*)

HATCH.

Well, you put it right back where you found it.

REDDY.

I know a better place than that to put it.

HATCH.

How many times have I told you I'll not let you drink in business hours?

REDDY.

Oh, just once, governor; it's a cruel, cold night. (*Coughs.*) I need it for medicine.

HATCH.

No, I tell you!

REDDY.

Just *one* dose. Here's to you. (*Drinks.*) O Lord! (*He sputters and coughs violently.*)

HATCH.

(*Starts toward him.*) Hush! Stop that, you fool!

REDDY.

Oh, I'm poisoned! That's benzine, governor. What do you think of that? Benzine! It's burned me throat out.

HATCH.

I wish it had burned your tongue out! *Can't* you keep still?

REDDY.

O Lord! O Lord! Think of a man puttin' benzine in a whiskey bottle! That's dishonest, that is. Using a revenue stamp twice is defraudin' the Government. I could have him arrested for that. (*Pause.*) If I wanted to. (*Pause.*) But I don't want to.

HATCH.

Oh, quit that—and come here. Get out the window, and I'll hand the bag to you. Put it under the seat of the wagon, and cover it up with the lap robe. (REDDY *steps*

to centre door and, parting the curtains, leans into the hall beyond, listening.)

REDDY.

Go slow! I ain't to leave here till Harry is safe on the ground floor again.

HATCH.

Don't you worry about Harry. He won't get into trouble.

REDDY.

Sure *he* won't. It's *me* and *you* he'll get into trouble. You hadn't ought to send *him* to do second-story work.

HATCH.

(*Contemptuously.*) No?

REDDY.

No; he's too tender-hearted. A second-story worker ought to use his gun.

HATCH.

Oh, you! You'll fire your gun too often some day

REDDY.

No, I won't. I did once, but I didn't do it again for six years. But Harry—ah, he's too tender-hearted. If Harry was a chicken thief, before he'd wring a chicken's neck he'd give it laughing gas. Why, you remember the lady that woke up and begged him to give her back a gold watch because it belonged to her little girl who was dead? Well—it turned out the little girl wasn't dead. It turned out the little girl was a big boy, alive and kicking—especially kicking. He kicked me into a rosebush.

HATCH.

That'll do. Harry's learning his trade. He'll pick it up in time.

REDDY.

Time he picked up something. Remember the Gainsville Bank, where he went away leaving ten thousand dollars in the back of the safe? Why didn't he pick *that* up?

HATCH.

Because it wasn't there. Bank directors always say that—to make us feel bad. Hush! (HARRY *enters, carrying his silk muffler, which now is wrapped about a collection of jewels and watches.*) That's quick work. What did you get?

HARRY.

Some neck strings, and rings, and two watches. (*He spreads the muffler on the table. The three men examine the jewelry.*)

HATCH.

That looks good. Who's up there?

HARRY.

Only an old lady and a young girl in the room over this. And she's a beauty, too. (*Sentimentally.*) Sleeping there just as sweet and peaceful——

REDDY.

Ah, why don't you give her back *her* watch? Maybe she's *another* dead daughter.

HATCH.

That's all right, Harry. That's good stuff. Pick up that bag, Reddy. We can go now. (HARRY *places muffler and jewels in an inside coat pocket.* REDDY *takes up the dark lantern.*)

REDDY.

Go? Not till I've got something to eat.

HATCH.

No, you don't. You can wait till later for something to eat.

REDDY.

Yes, I can wait till later for something to eat, but I can wait better if I eat now. (*Exit into pantry.*)

HATCH.

Confound him! If I knew the roads around here as well as he does, I'd drive off and leave him. That appetite of his will send us to jail some day.

HARRY.

Well, to tell the truth, governor, a little supper wouldn't hurt my feelings. (*Goes to buffet.*) I wonder where old man Gardner keeps his Havanas? I'd like a Christmas present of a box of cigars. Are there any over here?

HATCH.

I didn't look. I gave up robbing tills when I was quite a boy. (*Carries bag toward window and looks out.*)

HARRY.

(*Takes box of cigars from buffet.*) Ah, here they are. (*With disgust.*) Domestics! What do you think of that? Made in Vermont. The "Admiral Dewey" cigar. Gee! What was the use of Dewey's taking Manila, if I've got to smoke Vermont cigars? (REDDY *enters, carrying tray with food and a bottle.*)

REDDY.

Say, fellers, look at this layout! These is real people in this house. I found cold birds and ham and all kinds of pie and real wine. (*Places tray on right end of table.*) Sit down, and make yourselves perfectly at home.

HARRY.

Well, well, that does look good. (*Places box of cigars at upper end of table, and seats himself.*) Better have a bite, governor.

HATCH.

No, I tell you. (*He sits angrily in chair at left end of table, with his face turned toward the curtains.*)

REDDY.

Oh, come on! It don't cost *you* nothing. (*The light from the candle is seen approaching the curtains.*)

HATCH.

Hush! Look there! (*He rises, lifting his chair above his head, and advances on tiptoe to right of curtains, where he stands with the chair raised as though to strike.* HARRY *points revolver at curtains.* REDDY *shifts the lantern to his left hand and, standing close to* HARRY, *also points a revolver.* ALICE *appears between curtains. She is dressed as before, and in her left hand carries the candle, while the forefinger of her right hand is held warningly to her lips. For an instant she pauses, in the ring of light from the lantern.*)

ALICE.

(*Whispering.*) Hush! Don't make a noise! Don't make a noise, please! (*There is a long pause.*)

REDDY.

Well, I'll be hung!

ALICE.

(*To* REDDY.) Please don't make a noise.

HATCH.

(*In a threatening whisper.*) Don't *you* make a noise.

ALICE.

I don't mean to. My mother is asleep upstairs and she is very ill. And I don't want to wake her—and I don't want you to wake her, either.

REDDY.

Well, I'll be hung!

HATCH.

(*Angrily.*) Who else is in this house?

ALICE.

No one but mother and the maidservants, and they're asleep. You woke me, and I hoped you'd go without disturbing mother. But when you started in making a night of it, I decided I'd better come down and ask you to be as quiet as possible. My mother is not at all well. (*Takes cigar box off table.*) Excuse me; you've got the wrong cigars. Those are the cigars father keeps for his friends. Those he smokes he hides over here. (*Places box on buffet and takes out a larger box, with partitions for cigars, matches, and cigarettes. As she moves about,* REDDY *keeps her well in the light of the lantern.*) Try those. I'm afraid you've a very poor supper. When father is away, we have such a small family. I can't see what you've—Would you mind taking that light out of my eyes, and pointing it at that tray?

HATCH.

(*Sharply.*) Don't you do it. Keep the gun on her.

ALICE.

Oh, I don't mind his pointing the gun at me, so long as he does not point that light at me. It's most—embarrassing. (*Sternly.*) Turn it down there, please. (REDDY *lets light fall on tray.*) Why, that's *cooking* sherry you've got. You can't drink *that!* Let me get you some whiskey.

REDDY.

(*Covering her with lantern.*) No, you don't! That's not whiskey. It's benzine!

ALICE.

You don't mean to say that that benzine bottle is there *still*? I told Jane to take it away.

REDDY.

(*Dryly.*) Well, Jane didn't do it.

ALICE.

Now, isn't that just like Jane? I told her it might set fire to the house and burn us alive.

REDDY.

It nearly burned me alive.

ALICE.

I'm so sorry. (*Takes from buffet a tray holding whiskey bottle, siphon, and three glasses.*) Here, this is what you want. But perhaps you don't like Scotch.

HATCH.

Don't you touch that, Reddy. (*Returns to chair at left of table.*)

REDDY.

Why not?

ALICE.

(*Pours whiskey into a glass.*) Yes; why not? It's not poison. There's nothing wrong with this bottle. If you're afraid, I'll prove it to you. Just to show you there's not a trace of hard feelings. (*Drinks and coughs violently.*)

REDDY.

(*Sympathetically.*) *She's* got the benzine bottle, too.

ALICE.

No. I'm not quite used to that. (*To* HARRY.) Excuse me, but aren't you getting tired holding that big pistol? Don't you think you might put it down now, and help me serve this supper? (HARRY *does not move.*) No? Well, then, let the colored gentleman help me. (HARRY *and* REDDY *wheel sharply, each pointing his revolver.*)

REDDY.

Colored man! Where?

HARRY.

Colored man! It's a trap! (*Seeing no one, they turn.*)

ALICE.

(*To* REDDY.) Oh, pardon me! Aren't you a colored person?

REDDY.

Me! Colored? You never see a colored man with hair like that, did you? (*Points lantern at his head.*) This isn't my real face, lady. Why, out of office hours I've a complexion like cream and roses. (*Indignantly.*) Colored man!

ALICE.

I beg your pardon, but I can't see very well. Don't you think it would be more cheerful if we had a little more light?

HATCH.

No! (*To* REDDY.) Drop that! We've got to go! (*To* ALICE.) And before we go, I've got to fix you.

ALICE.

Fix me—how "fix" me?

HATCH.

I'm sorry, miss, but it's your own fault. You shouldn't have tried to see us. Now that you *have*, before we leave, I've got to tie you to a chair—and gag you.

ALICE.

Oh, really—all of that?

HATCH.

I can't have you raising the neighborhood until we get well away.

ALICE.

I see. But—gagged—I'll look so foolish.

REDDY.

Well, there's no hurry. We won't get well away until I've had something to eat.

ALICE.

Quite right. (*To* HATCH.) You can tie me in a chair later, Mr. ——. But now you must remember that I am your hostess. (*To* REDDY.) You'll find plates in the pantry, please.

REDDY.

Oh, I don't use them things.

ALICE.

You'll use "them things" when you eat with me. Go, do as I tell you, please. (REDDY *exit.*) (*To* HARRY.) And you—put away that silly gun and help him.

HATCH.

Stay where you are!

HARRY.

Oh, what's the rush, governor? She can't hurt nobody. And I'm near starved, too. (*Exit into pantry.*)

HATCH.

This is the last time I take *you* out.

ALICE.

(*Arranging the food upon the table.*) Now, why are you so peevish to everybody? Why don't you be sociable, and take some supper? (*Glances at sideboard.*) You seem to have taken everything else. Oh, that reminds me! Would you object to loaning me about—four, six—about six of our knives and forks? Just for this supper. I suppose we can borrow from the neighbors for breakfast. Unless you've been calling on the neighbors, too.

HATCH.

Oh, anything to oblige a lady. (*Threateningly.*) But no tricks, now!

ALICE.

Oh, I can't promise that, because I mightn't be able to keep my promise. (HATCH *brings silver knives and forks from the bag.*)

HATCH.

I'll risk all the tricks you know. Nobody's got much the better of me in the last twenty years.

ALICE.

Have you been a burglar twenty years? You must have begun very young. I can't see your face very well, but I shouldn't say you were—over forty. Do take that mask

off. It looks so—unsociable. Don't be afraid of me. I've a perfectly shocking memory for faces. Now, I'm sure that under that unbecoming and terrifying exterior you are hiding a kind and fatherly countenance. Am I right? (*Laughs.*) Why do you wear it?

HATCH.

(*Roughly.*) To keep my face warm.

ALICE.

Oh, pardon me; my mistake. (*A locomotive whistle is heard at a distance.* ALICE *listens eagerly. As the whistle dies away and is not repeated, her face shows her disappointment.*)

HATCH.

What was that? There's no trains this time of night.

ALICE.

(*Speaking partly to herself.*) It was a freight train, going the other way.

HATCH.

(*Suspiciously.*) The other way? The other way from where?

ALICE.

From where it started. Do you know, I've always wanted to meet a burglar. But it's so difficult. They go out so seldom.

HATCH.

Yes; and they arrive so late.

ALICE.

(*Laughing.*) Now, that's much better. It's so nice of you to have a sense of humor. While you're there, just

close those blinds, please, so that the neighbors can't see what scandalous hours we keep. And then you can make a light. This is much too gloomy for a supper party.

HATCH.

(*Closing shutters.*) Yes; if those were shut it might be safer. (*He closes shutters and turns on the two electric lights.* REDDY *and* HARRY *enter, carrying plates.*)

HARRY.

We aren't regular waiters, miss, but we think we're pretty good for amateurs.

REDDY.

We haven't forgot nothing. Not even napkins. Have some napkins? (*Places a pile of folded napkins in front of* ALICE. *Then sits at head of table,* HARRY *to lower right of table.* ALICE *moves her chair away from the table, but keeping* REDDY *on her right.* HATCH *sits still farther away from the table on her left.*)

ALICE.

Thanks. Put the plates down there. And may I help you to some——

REDDY.

(*Taking food in fingers.*) Oh, we'll help ourselves.

ALICE.

Of course you're accustomed to helping yourselves, aren't you? (*To* HATCH.) Won't you join them?

HATCH.

No. (*Through the scene which follows,* REDDY *and* HARRY *continue to eat and drink heartily.*)

ALICE.

No? Well, then, while they're having supper, you and I will talk. If you're going to gag me soon, I want to talk while I can. (*Rises and hands box to him.*) Have a cigar?

HATCH.

(*Takes cigar.*) Thanks.

ALICE.

(*Standing with hand on back of chair.*) Now, I want to ask you some questions. You are an intelligent man. Of course, you must be, or you couldn't have kept out of jail for twenty years. To get on in your business a man must be intelligent, and he must have nerve and courage. Now—with those qualities, why, may I ask—why are you so stupid as to be a burglar?

HARRY.

Stupid!

REDDY.

Well, I like that!

HATCH.

Stupid? Why, I make a living at it.

ALICE.

How much of a living?

HATCH.

Ten thousand a year.

ALICE.

Ten thousand—well, suppose you made *fifty* thousand. What good is even a hundred thousand for *one* year, if to get it you risk going to prison for twenty years? That's

not sensible. Merely as a business proposition, to take the risk you do for ten thousand dollars is stupid, isn't it? I can understand a man's risking twenty years of his life for some things—a man like Peary or Dewey or Santos-Dumont. They took big risks for big prizes. But there're thousands of men in this country, not half so clever as you are, earning ten thousand a year—without any risk of going to jail. None of *them* is afraid to go out in public with his wife and children. *They're* not afraid to ask a policeman what time it is. They don't have to wear black masks, nor ruin their beautiful complexions with burnt cork.

REDDY.

Ah, go on! Who'd give *me* a job?

ALICE.

Whom did you ever ask for one?

REDDY.

(*To* HARRY.) Pass me more of that pie like mother used to make.

HATCH.

Yes; there are clerks and shopkeepers working behind a counter twenty-four hours a day, but they don't make ten thousand a year, and no one ever hears of *them*. There's no *fame* in their job.

ALICE.

Fame! Oh, how interesting! Are you—a celebrity?

HATCH.

I'm quite as well known as I care to be. Now, to-morrow all the papers will be talking about this. There'll be columns about us three. No one will know we are the ones they're talking about——

REDDY.

I hope not.

HATCH.

But the men in our profession will know. And they'll say, "That was a neat job of So-and-so's last night." That's fame! Why, we've got a reputation from one end of this country to the other.

HARRY.

That's right! There's some of us just as well known as —Mister—Santos—Dumont.

REDDY.

And we fly just as high, too.

ALICE.

(*To* HATCH.) I suppose *you*—I suppose you're quite a *famous* burglar?

REDDY.

Him? Why, he's as well known as Billy the Kid.

ALICE.

Billy the Kid, really! He sounds *so* attractive. But I'm afraid—I don't think—that I ever heard of *him*.

REDDY.

Never heard of Billy the Kid? What do you think of that?

HATCH.

Well, then, I'm as well known as "Brace" Phillips, the Manhattan Bank robber.

REDDY.

Sure he is.

HATCH.

Don't tell me you never heard of him?

ALICE.

I'm afraid not.

HATCH.

Why, he's a head-liner. He's as well known as George Post. Coppy Farrell? Billy Porter?

ALICE.

No. There you are. Now, you claim there is fame in this profession, and you have named five men who are at the top of it, and I've never heard of one of them. And I read the papers, too.

REDDY.

Well, there's *other* ladies who have heard of us. Real ladies. When I was doing my last bit in jail, I got a thousand letters from ladies asking for me photograph, and offering to marry me.

ALICE.

Really? Well, that only proves that men—*as husbands*—are more desirable in jail than out. (*To* HATCH.) No; it's a poor life.

HATCH.

It's a poor life you people lead with us to worry you. There's seventy millions of you in the United States, and only a few of us, and yet we keep you guessing all the year round. Why, we're the last thing you think of at night when you lock the doors, we're the first thing you think of in the morning when you feel for the silver basket. We're just a few up against seventy millions. I tell you there's fame and big money and a free life in my business.

ALICE.

Yes; it's a free life until you go to jail. It's this way. You're barbarians, and there's no place for you in a civilized community—except in jail. Everybody is working against you. Every city has its police force; almost every house nowadays has a private watchman. And if we want to raise a hue and cry after you, there are the newspapers and the telegraph and the telephone (*nods at telephone*) and the cables all over the——

HATCH.

(*Grimly.*) Thank you. One moment, please. (*Throws open overcoat, showing that it is lined with burglars' jimmies, chisels, and augers.*)

ALICE.

My! What an interesting coat. It looks like a tool chest. Just the coat for an automobile trip.

HATCH.

Harry, cut those telephone wires. (*Hands barbed-wire cutter to* HARRY. *To* ALICE.) Thank you for reminding me.

ALICE.

Oh, not at all. You've nothing to thank me for. (HARRY *goes to telephone. To* HARRY.) Don't make a noise doing that. Don't wake my mother. (*To* HATCH.) She's nervous and she's ill, and if you wake her or frighten her I'll keep the police after you until everyone of you is in jail.

HATCH.

You won't keep after us very far when I've tied you up. Bring me those curtain cords, Harry.

ALICE.

Oh, really, that's too ridiculous! (*Listens apprehensively.*)

HATCH.

Sorry I had to bust up your still alarm, but after we go, we can't have you chatting with the police. If you hadn't so kindly given me a tip about the telephone, I might have gone off and clean forgot that. (HARRY *takes curtain cords from window curtains.*)

REDDY.

I'm afraid pretty polly talked too much that time. We ain't all stupid.

ALICE.

No; so I see. It *was* careless of me. But everybody you call upon may not be so careless.

HATCH.

Well, I've won out for twenty years. I've never been in jail.

ALICE.

Don't worry. You're young. I told you you looked young. Your time is coming. In these days there's no room for burglars. You belong to the days of stage coaches. You're old-fashioned now. You're trying to fight civilization, that's what you're trying to do. You may keep ahead for a time, but in a long race I'll back civilization to win.

HATCH.

Is that so? Well, Miss Civilization, you've had your say, and I hope you feel better. (*To* HARRY.) Give me that silk muffler of yours. (*To* ALICE.) If civilization is going to help you, it's got to hurry.

ALICE.

You don't mean to say you really are going to gag me?

HATCH.

I am.

ALICE.

My! But I shall look silly. (*With her face turned right she listens apprehensively.*)

HARRY.

(*Coming down with curtain cords, and taking muffler from his pocket.*) I've got the stuff in this muffler.

HATCH.

Well, give me that, too. (*Shows inside coat pocket.*) I'll put it in the safe. (HARRY *places muffler on table, exposing jewelry.* HATCH *begins placing the ornaments one at a time in his pocket. To* ALICE.) What is it? What did you hear?

ALICE.

I—I thought I heard my mother moving about.

HATCH.

Well, she'd better not move about.

ALICE.

(*Fiercely.*) You'd better not wake her. (*Sees the jewels.*) Oh look at the "graft," or is it "swag"? Which is it?

HATCH.

(*To* HARRY.) Cover 'em up; cover it up. (HARRY *tries to hide the jewels with one hand, while he passes a lady's watch to* HATCH.)

HARRY.

(*To* ALICE.) That's *your* watch. I'm sorry it has to go.

ALICE.

I'm not. It's the first time it ever did go. And, oh, thank you for taking that big brooch. It's a gift of father's, so I had to wear it, but it's so unbecoming. (*She listens covertly.*)

HATCH.

Put your hat on them. Cover them up. (HARRY *partly covers jewels with his hat.* HATCH *lifts a diamond necklace.*)

ALICE.

I suppose you know your own business—but *that is paste.*

HATCH.

Do you want to be gagged *now*?

ALICE.

Pardon me, of course you know what you want. (*Notices another necklace.*) Oh, that's Mrs. Warren's necklace! So you called on her, too, did you? Isn't she attractive?

REDDY.

We didn't ask for the lady of the house. They ain't always as sociable as you are.

ALICE.

Well, that's her necklace. You got that at the house on the hill with the red roof—the house has the red roof, not the hill. (*She recognizes, with an exclamation, a gold locket and chain which* HATCH *is about to place in his pocket.*) Oh, that's Mrs. Lowell's locket! How could

you! (*She snatches locket from* HATCH, *and clasps it in both hands. She rises indignantly.*) How dared you take that!

HATCH.

Put that down!

ALICE.

(*Wildly and rapidly.*) No; I will not! Do you know what that means to that woman? She cares more for that than for anything in this world. Her husband used to wear this. (*Points.*) That's a lock of their child's hair. The child's dead and the husband's dead, and that's all she has left of either of them. And you *took* it, *you brutes*!

REDDY.

Of course we took it. Why does she wear it where everybody can see it?

HATCH.

(*Savagely.*) Keep quiet, you fool!

ALICE.

She *wore* it? You took it—*from her*?

HATCH.

We didn't hurt her. We only frightened her a bit. (*Angrily.*) And we'll frighten you before we're done with you, Miss Civilization!

ALICE.

(*Defiantly, her voice rising.*) Frighten me! You—you with your faces covered! You're not men enough. You're afraid to even steal from men. You rob *women* when they're alone—at night. (*Holds up locket.*) Try to take that from me!

VOICE.

(*Calling.*) Alice—Alice!

ALICE.

Mother! Oh, I forgot! I forgot! (*The burglars rise and move toward her menacingly.*) Please, please keep quiet. For God's sake, don't—let—her—know!

VOICE.

Alice, what's wrong? Who are you talking to? (ALICE *runs to the curtains, with one hand held out to the burglars entreating silence.*)

ALICE.

I'm—I'm talking to the coachman. One of the horses is ill. Don't come down, mother. Go back to bed. He came for some medicine. It's all right. Good night, mother.

VOICE.

Can't I help?

ALICE.

(*Vehemently.*) No; no. Good night, mother.

VOICE.

Good night.

HATCH.

(*Fiercely, to* HARRY.) That's enough of this! We can't leave here with the whole house awake. And there's a coachman, too. She'll wake him next. He'll have the whole damned village after us. (*To* ALICE.) That woman upstairs and you have got to have your tongues stopped.

ALICE.

(*Standing in front of curtains.*) You try to go near that woman! She's ill, she's feeble, she's my—mother! You dare to touch her.

HATCH.

Get out of my way!

ALICE.

She's ill, you cowards! It will kill her. You'll have to kill me before you get through this door.

HATCH.

(*Savagely.*) Well, then, if it comes to that— (*Three locomotive whistles are heard from just outside the house.* ALICE *throws up her hands hysterically.*)

ALICE.

Ah! At last! They've come! They've come!

HATCH.

(*Fiercely.*) They've come! What is it? What does that mean? (REDDY *runs to window and opens the shutters.*)

ALICE.

(*Jubilantly.*) It means that twenty men are crossing that lawn. It means that while you sat drinking there, Civilization was racing toward you at seventy miles an hour!

HATCH.

Damnation! We're trapped! Get to the wagon— quick! No. Leave the girl alone. Drop that stuff! That way! That way!

REDDY.

(*At window.*) No. Get back! It's too late! There's hundreds of them out there.

HATCH.

(*Running to centre door.*) Out here! This way! Quick!

ALICE.

(*Mockingly.*) Yes; come! You don't dare come this way *now*! (*She drags open the curtains, disclosing* CAPTAIN LUCAS *and two other policemen. For an instant they stand, covering the burglars with revolvers.* REDDY *runs to window. He is seized by an entering crowd of men in the oil-stained blue jeans of engineers and brakemen.*)

CAPTAIN LUCAS.

Hold up your hands, all of you! I guess I know you. (*With his left hand he tears off* HATCH'S *mask.*) "Joe" Hatch—at last. (*Pulls off* HARRY'S *mask.*) And Harry Hayes. I thought so. And that's—the "Kid." The whole gang. (*To* ALICE.) My congratulations, Miss Gardner. They're the worst lot in the country. You're a brave young lady. You ought——

ALICE.

(*Speaking with an effort and swaying slightly.*) Hush, please. Don't—don't alarm my mother. My mother's not as strong as—as I am. (*Her eyes close, and she faints across the arm of the Chief of Police as the*

CURTAIN FALLS.

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